This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

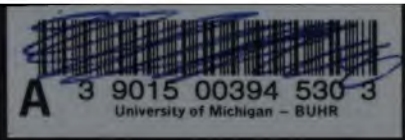
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

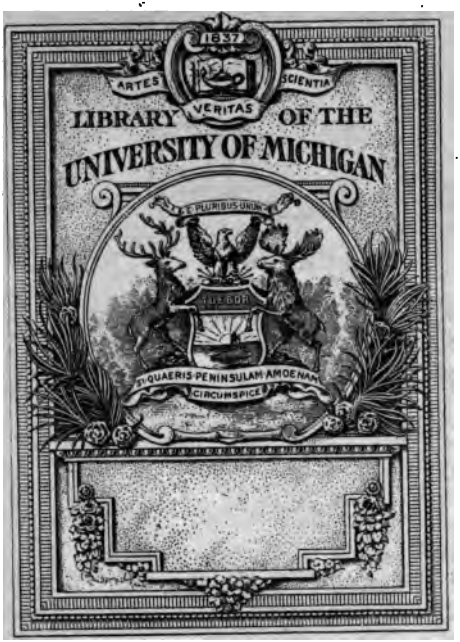
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


A 3 9015 00394 530 3
University of Michigan – BUHR



THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Lombard

C49p

'Oh, sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to-morrow
Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine;'
The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,
Though the deeds and the gloom of the guilty are mine.'

—VOL. XIX., *page* 53.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
1854.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XIX.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.
1853.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ASCENT OF THE PIC DU MIDI,	1
THE CURIOUS CASE OF A—— R——,	9
BATTLE SCENES,	15
TALE OF REAL LIFE,	19
MALINGERING,	28
SHIPWRECK OF THE MENTOR,	36
PREMATURE INTERMENT,	44
THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT—(VERSES),	53
ANECDOTES OF MONKEYS,	54
PEROUROU, OR THE BELLOWS-MENDER,	64
KATERFELTO,	74
LAW PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ANIMALS,	76
PORT-ROYAL AND ITS SOLITARIES,	79
BLACK LABOURERS' FANCY-BALL IN BRITISH GUIANA,	85
EXPERIENCES WITH THE MARINE BAROMETER,	91
RIENZI: THE TRIBUNE,	96
THE OLD FORTUNE-TELLER,	106
THE DOG OF BRETTÈN,	111
HARDRESS FITZGERALD,	114
MATTHEWS THE MADMAN AND IMPOSTOR,	124
THE SLAVE-MARKET AT CAIRO,	137
THE FIRST SWALLOW—(VERSES),	141
THE MULETEER: A SPANISH STORY,	143
TRAITS OF LONGEVITY,	151
A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,	159
JOHN HAMPDEN AND HIS GRAVE,	167
COOKS AND COOKERY,	174
AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,	182

299832

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

ASCENT OF THE PIC DU MIDI.

SOME years ago, when residing at Bagnères-en-Bigorre, a watering-place in the south of France, I thought of ascending the famed Pic du Midi, one of the highest mountains of the Pyrenees. Imparting my intention to the Countess of C—— and the Count de V——, they agreed to join me in this adventurous excursion, which I shall now describe. We left Bagnères at eight o'clock in the evening, and reached the village of Grippe at eleven. The windows of the small inn command an interesting view of the Valley of the Adour, and the mountains overhanging it, and which we had made a previous excursion to visit. At midnight, we mounted our horses to commence the ascent of the celebrated Pic du Midi, which is between 11,000 and 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. There was not a cloud in the heavens, and the stars shone so brilliantly in this pure atmosphere, that we had sufficient light to guide us over the narrow and precipitous path, though not more than to enable us to distinguish the outlines of the mountains which surrounded us. I am not sure, however, if this uncertain light, aided by

the dashing of the three cataracts, did not rather enhance the effect of the scene, by leaving so much to the imagination. The waterfalls are formed by the river Adour, which rises in the Pic du Midi, and after passing through Bagnères, Jarbes, and Pau, empties itself into the sea at Bayonne. The sound of these immense masses of water was very imposing in the stillness of the night. After a rapid ascent of an hour, we reached a small plain, on which were scattered a few miserable shepherds' huts, which they dignify by the name of the village of Tremesaïgue. On leaving this, we entered upon a gorge, through which the ascent was so steep, and the path so rugged, that we were compelled to dismount, and scramble up as well as we could; and this was difficult enough, as the mountains on each side cast their shadows over the path, and prevented our seeing where we were about to place our feet—water, rolling stones, and boggy ground alternately receiving them. This difficulty surmounted, we again took to the saddle, and in half an hour reached another plain, on which there was one solitary hut. This place rejoices in the name of Areze, so called from a giant said once to have inhabited these regions. The sound of our horses' feet attracted the attention of the shepherds' dogs, which, fourteen in number, saluted us with their deep-toned mouths, which with the noise of the cascades falling in every direction, and the hollow sounding bells round the necks of the cattle, disturbed the silence of the night, and broke in upon the solitude of the place in an impressive manner. These dogs, the faithful guardians of their masters and their masters' property, are of immense size, and perfectly white; the manner in which they extract the sheep from the snow is quite marvellous. The barking of the dogs soon brought out one of the shepherds, who, knowing our errand, presented us with poles with iron points, so indispensable upon these expeditions as to merit the name of a *third leg*. Having taken the bridles off our horses, and turned them loose on the plain, we collected our forces, which consisted of two guides and Madame de C—— and

servant, and set forth at two o'clock in the morning on our hazardous ascent. Our reasons for setting out in the middle of the night were, to avoid the heat of the day, and to see the sun rise. This, however, we soon found impossible, as Madame de C—— was obliged to stop every two or three minutes, in consequence of the steepness of the path. Seeing that our great object was likely to be defeated by the slowness of her progress, she begged us to leave her with the guides, and to go forward. I was most unwilling, in the first place, to leave her, and also I did not relish the idea of going without a guide. My companion, however, laughed at the idea of danger, and the guides said we could not miss the way; and so on we went. The young are apt to think the old fools, whilst the old *know* the young to be so. Accordingly, we had not proceeded very far, before we had to choose between two paths—one along the glaciers, which we had now fairly reached; and the other between two mountains, which had evidently been torn asunder by some sudden effort of nature. The intermediate space was this dubious way, so precipitous and difficult to ascend, that I was relieved when our guides answered our call from beneath, by saying 'All right,' though the alternative was a glacier. The light of the stars now yielded to that of the moon, which, though shorn of its fair proportions, rose majestically above the tops of the hills we had left. Its light was most acceptable. No sooner had we surmounted the difficulty of this glacier—and how small and insignificant does it now appear, when compared with those we afterwards encountered!—than a choice of roads was again offered us, and our voices could now no longer reach the guides.

We differed about these roads. I was for continuing along the glacier; my friend, with the activity of the chamois which inhabit these mountains, was disposed to climb the ravine. His reasons appeared good, and we chose the latter, which proved wrong, though the mistake did not involve us in any natural difficulty beyond unnecessary additional fatigue. We now reached a plain

of 300 or 400 yards square, and found the level ground a great relief to those muscles which had been kept so long on the stretch by the rapidity of the ascent. This plain was covered with snow, whereon we saw the recent footmarks of a bear. It was here where Plantade perished, surrounded by his philosophical instruments, with which he had been making observations. At half-past three, we began to perceive the approach of day. The effect of the gradual increase of light was interesting; the lofty summits of the mountains first receiving its influence, threw the valleys into still deeper shade. On this plain I perceived blocks of granite and gneiss: whence they came I cannot tell, as the mountain, as far as I could judge, is entirely composed of schist. Their angles were rounded by attrition, so that the adjoining mountains, which, from their pointed summits, seemed granitic, may have once owned them. The side of the glacier being laid bare, proved to me the immense depth of the snow over which we had been walking: it was at least thirty feet in thickness. We now began to look out with anxiety for the Lake Ouchet, which is only 2500 feet below the Pic. In a few minutes we perceived it entirely frozen over, though the snow upon it was partially melted. The basin in which it is situated is circular, its circumference about a quarter of a mile, and it has all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano. From hence the mountain rises so abruptly, that our hearts almost failed us, and we now felt the difficulty of our position, and the folly we had committed in undertaking such an ascent without a guide. We were now 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and the keen air began to penetrate through our thin clothes; but you know well the exhilarating effects of mountain air, particularly at high elevations.

We now commenced the ascent of the cone, and, though we saw the summit illuminated by the rays of the sun, we were sorely embarrassed to know which direction to take. We first attempted to ascend in a straight line to the top, but were soon obliged to abandon this for a

zigzag. An opening in the valley gave us a view of the sun, which shed its purple light over the whole range of the mountains; we saluted it with all the enthusiasm of its ancient adorers. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. After gazing for a few minutes upon this glorious sight, we resumed our dangerous journey over the glaciers, between which and the lake there was not a projecting rock, not an obstacle in the way of the unfortunate man who should make a false step, so difficult to avoid on the frozen snow. Now, indeed, we felt the danger of our situation, when to retreat were as dangerous as to advance; in short, the very act of turning round might have proved fatal. My head began to fail me, and I no longer dared to look down to the lake beneath; it was not, however, till afterwards that I was aware of the full extent of our danger. We had, unfortunately, no crampoons, or spiked shoes; and as we traversed the side of the glaciers, inclined like the roof of a house, we had to make a hole in the snow with our sticks before we could advance. Luckily, this side of the mountain being exposed to the south, there were considerable intervals from which the snow had disappeared; here the danger was less, but still so great, that at every step, after seeing where to put my foot, I closed my eyes, and laid hold of the rocks, for the precipice of 1000 feet was too appalling for an unaccustomed eye to look upon without emotion. My companion was considerably above me on the face of the hill, and, ignorant or regardless of danger, was singing with all the gaiety of a French heart, when his attention was attracted by a voice (and no one who has not heard it can tell how striking is the sound of the human voice in such solitudes): the voice was that of a guide who had nearly gained the summit, warning M. de V—— of his danger, and telling him to pass below the glacier. He prudently listened to the voice of experience, and joining me, we passed the last of the glaciers in safety. We had now a most painful, though not dangerous ascent to gain the summit. The *path* lay over a bed of schist, which,

being reduced to small fragments by the operation of those causes always in activity at such a height, gave way so under our feet as to double the fatigue, and to render the ascent as tedious as it is over the cinders of Vesuvius.

My chamois-footed companion was up before me, and had taken my Macintosh, of which I had now great need; for although in the most profuse perspiration, the piercing wind of these elevated regions appeared to go through me. I seemed as if I could now lay hold of the Pic itself; but how fallacious are distances in this rare atmosphere! I soon, however, touched the goal I had so long in sight. It was now five o'clock. I will not add to this already too long letter by giving a description of the view from the Pic du Midi; suffice it to say, that the whole chain of the Pyrenees, from east to west, was visible under the most favourable circumstances; the course of the Garonne as far as Toulouse, and the Adour as far as the sea. Such scenes fill the mind with a thousand agitating and overwhelming feelings: the omnipotence of the hand that formed, and the insignificance of the creature that contemplated these magnificent works of the creation, were painfully brought to the mind. Placing our backs against a rock to shelter us from the wind, and with the sun full upon us, we gazed for nearly an hour upon all the wonders by which we were surrounded.

An incident happened which proved the courage and insensibility to danger of these intrepid mountaineers. M. de V—— let fall his drinking-cup, which rolled down the glacier out of sight, and, as we thought, into some unfathomable abyss. The guide, however, starting up, said he would soon fetch it. We did all we could to dissuade him, by pointing out the great risk, and the utter insignificance of the thing lost; but he hesitated not a moment, and was soon suspended from the rocks on the side of the glacier. I closed my eyes, not daring to look upon what I deemed inevitable destruction. He disappeared; was absent about five minutes, during which we

imagined all sorts of horrors, but at length returned with the cup in his hand. While seated on the summit, four vultures came close to us, continuing to fly for awhile over our heads, increasing the circle at each revolution, and ascending still higher, till they were apparently the size of swallows. M. de V—— discharged a pocket-pistol, for the sake of the echo, but it was but very faintly answered, and that at an interval of several seconds, probably by some higher Pic. We now thought of returning, but a ceremony, deemed indispensable upon such occasions, was first to be performed—namely, that of engraving our names upon the rock. We found a considerable variety of flowers on the very top, and the blue iris amongst the number. The summit is entirely composed of talcose schist, and bears evident marks of having been struck by lightning. Having inscribed our names (as monuments of our folly perhaps), we began to descend, preceded by the guide, who reached the bottom of the schistous path before described almost at a bound. We descended with more measured steps, but faster than was agreeable. Each person detaching fragments of rock, which, collecting others in their course, and acquiring fresh impetus as they descended, produced a singular effect, and as they tumbled into the ravine, sounded like distant thunder. We now reached the first glacier, where an accident happened to one of the party, which must have proved fatal but for the intrepidity and presence of mind of the guide, who had first descended to the foot of the glacier. I went down next, and by forcing my heels into the snow, arrived safely, though I had acquired such an impetus, that had not the guide arrested my progress, I never could have stopped myself. Next came one of the strangers, who, contrary to the advice of the guide, seated himself on the snow, and in this manner began to slide down the smooth surface of the glacier. He had not, however, proceeded far, before he had acquired such a velocity that he became terrified; his head took the place of his heels, and he came towards us with an appalling rapidity, uttering the

most piercing cries of 'I am lost! I am lost!' Nothing can ever efface from my remembrance this awful sight. At this moment, between him and the lake, 2000 feet below, there was nothing but fragments of rocks to arrest his progress. The guide, with a promptitude and courage beyond all praise, ran from the spot where he was standing, to place himself between a fellow-creature and inevitable death, and this at the imminent peril of his own life, for the impetus the man had gained in falling through a space of 300 or 400 yards, was likely enough to hurry them into the abyss beneath. Regardless, however, of himself, he rushed to the spot, placed his staff firmly in the ground, held it with his left hand, and was prepared to receive the terrified man with the right. Fortunately for both, at the bottom of the glacier there was a large stone, which broke the fall against the guide, though it covered the poor fellow with wounds and blood. For a second, I thought the guide had lost his balance; it was one of the most painful moments I ever remember to have passed. The poor man bled from several parts of his body; his hands were cut, his nose and eyes dreadfully swelled, but fortunately no bone was broken, and he was enabled to continue his descent. This event impressed us all with the greatest alarm, particularly M. de V—— and myself, as this was the very glacier we had crossed in our way up. The guide was in a state of great agitation, and his trembling hand, as he took hold of my arm, by no means gave firmness to my feet. However, we reached the lake once more. To our great surprise, we found Madame de C——; but great, indeed, was our astonishment on hearing that she had gained another of the summits of the mountain. The keenness of the air, however, caused her to spit blood. After taking a hasty view of the scene, she descended to a more genial atmosphere.

After sitting some time contemplating this dreary scene, and listening to the personal adventures of the guides, in whom the *ars narrandi* had not suffered by their libations of brandy, we thought it time to continue

our descent. One of the guides mentioned a singular position in which he was once placed on the summit of the mountain, with a bright sun overhead, and a storm of thunder and lightning raging below. The gentle shepherd was at once transformed into a Jupiter, and the Pic du Midi into an Olympus. The effect must, however, have been singular. We here saw a chamois, which had much the appearance of a roe-buck. Nothing material occurred in our descent, excepting my falling on a glacier, and going from the top to the bottom with such a velocity that I lost my breath; I, however, preserved my presence of mind so far as to guide myself with my hands, and to keep my feet foremost. The only damage done was to my nails, which were broken by my rapid motion over the snow. We reached the peasant's hut at nine, the ascent and descent having each occupied three hours. Madame de C——, whose courage I never saw equalled in any woman, was a good deal exhausted after a walk on glaciers of seven hours. We left the kind-hearted shepherds, thirty of whom inhabit the same small hut, and mounting our horses, reached Grippe at half-past eleven, and Bagnères at one, under the most scorching sun possible.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF A—— R——:

A FEMALE IMPOSTOR.

THE skill with which some persons will feign diseases, and the firmness with which they will submit to painful surgical operations, in the hope of gaining some slight personal benefit—as, for instance, exemption from work, or charitable support in idleness—are strongly exemplified in the following remarkable case, which occurred in the Richmond Hospital, Dublin, about thirty years ago, and is reported to the College of Physicians of that city by

Mr R. Carmichael, surgeon. We quote it, with Mr Carmichael's additional account of the case, from a volume of the *Phrenological Journal* for 1825.

'A young woman, named A—— R——, was admitted into the Richmond Hospital on the 23d July 1818, on account of a painful swelling of the left hand and arm, extending considerably above the elbow. The appearance of the limb resembled that which occurs in phlegmasia dolens: the fingers were bent; no fluctuation or symptoms of matter could anywhere be discovered; the pain was excessive, so as altogether to prevent rest, unless strong anodynes were employed; the symptomatic fever was considerable.

'The patient ascribed the complaint to a needle, which, she averred, had broken in the palm of her hand about six weeks before, and stated that at present she felt the point of it at the back of her hand. Upon this part I immediately cut down, but was not so fortunate as to light on the needle. Warm fomentations and poultices were ordered, together with frequent mercurial cathartics, but the pain and tension gradually increased. Some time afterwards, the skin and fascia covering the muscles a little above the wrist, on the forepart of the arm, where the tension was greatest, were divided to the extent of three inches, so as to lay bare the muscles; but this was not attended with any relief, although the incision was afterwards extended towards the palm of the hand, the original seat of the disease, by dividing the annular ligament of the wrist. A dark-coloured fungus in a few days sprang up from the divided parts, which considerably projected beyond the surface of the skin.

'The swelling of the arm extended to within three inches or less from the top of the shoulder, where it terminated abruptly. Diarrhœa set in, and her constitution was evidently sinking under the constant pain and irritation of the disease. Amputation was therefore recommended, and performed on the 21st of September, close to the shoulder-joint at the termination of the swelling. The circulation was completely commanded

by pressure on the artery above the clavicle, for there was not sufficient room for the application of a tourniquet.

'On examining the limb after amputation, the thickening and enlargement was found to arise altogether from the deposition of lymph and serum, nor were there anywhere the slightest signs of suppuration. The bones of the carpus and extreme ends of the radius and ulna were observed to be so far softened as to yield, and be easily broken down by the pressure of the nail, probably owing to the absorption of the earthy principle.

'In searching for the broken needle, we not only discovered what we sought, but, to our surprise, half-a-dozen others, each about half an inch in length, embedded in the pronator quadratus muscle, under the site of the incision; some of them lying between the radius and ulna, and others fixed in the periosteum of the bones. Similar fragments of needles were afterwards found by the pupils —one in the palm of the hand, and others in the forearm above the quadratus, but none of them had entered either tendon or nerve.

'The muscle in which they lay was almost changed to a firm gelatinous structure, and they were everywhere surrounded by firm lymph, almost of the consistence of softened cartilage, which seems to be the process employed by nature to insulate such extraneous bodies from the surrounding parts as do not excite suppuration. These fragments, ten in number, I send for the inspection of the association.

'It is obvious that so many needles could never have pierced the arm without the knowledge of the patient, who has every appearance of intelligence and shrewdness —indeed, rather too much of the latter; yet, on being presented with these needles the day after amputation, she solemnly declared she knew nothing of having been wounded by more than one. The superintendants of the Dublin Female Penitentiary, an asylum for reclaimed females, in which she is an inmate, and which is admirably well conducted, have no hesitation in attributing the influ-

tion of these evils to herself; though it is to be presumed the extent of the punishment was little in her contemplation. She had, however, a taste for this kind of deception; for on another occasion she complained, during an entire year, of excruciating pain in her chest, attended with paroxysms of difficult breathing, that seemed often to approach the last gasp; but after enduring such a sufficiency of blisters and issues, and bleeding both local and general, as Dr Mills, and Dr Edward Percival, and myself, thought it prudent to prescribe, she suddenly recovered, and with great candour acknowledged that all her complaints had been dissembled; yet to account for all this *finesse*, which cost her so much bodily pain, she could give no reason more satisfactory, than that she had suffered herself to be seduced by the instigations of the devil; but this explication involves a still stranger incongruity, for she has the character of being remarkably devout, and is seldom without a prayer-book in her hand, and a jargon of religious cant in her mouth. I conjecture that she is not much inclined to bodily exertion, and would rather undergo any torment than work; and possibly she may have derived some little advantages, by exciting the commiseration of the benevolent ladies who superintend the institution: she, however, when too late, became sensible of her folly, and before the operation I have described, I heard her remark, that she well deserved the punishment she was about to suffer.'

Mr Carmichael proceeds to state, that, being anxious to learn some further traits of the disposition of this extraordinary individual, he made some inquiries concerning her conduct at the Dublin Female Penitentiary, where she was an inmate both before and after the amputation of her arm. 'Here I was informed, that on her first admission into the institution she appeared so repentant of her former mode of life, as to interest in her favour not only the immediate superintendants, but those benevolent ladies who form the committee of management of this excellent establishment. She never appeared without the Bible, or at least some religious tract, in her hand, and at

night-time the Bible was regularly laid under her pillow. Finding that her hypocrisy succeeded so well in exciting the attention and indulgence of the matron and governess, she was encouraged to a further trial of her talent at deception. Her second grand step was to feign madness; her ravings were all of a religious character, and, to use the expression of one upon whom she played with great success her battery of tricks, "her ejaculations appeared to have so much of meekness and devotion, and she seemed to possess so *sweet a frame of mind*," that the witnesses of this young arch-hypocrite's impostures were often affected even to tears, wrung from them by her well-feigned repentance for the false step she had taken.

'In these ravings, she constantly murmured out the praises of the matron, and such persons of the institution as had the power of indulging her with the enjoyment of temporal comforts. This "method in her madness" unfortunately excited suspicions about the reality of her lunacy in the mind of Jane, an intelligent upper-servant of the institution. She, accordingly, watched her narrowly, and discovered that the dissembler never raved when she thought herself alone or unobserved; but if even a footstep was heard in the passage, then the wandering mind of the maniac became apparent.

'The consequence was, that Jane upbraided her sharply for her hypocrisy and imposture. Prince Hohenloe himself could not have evinced more miraculous powers; for, lo! the madness of the maniac suddenly ceased; but unfortunately for Jane's celebrity in this line, this marvellous cure proved but a metastasis; epileptic fits intervened, during which she foamed at the mouth, and the convulsions appalled the beholder. The indefatigable and wonder-working Jane rescued her again from the pressure of disease, by ascertaining, beyond contradiction, that the foam which flowed from her mouth in such abundance during the paroxysms, was simply owing to her churning a piece of soap, which she had previously introduced.

'To the fits succeeded the pain in the side and difficulty of breathing, alluded to in the former part of this paper,

which were so severe, that bleedings and blisters without number were insufficient to remove the malady; which, however, at length yielded to low diet, and a large issue, capable of containing two or three beans, which was opened in her side over the seat of the supposed pain. The penetrating Jane herself was deceived this time, or was too modest to interfere where regular practitioners were consulted.

'After this, the catastrophe of her arm, already detailed, took place, by which she received so severe but just a punishment.

'The extraordinary individual who is the subject of this paper, is small in stature, her features are regular, but display such an expression of determination, and of wily fox-like cunning, as to render her disposition obvious to the most careless observer. She never ventures to look the person in the face with whom she is conversing. I lately inquired, in an earnest manner, as one interested in her conduct, what were the motives which induced her to insert the needles in her arm. Keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, she endeavoured to evade this question by entering into a history of her life, and other irrelevant matters. On being pressed for a direct reply, none more satisfactory could be obtained, than that she was tempted by the devil; but on perceiving that I was but little pleased with her evasions, she added, that she was weary of life, and took this (likely) method of putting a period to her existence.

'I understand that her grandmother, by whom she was reared, and afterwards consigned to the Dublin Female Penitentiary for her misconduct, stated to the governess of that institution, that from the time she was capable of speaking, she was so incorrigible a liar, that no person could place the slightest reliance upon her veracity.

'After her recovery from the amputation of her arm, she was called before the governess of the penitentiary, and formally dismissed the institution on account of her misconduct. She appeared very repentant, and with tears acknowledged the justice of her sentence; but no

person could believe in her penitence. Since that time I have allowed her to remain in the surgical ward of the House of Industry, as a deputy nurse-tender. I have not since heard of any complaints of misconduct; but it is to be recollected, that her character is so well known, that there is no person who would place the slightest reliance upon a word she says; therefore she probably permits her most preponderating faculties to remain in a state of inactivity.'

A cast of the head of this persevering impostor was examined by the editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, who presents a note of the development of the organs to his readers, in which he describes Secretiveness, Firmness, and Imitation, as very large, drawing of course the inference, that these were the means by which she was enabled to devise and pursue her extraordinary tricks. On this, however, we pronounce no opinion.

BATTLE SCENES.

THE following is an account given by Major Bevan, in his work *Thirty Years in India*, of a scene which occurred at the conclusion of a battle in which he was engaged:—

'Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the commander-in-chief, to detach an officer and 100 pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were all laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head-quarters and staff were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooly-boys could be procured, they having dispersed in search of plunder.

'The scenes of wo and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

'The groans and screams of the wounded and dying constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers, or sons, of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart-rending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

'We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

'Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

'The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr A—— and the rest of the medical staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieutenant H——, whose knee was severely shattered. He

sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gunshot wounds survived, for the fractures they had suffered were generally so extensive as to bring on locked-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Maheidpoor.'

Captain Patterson of the 50th, or Queen's Own Regiment, presents in his Adventures a description of what came under his observation during the war in the Peninsula, which is equally affecting. As the narration of such incidents may be of use in creating a just horror of war, we here offer it for the perusal of the reader:—

'Soon after nightfall, and when the clash of arms was no longer heard, an interment of the dead took place, and many a poor fellow, who had a few hours before been full of life and strength, was now deposited in his narrow bed. The remains of Major Stanhope were lowered to the grave by his brother-officers and comrades with their sashes. He had worn this day a suit of new uniform, and a pair of bright silver epaulets; in which, with his military cloak around him, upon the same hour as his lamented chief, he was consigned to an honourable tomb.

'While we were engaged in the performance of this melancholy duty, the Honourable Captain Stanhope, of the Guards, aid-de-camp to Sir John Moore, rode up, directed by the torch-light, to the mournful group. It was the first intimation which he received of his brave relation's fate. Dismounting, and overcome with grief, he took a last farewell; and having obtained his ring, together with a lock of hair, he tore himself hastily away from the heart-rending scene.

'On our march across this ground, an incident occurred which made a deep impression on the minds of those who happened to be present at the time. Across the pathway, and on either side, men and officers were lying; and one of the latter was extended on his face among the heath

and brushwood, so close to where we passed, that Major Malcolm Mackenzie of the 70th, prompted as it were by intuition, suddenly dismounted to ascertain who was the individual. Stooping to observe the features, that were partly concealed by the long broom, he started back with grief and consternation, on perceiving that the young soldier, who had thus fallen an early victim, was his brother, Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, of the same regiment.

'A party of the officers of the 50th, who were collected in a knot discussing the affairs of the eventful day, were quickly seen by those marksmen, who, from behind the rocks, despatched with deadly aim a few rifle missiles, each with its billet; and the balls were so faithful to their errand, that the congress was soon dissolved, some of the members being sent to "that bourne from which no traveller returns," and the remainder wounded. Among those who fell on this occasion, was Lieutenant Hugh Birchall, of the fourth battalion company, which he had commanded for some time. Having fallen ill, he was in his bed at Elizondo when the battle commenced; and hearing the noise of musketry, he thought that something was going forward in the lines in which he ought to bear a part. With a mind indued with strength superior to that of his weakly frame, he arose from the couch of sickness, and calling all the vigour that he could muster to his aid, tottered with feeble pace to the field of action, arriving at a late hour upon the hill. Exhausted, pale, and like one risen from the dead, he resumed his former place; and scarcely had he joined the group assembled in the front, when, by a fatal bullet, this spirited young man was numbered with the slain.'

TALE OF REAL LIFE.

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago, at the time when Britain and the United States of North America had engaged in war, a respectable merchant in Glasgow sustained such pecuniary inconvenience from that event, that he was under the necessity of calling a meeting of his creditors, and declaring his incapacity to meet his engagements. Having always borne a fair character, he met with very lenient treatment from those to whom he stood indebted; and the more so, as the cause of his commercial embarrassments was well known to be one over which he had no control. Besides, there was some hope or chance of ultimate indemnification to all parties. In the meantime, however, Mr Hamilton was subjected to all the ordinary consequences of insolvency. He gave up all he possessed to his creditors, reduced his domestic establishment, and attempted to recommence business on a small scale, with a sum which his creditors were liberal enough to allow him to retain. But being far advanced in years, the evil was in a great measure an irretrievable one to the poor merchant.

Happily, the family dependent on Mr Hamilton was a small one. He had been twice married, and his second partner was still living; but she had brought him no children, and his only offspring was a girl whom his first wife had presented him with. Elizabeth Hamilton, or Betsy, as she was almost uniformly called, was about sixteen years of age when her father's misfortunes occurred. An eye uncommonly clear, and of the deepest blue, hair almost of the 'lint-white' of the poet, and curling naturally round her well-shaped and finely-set head, and a figure light and graceful, made her an object of general admiration. Betsy Hamilton, as has been said, had lost her mother, but she had found a recompense for the loss in the individual who had become her mother's

successor. Mrs Hamilton was a prudent, sensible woman, and set the common by-word at nought, by loving her stepdaughter dearly, and watching over her happiness unceasingly.

Mrs Hamilton did her best to comfort her husband under his distresses. She submitted cheerfully to the dismissal of her servants, and to all the other retrenchments which his altered circumstances demanded. She was even the first to suggest many alterations of this nature in their household economy; and among other plans, she suggested that they should endeavour to eke out their income by letting their best room to a lodger. In execution of this proposal, a ticket was hung out at the window, and it had not been there long until it produced the desired effect. A gentleman called, attended by a servant-boy, and inquired the price of the lodgings. Mrs Hamilton thought the lodger not precisely of the proper description: she would have preferred a quiet elderly gentleman, likely to keep no company, or give much trouble, whereas her present visitor was young, not more, to appearance, than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. She therefore asked a high price, thinking the inquirer might thus be deterred from taking the lodgings. But although he remarked that the price was high, the gentleman said: 'As the room is neat, and the situation suits me, we shan't part about the money. To-morrow, at ten, I will be here. My servant will be about me during the day, but he sleeps elsewhere.' Mrs Hamilton could now make no further objections, and accordingly the gentleman came at the appointed time, and was duly installed in his new apartments.

Mr Salkeld, for so was the lodger named, proved to be a person of uncommonly quiet habits, and of frank open manners and disposition. He was only a visitor to Glasgow, or at least but a temporary resident in it. This much the Hamiltons soon learned, but their lodger did not communicate any further particulars about himself, although he nightly spent an hour or two in chatting with Mr Hamilton, and in listening patiently to the

honest man's irrepressible grumblings at the Americans, whose hot-headed obstinacy he arraigned as the cause of all his personal troubles. By and by, seeing the inconvenience to which Mrs Hamilton was often put, in consequence of her having no other assistance in the house than that of an old woman who came now and then, Mr Salkeld proposed to take his meals along with the family, and this was agreed to. The lodger thus became in a measure one of the family; and his manly open bearing, and prepossessing appearance, soon led Mrs Hamilton to forget that he was not the elderly gentleman whom she had desired as an inmate of her house. Mr Salkeld's boy was also of great use to her, though he was sometimes sent away by his master, and remained absent for a day or two. At these times, Betsy, who assisted her stepmother in the house as much as the latter would permit, had frequently to attend to Mr Salkeld's wants and requests. But then he was so plain and unassuming, that it was 'more like waiting on a brother than on a stranger,' as Mrs Hamilton used to remark.

After Mr Salkeld had passed between two and three months in Mrs Hamilton's lodgings, it chanced that Betsy's grandmother, by the mother's side, paid the debt of nature. She had resided at a place in the country, about five miles from the city, and at her death a considerable legacy fell to Betsy Hamilton, consisting partly of personal property or movables of various kinds, which it was necessary for her to look after in person. It was arranged that she should do this some days after the funeral. When the morning for the visit came, she dressed herself, intending, as the distance was short, to proceed on foot to her late grandmother's residence.

'Betsy, my dear,' said her stepmother, when the young girl came down from her room—'Betsy, surely you are not going *thus* to your grandmother's relations? Where is your black gown? Why have you not put it on?'

'You know, mother, it is not really necessary that I should put on mourning,' said Betsy. 'A white dress,

arranged as mine is, is more used now; and I know you think white always becomes me best. Besides, my black gown does not fit me, mother, you know; and so I'——

'Yes, Betsy, my dear, I know all this; but I really wonder to hear you attending to such things on such an occasion. You cannot feel much for the loss of a relative of whom you have seen so little, but I would have expected you to think less about how your gown looks when going where you are.' Betsy coloured at the reproof, and hung down her head. 'Well, my love,' continued Mrs Hamilton kindly, 'I believe it is no great matter after all, and you have not time to change your dress again. It is now full twelve; you must away to be home in good time.'

At the close of the same day, when night had begun to set in, Mrs Hamilton sat in her little parlour wondering what could be detaining Betsy so long. Time ran on; eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and she made not her appearance. Mrs Hamilton fretted much about the circumstance, although her husband, whose temper was more phlegmatic, assured her again and again that Betsy would be staying all night at her aunt's house, and that nothing could be wrong. Mr Salkeld, too, when he came home for the night, endeavoured to back Mr Hamilton's assurances; but the good lady spent on the whole a very miserable evening, followed by an almost sleepless night. She had a presentiment of evil upon her mind, and, as is very common in such cases, could not tell what it was that alarmed her, or from what quarter she feared it. Unfortunately, her forebodings proved correct. Betsy Hamilton did not return in the morning, and her father immediately walked off, to inquire for her. In about three hours he returned, pale and anxious, and sank into a chair before his wife. 'Mr Hamilton,' said she, 'for God's sake tell me where is Betsy? Is she ill—is she dead?'

The poor woman had to repeat her questions before her husband spoke. 'No, my dear,' said he; 'no, I hope she is not *dead;* but where she is, God knows. She has not been seen at her aunt's.'

Mrs Hamilton was in greater distress than ever at this information. But she had more activity of mind than her husband, and she soon roused herself to a sense of the propriety and necessity of taking steps for discovering whether any accident had happened to Betsy on her walk to the country, or if she had stopped at the house of any friend. All this was done. Inquiries were made along the whole road, but nobody had seen or heard of such a person as Betsy Hamilton. Mrs Hamilton herself called at the houses of all the acquaintances of the family, but learned nothing from any but one party, who had seen Betsy on the day of her disappearance. Strange to say, she had then been going in a direction quite opposite to that of her aunt's residence. The person who told this could not be in a mistake, as Betsy had spoken a few words to her in passing. Mrs Hamilton was astonished and alarmed more and more by this communication. On getting home, she urged her husband to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, entreating any person who had seen a young girl of Betsy's appearance within the time in question, to communicate what they knew. Mr Hamilton did as his wife advised, only omitting the name of the parties concerned. This appeared in the newspapers on the second morning after the poor girl's disappearance, but no information resulted from the step.

Mr Salkeld participated strongly in the distress of Mr and Mrs Hamilton, and often endeavoured to speak words of consolation to them, though it was difficult to find any reasonable grounds whereon to build hope. He offered to do anything that Mrs Hamilton could think likely to be of use. But after two days passed away, the stepmother, remembering the circumstance of the white dress, became convinced that Betsy had gone away of her own freewill, and that, whenever they heard of her again, it must be through herself. So she merely thanked Mr Salkeld, but did not put his offered services in requisition. Besides, he was called away from home, and was absent for two days. It was on the fourth day

of Betsy's absence that he again returned to his lodgings, and still nothing had been heard of her. Mrs Hamilton was found by him in a state bordering on distraction. She could do nothing but move restlessly about the house, wringing her hands, and exclaiming: 'My poor Betsy! my poor motherless bairn! Villainous hands must they be that can keep you away from your hame! My poor misguided lassie!' These, and such-like exclamations, shewed that a suspicion had sprung up in her mind of Betsy having been induced to leave home by some one, who, notwithstanding her quiet, and indeed remarkably secluded life, had found means to address her, and gain her affections—whether for foul or fair purposes, none could say.

A simple accident gave a totally new turn to Mrs Hamilton's thoughts on this affair. Passing by the door of Mr Salkeld's room, about two hours after that gentleman's return home, Mrs Hamilton heard her lodger speaking in a low voice to his servant-lad. But three or four words of the conversation reached her ear. These words were: '*Say to her*, I will be with her in two hours —pointedly.'

At first, Mrs Hamilton took little notice of what she had thus heard. It was only when, in spite of her distress, a natural feeling of womanly curiosity led her to reflect on the words, and to conjecture who the *her* could refer to, that a suspicion for the first time flashed across her mind, that Mr Salkeld might be the actor in Betsy's abduction. 'O no,' thought she again; 'he is so good, so sedate, so honourable; and there never seemed anything between him and Betsy—never. They took little notice of each other, and were never for any length of time together, except in going to church. No, no—he cannot, he would not harm her.' But, again, the fact of his two days' absence came forcibly on the mind of Mrs Hamilton, and she remembered his having frequently said that he knew no one in the city, not a single family but their own. Reflections of this order gained the sway finally, and the stepmother of the lost girl resolved, at least, to

set a close watch on Mr Salkeld's motions. But the poor lady's impatience to be at the truth overpowered her more temperate resolve, and before her lodger left his room, after she had heard the words just mentioned, Mrs Hamilton stood in his presence. As soon as she came into the apartment, he exclaimed: 'Oh, Mrs Hamilton, I am glad I have seen you just now. I will be obliged to leave home again for a short time—indeed, only till some time to-morrow.'

These words determined the wavering mind of the lady. 'Never!' she answered, turning at the same time, and locking the door behind her—'never, Mr Salkeld, shall you quit this house—this room—till you have satisfied me where you have taken Betsy Hamilton! I am convinced you know where she is; I am convinced it is you who have taken her away! Your looks admit it; you cannot—you dare not deny it!'

Mr Salkeld did, indeed, evince confusion and discomposure, but he said: 'You wrong me, Mrs Hamilton; you do indeed—and must not think to stop me on such a charge as this.'

'Stop you!' cried Mrs Hamilton, whose feelings were strongly roused—'stop you! If I had my poor deluded motherless child again, whatever you may have *now* made her, I would drive you from my doors! But till I know what has become of her, you shall *not* go, or, if you go by force, I will follow you—everywhere—to the world's end, but I will have her from you!'

'My dear Mrs Hamilton, for the love of goodness be quiet,' said the gentleman; but his hearer was not in a mood to be thus checked.

'Quiet!' she reiterated; 'you will tell me to be quiet, and almost confess to what you have done! Oh, man, man! can you hope for mercy at the last day with such a sin upon your head, as that of destroying a creature so young and so innocent?'

An overpowering flood of tears here came to the relief of the poor woman, and she sank into a chair, and gave way to her grief.

Mr Salkeld thus got an opportunity to speak. He said: 'You wrong me, Mrs Hamilton—cruelly wrong me. I am not the man to do what you accuse me of, and least of all to one whom I would give up my own life to save from harm. Yes, I confess that Betsy has gone with me; that it is I who have induced her to go from home; but it was to become *my wife*.'

These words aroused Mrs Hamilton, but her suspicions were not allayed. 'And why has she not become your wife, if this be true?' said she.

'Unforeseen difficulties came in the way, but she *is* my wife now,' said Mr Salkeld; 'and in a few hours she may be here herself to prove it.'

'Where is she?' returned Mrs Hamilton, whom the frank and truthful tone of her lodger began to inspire with a joyful hope—'where is she? Oh, if this be true, why such mystery, Mr Salkeld? You see the misery it has caused.'

'I have seen it with the utmost distress,' was the reply; 'but you will find that it was not intended. All will be explained, and Mr Hamilton, I hope, will forgive all. Shall I go for Betsy now?'

'Yes; but I must go with you,' said the lady hurriedly.

'Well, I will get a carriage, and you, too, shall go if you will,' replied Mr Salkeld with a smile.

Mrs Hamilton felt ashamed of her lingering suspicion, and said: 'No; I am wronging you. I will stay, and prepare Mr Hamilton for again seeing his daughter.'

Within two hours afterwards, a carriage drove up to the door, and Betsy Hamilton was handed out of it, handsomely, or rather richly, dressed, and as became a bride. She had another lady with her, a person with whose daughter she had been formerly at a boarding-school. When Betsy came into the house of her father again, she besought his pardon on her knees.

'I am too happy to see you to be angry, Betsy,' said he; 'I am more pleased than if I had my fortune again om these Americans.'

These words made Betsy look a little blank, and she exchanged a glance with her husband.

Mr Salkeld knelt beside his young wife, and said: 'You will forgive me too, sir, even if I should be an American myself?'

'An American!' said Mr Hamilton.

'Yes, my dear father,' said Betsy; 'that has been the cause of all our distress. Mr Salkeld was afraid you would not consent on that account.'

'Yes, sir,' said Mr Salkeld, 'I am captain and owner of a merchantman now detained in the Clyde. I saw your strong prejudices against us, and persuaded your daughter to become my wife in private. But when told that I was an American, no clergyman here would marry us, and we were ultimately obliged to go to Gretna-Green, and so were absent four days instead of one. Betsy was much fatigued with the journey, besides being so much harassed, during the days of her absence, on your account, that she was unable to come directly back to you along with me, and remained with this lady, who was kind enough to give her a refuge during all our unexpected delays.'

The lady alluded to corroborated Mr Salkeld's words, and described so forcibly the sufferings experienced by Betsy on account of her parents, that the latter were more willing to pardon her, as her imprudence had already cost her much. As for the marriage, it was a happy one for all parties. Mr Hamilton ultimately recovered all his property through his son-in-law's influence. Betsy is now one of the most respected matrons of the Union. Such is a story of real life, told as it occurred. By telling it, we do not record any approval of some features in it, particularly the conduct of the heroine, which was not only indecorous, but might have had the most fatal consequences to those interested in her welfare. With this remark, we leave the tale in other respects to the judgment of the reader.

MALINGERING.

SOLDIERS, as is well known, sometimes feign to be labouring under certain diseases, in order to procure their discharge from the army. Tricks of this kind are called *malingering*, and are the subject of a work of considerable interest by the late Henry Marshall, Deputy-inspector-general of Military Hospitals. The practice of malingering appears to have long prevailed in the army. During the late war, or to speak more correctly, between the years 1806 and 1829, a soldier had two prizes in view if he could successfully feign a disability for service—namely, his discharge, and an annuity for life. A strong temptation was thus held out to malingering. But, by a regulation or warrant of 1829, although a discharge may be obtained, there is no chance of a pension for life being granted without long previous service. The inducement being thus diminished, the practice has naturally become less common, and happily so for the military surgeons, who occasionally suffered an incredible degree of trouble and annoyance from this cause. With such a reward before them as a life of pensioned ease, the malingerers, to gain their end, resorted to the most ingenious tricks at times, bore with unflinching fortitude whatever trials they were subjected to, and often mutilated themselves in such a manner as to render limbs or eyes useless for life.

Diseases of the eyes were very frequently counterfeited by malingerers, and for good reasons. 'For a great number of years,' says Mr Marshall, 'partial or total loss of sight was in an especial manner held to confer a claim to a large pension for life. The bounty of government was followed by a great increase in the number of men disabled by impaired vision; and factitious inflammation of the eyes was carried to a very great extent in the British army. The alleged means employed in

factitious ophthalmia are lime, corrosive-sublimate, tobacco, ashes, &c. As soon as a regiment was ordered to the West Indies, or any other unpopular station, disease of the eyes became common among the men, and continued so till the corps had embarked. The number of cases then decreased, and no more was heard of it until the period when a detachment was ordered to embark for the service-companies.' The following cases will give an idea of the means resorted to by the soldiery to produce inflammation of the eye:—'In 1809, three hundred of the men of two regiments which were on duty at Chelmsford became affected with ophthalmia; the healthy men of both corps were transferred to another station, while the sick remained in hospital, but under strict military control. Information reached the commanding-officer, that one of the nurses was in the practice of going to a druggist's shop for the purpose of purchasing drugs, by which means his suspicions were excited, and, in conjunction with the medical officer, a successful attempt was made to discover whether the men had any articles in their possession which might be employed to excite inflammation of the eyes. The commanding-officer entered one of the wards, which contained twenty-four men, about midnight, and ordered them to form rank entire in a state of nudity, and they were in that condition marched into an adjoining empty ward, which had been prepared for their reception. The old ward was secured for the night, and next day the beds were examined, when a number of parcels of corrosive-sublimate were found concealed under the clothes. Means were taken to prevent a fresh supply of this drug, and in a very short time 250 of the men recovered, and were transferred to their respective corps.' Another common way of producing this disease, was by anointing the organ of sight with the noxious matter of ulcers. But malingerers would often go the length of destroying one eye utterly. 'The late Mr C——, surgeon to the —— Regiment, brought two men before a court-martial; one for submitting to have an eye destroyed, and the other for

actively abetting him—in fact, for performing the work of destruction. The instrument employed was a common table-fork. Mr C—— saw the operation performed through the keyhole of the ward in which the men were accommodated.' The men were found guilty, and punished. Under the old system, the loss of vision in one eye, provided the party could make out a plausible story of accidental injury, would have gained a discharge and pension for life; but, by a new regulation, the possession of perfect vision in one eye is held sufficient for the purposes of the service, and, accordingly, the crime alluded to is now unknown.

Deafness is another favourite pretence of malingerers, and as the defect may really exist without the slightest vestige of outward affection, there is great difficulty for the most part in detecting the imposture. Sometimes, after all ordinary means have been tried in vain—after pistols have been fired close to the patient's ear without seeming to startle him from his slumbers—a little *finesse* will throw the impostor off his guard, and lay bare his deception. 'A recruit from Cork, who joined the depôt of the East India Company at Chatham, alleged that he had almost totally lost the sense of hearing. Dr Davies, surgeon to the depôt, admitted him into hospital, and put him upon spoon-diet. For nine days Dr Davies passed his bed, during his daily visit to the hospital, without seeming to notice him. On the tenth day, he felt his pulse, and made signs to him to put out his tongue; he then asked the hospital-sergeant what diet he gave the man. "Spoon-diet," replied the sergeant. The doctor affected to be displeased, and in a *low voice* said: "Are you not ashamed of yourself? The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him instantly have a beefsteak and a pint of porter!" The recruit could contain himself no longer. With a countenance expressive of gladness and gratitude, he addressed Dr Davies by saying: "God Almighty bless your honour; you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!"' Thus by playing on the poor rogue's better feelings, he

was led to forget his cue, and regained that sense which the harshest treatment might never have restored. As these deaf impostors are apt to be troubled by puzzling questions, some among them have found it convenient to lose the faculty of speech also. A trooper, named M'Keon, stationed at Piershill Barracks, pretended one morning to have become both deaf and dumb. Every possible scheme was tried to discover whether the loss was real or otherwise, but no noise, however loud, sudden, or artfully employed, seemed to have the slightest impression on his organs of hearing. He was sent to the Edinburgh Infirmary, and after a time was dismissed as incurable. At the end of a year, his defects were fully believed to be real, and he was so much commiserated, that an order for his discharge was procured. The regiment was then at Dundalk, and M'Keon was sent off to Dublin, to pass finally at the Invaliding Board. On the first day's march from Dundalk, however, M'Keon allowed his joy to get the better of his prudence. He got intoxicated, and recovered suddenly the use both of *tongue and ears*. His astonished escort carried him back to Dundalk, but, on arriving there, M'Keon became as deaf and as dumb as ever. He was now sentenced to receive 800 lashes, but his astonishing perseverance once more staggered his medical attendants, and in place of being lashed, he was thrown into solitary confinement on bread and water, seeing and hearing no one. For three months longer he held out, and then pretended all at once that his faculties had been restored to him in a dream. He returned to his duty, but ultimately deserted, and was not again heard of. The self-command displayed by this man was something altogether extraordinary.

Hæmoptysis, or spitting of blood, is a disease which soldiers sometimes contrive to simulate, by getting possession of bullock's blood, or the blood of some other animal. The detection is not difficult, however, unless some agent assists the man habitually in keeping up the trick. Ulcers are another fruitful source of deception. By applying various substances to sores, malingerers are

in the habit of preventing them from healing, and causing them, in fact, to spread or increase in size at will. In the knapsack of one malingerer recipes were found, giving instructions for injuring an eye and exciting an ulcer. 'Factitious blindness was to be effected by "the prog of a needle in the sight (pupil) of the eye," and after a pension had been procured, soft soap was to be applied to the eye, by which means it was stated that vision would be restored. To excite or irritate an ulcer, yellow arsenic was to be employed.' Swellings and ulcerations on the limbs are also kept up occasionally in the way described in the following case :—'Mr Jones, Inspector-general of Hospitals, had a sergeant under his care on account of swelling and inflammation of the right leg, and the means usually adopted in the like cases were employed without success. Mr Jones at one time thought there was an abscess in the leg, and had a lancet in his hand for the purpose of opening it, but desisted. From the anomalous character of the symptoms, Mr Jones suspected that some means were employed to excite and prolong the affection, and with the view of discovering whether his suspicions had a good foundation, he visited the hospital one evening when he was not expected, and, promptly proceeding to the sergeant's bed, turned off the bed-clothes, and discovered the *trace* of a *ligature* round the thigh; for, notwithstanding his expedition, the cord had been removed and concealed. The swelling had almost completely disappeared by the *following morning*. It is worthy of observation—as a proof how much they will unflinchingly endure to gain their end—that the sergeant did not shew the slightest reluctance to the insertion of the lancet when Mr Jones had it in his hand for the purpose.' Swellings in different parts of the body are frequently produced by introducing air below the skin, into the interstices of the cellular membrane. But this is a trick more often resorted to by beggars than by soldiers, as military medical men can too easily detect such proceedings.

Being a disease seldom marked by any exterior

symptoms, rheumatism, as might be anticipated, is a familiar complaint with malingerers. But those who simulate this disease do not escape without smarting severely for their imposture, as blisters and issues constitute the usual remedial means, and, when suspicion is aroused, are inflicted most lavishly on the body of the malingerer. It is amazing with what courage and constancy they will bear the hardest trials of this nature. Mr Marshall says, that there is, perhaps, no class of disabilities which requires more care and caution on the part of medical officers, than cases of alleged pains, rheumatism, lumbago, &c. The most experienced may be here deceived. Mr Marshall advises that no treatment should ever be adopted in any suspected case, for which the surgeon would feel regret if the disease proved real. The counsel is judicious and humane, and applies to every instance of asserted disability. In the case of pains, a little *finesse* will often disclose the truth. 'The late Dr Davies, surgeon to the East India Company's depôt, had a young soldier under his care, who alleged that, in consequence of a severe pain in the back, he was unable to move or to be moved from his bed. His alleged pain had existed for about a month, and still no indication appeared that he intended to return to his duty. For the convenience of being watched, &c., he was accommodated in a ward by himself. Dr Davies, who considered him an impostor, saw no prospect of his *giving in*, a circumstance which induced him to adopt a very simple measure for his detection. He went to the window of the ward in the dusk of the evening, and after gently tapping upon the glass, he in a low voice called the man by name. The patient was at the window in an instant, and the doctor had the pleasure of congratulating him upon the recovery of his locomotive faculty. This man went forthwith to his duty.' Sometimes, when blistering, cauterising, cupping, and such like painful remedies, fail utterly in shaking the firmness of the impostor, a few nauseating doses, calculated bitterly to offend the senses of taste and smell, will answer the purpose. Asafœtida, a

well known to military-surgeons as having most wonderful sanative powers in this way; and Dr Fallot, a French surgeon, relates that he once cured an inveterate rheumatic malingerer by ordering large draughts of warm water.

Rheumatic affections frequently leave behind them permanent contractions of the limbs and curvatures of various parts of the body. Malingerers are aware of this fact, and nothing in the whole history of imposture is so surprising, as the perseverance with which such contractions have been simulated by individuals at the expense of keeping the body or its members in most unnatural and painful positions for a great length of time. A soldier in India, named Fitzgerald, walked for eighteen months with his body bent forward in such a manner that his fingers nearly touched the ground. He declared himself totally unable to stand upright. At the end of the period mentioned, an order arrived, authorising commanding-officers to re-enlist men whose period of service had expired, and at the same time to give them a bounty of sixteen guineas. Immediately after the arrival of the order, Fitzgerald coolly and impudently presented himself, erect as a church-wall, to be inspected by the very surgeon under whose care he had so long been. A similar case of crooked-back, where the patient had long preserved the rectangular position, was cured by a very ingenious manœuvre. The malingerer, who, like Sir Archy Macsycophant, was disposed to 'boo, and boo, and boo' for ever, was placed in a wide and deep cask, and water gradually poured into it, till he was compelled, in order to avoid drowning, to raise his head inch by inch, until at length he stood bolt upright for the first time during many months. Having no idea that he was put into the cask for any other purpose than to get his limbs pleasurably bathed, the impostor himself was most thoroughly surprised at the issue. Another clever scheme was hit upon by General Ross, to cure a contraction of very long standing in the right-hand fingers of a soldier of the 52d Regiment. The general 'directed him to be confined in

a solitary cell, in which was an elevated shelf; his left hand was secured to his body, and a loaf of bread and pitcher of water were so placed upon the shelf, that he could not partake of them without employing the contracted hand. At the end of the first twenty-four hours, the bread and water were untouched; but by the termination of another day, the bread had disappeared, and the pitcher was empty. The soldier returned to his duty.' In another case, a soldier in India complained of immobility of the right shoulder-joint, and for the extraordinary space of sixteen months, his arm remained in a projected position, forming a right angle with the shoulder. As his comrades and medical attendants declared that the arm continued always in this position, he was recommended for discharge, and was about to be sent accordingly to Britain. 'Just on the eve of embarkation, however, the man in question was walking with a large bottle of arrack under his *left* arm, when a person approached him unperceived, and seized the bottle. Fearing that the prize might be lost, the malingerer instinctively bent the *right shoulder-joint*, and firmly grasped the bottle with the right hand. This circumstance was accidentally observed by an officer who knew him; the man was forthwith tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive 1000 lashes.'

With another extract, referring to a case of simulated palsy, we shall conclude our notice of this agreeable production. 'The courage and coolness,' says Mr Marshall, 'with which some impostors resolve to brave pain, is very remarkable. A private belonging to the —— Regiment, complained that he had lost the power of his right arm, but, from the absence of any physical evidence of disease, the medical officer considered him a malingerer, and tried various means to induce him to return to his duty, but without success. With the view of intimidating him, a proposal was made to amputate the arm, and, in prosecution of this object, an unusual degree of solemnity was observed on the occasion. All the surgical instruments that could be collected were exhibited; but nothing

daunted, he allowed himself to be conducted to the chair preparatory to the operation. The tourniquet was put on, and the amputating-knife placed under his arm, ready to make an incision. He sat unmoved; the surgeon was puzzled, and made the best excuse he could for deferring the operation. Being still impressed, however, with the opinion that the arm was not disabled, he resolved to attempt another means of reaching conviction. He recommended change of air for some of his patients, and among others the case of alleged palsy. To reach the place where the surgeon professed he intended to carry the sick, it was necessary to cross a river in a boat. The party embarked, accompanied by the surgeon, who, by a preconcerted signal, directed the boatmen to throw the man in question—who, he knew, was a good swimmer—into the river. At first he used his left arm only, and after a little time seemed to be much exhausted from the exertions necessary to keep himself afloat by means of it alone. The surgeon became alarmed, and had just resolved to take his patient on board, when the fellow uttered an exclamation, and struck out vigorously with *both arms!* The evidence was conclusive.'

SHIPWRECK OF THE MENTOR.

In the year 1831, the whale-ship *Mentor*, of New Bedford, in New England, sailed for the Indian Ocean, to prosecute the fishing in the southern hemisphere. The ship's company, officers and men, consisted of twenty-six persons—Edward C. Barnard, master. The *Mentor* doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and traversed the Indian Ocean in safety, but adverse winds and currents then began to impede its course, and on the 21st of May 1832, while running for the Ladrones, the vessel, after being tossed about at the mercy of the winds for three days, struck

upon a coral-reef, which afterwards proved to lie near one of the Pelew Islands. This group lies six or seven degrees north of the equator, in the middle of the numerous isles on the south-east of the Asiatic continent.

The mishap of the *Mentor* took place in the night. In the first impulse of terror, ten men left the wreck in a boat, and were never again heard of; the continuance of the storm renders it but too probable that they speedily perished. In attempting to put off in a second boat, another man was drowned. The survivors, eleven in number, remained on the wreck till daybreak, when they saw land at the distance of twenty or thirty miles. Collecting a few arms and a small stock of provisions, they left the ship in their only remaining boat, and, after sailing three or four miles, reached a rock, or islet, about sixteen rods in length, where they rested all that day and night to refresh themselves with food and sleep, preparatory to the attempt to make the land in sight. But, in the morning, they were visited by twenty-two natives in a large canoe, the wreck having been noticed from shore. These savages were entirely naked, and frightful in aspect, being fantastically tattooed, and having long coarse black hair hanging over their shoulders. They were well armed, besides, with battle-axe, spear, and tomahawk. Though not openly unfriendly, these savages robbed the sailors of the greater part of their rescued property, and, finally, made sail for the wreck, signing to the shipwrecked band to follow them. The Americans, however, wished to get rid of their visitors, and took this opportunity to launch their boat, and steer in another direction than that of the nearest land. Thirty canoes came in the way to interrupt them, but after a little skirmish they got past, and rowed on during the whole remaining part of that day and night. On the ensuing afternoon, they came to another island, on which, being exhausted and dispirited, they resolved to land. On entering a small bay or harbour, they were met by numerous canoes, and taken on shore in triumph.

The isle on which they now were, proved to be

Baubelthouap, the largest of the Pelew group, and about 120 miles in length. The inhabitants, supposed to be about 2000 in number, held a solemn consultation on the case of the poor mariners whom fate had thrown into their power. They were brought before the great chiefs of the island, who were found seated on a platform between two buildings of considerable size, made of bamboo sticks and leaves, and which seemed to be the national places of council and carousal. On this occasion, the deliberation continued for about an hour, in the midst of a great assemblage, male and female, young and old. The unfortunate captives had an ominous object, meanwhile, before their eyes. In front of the platform stood a beheading-block, and the question under consideration obviously was, whether or not the instrument should now be put to its legitimate use. At length the women began to wail and howl, and this seemed to decide the matter in favour of the strangers. A cup of peace or mercy was handed to them, containing sweetened water, rendered doubly sweet by the respite from death which it betokened. All this while, the natives behaved indifferently, but not cruelly to them, and they were taken at the close of the council to a neighbouring village, where resided a prophetess, one of the women who had been chiefly instrumental in causing a verdict of mercy to be given. On the way to this village, the American seamen were equally delighted and surprised to meet a strange-looking old man, with long gray hair, and unlike the other natives except in the tattooing, who addressed them in tolerable English. 'My God!' he exclaimed, 'you are Englishmen!' The sound of his voice, uttering language so unexpected, excited the most lively emotions in the minds of the seamen. 'This person,' says the narrative of the survivors of this expedition, 'was by birth an Englishman, and had been on the island about twenty-nine years. He told us that he had been a hatter by trade, and that his name was Charles Washington. *He had been* a private in the British naval service, on *board of the Lion* man-of-war.' Some trifling offence led

him to leave the ship in fear of punishment, and take up his abode on the island, where he had attained to great celebrity, and had become the sixth chief in the nation. He had adopted all their habits, and was quite content with his situation, having no wish ever to see his own country again.

The authority of this strangely-placed individual, whose friends in Britain have probably given him up long since as dead, made the situation of the mariners comparatively easy and comfortable. Indeed, the natives, though a very rude and primitive race, seem to have been of good general dispositions. They were of a light copper complexion, and the females only wore a sort of girdle of bark. They tattooed their bodies abundantly, and anointed themselves to excess with cocoa oil. The ladies were excessively fond of ornament, and one of their articles of this order deserves notice as especially novel and ingenious. 'In their noses they wear a stem of the kabooa leaf, which answers the double purpose of an ornament and a smelling-bottle.' At last, after a stay of several months with these people, a negotiation was entered into by the mariners for their release and departure. Upon the stipulation of sending to the island 300 muskets, ten casks of powder, and various other lesser articles, they got a canoe built, and in this and their own boat, eight of the shipwrecked crew left the island, three being left behind as hostages. At the same time, three natives, two of them chiefs, accompanied the party, in the hope of bringing home the reward.

Perhaps never did men venture upon a great ocean in such miserable vessels as these two boats were, the one holding a crew of five, the other of six men. Their main hope lay in the chance of speedily finding, in the open sea, some vessel engaged in the China trade. Scarcely, however, were they fairly afloat, when bad weather came on; the boat was dismasted; the rudder of the canoe was unshipped; and the same boat sprang a leak, which *was only kept under* by constant baling. At the end *of five days of* fearful toil and danger, the canoe overset,

and the whole party were driven into the single remaining boat. Their stores of water and provisions, too, were running low, yet they continued to stand out for four days more, when they unexpectedly came in sight of land, as well as of a fleet of canoes, which soon came up to them. A barbarous scene was then commenced by the savages contained in these canoes. 'They attacked us with brutal ferocity, knocking us overboard with their clubs, in the meantime making the most frightful grimaces, and yelling like so many incarnate devils. They fell upon our boat, and immediately destroyed it, breaking it into splinters, and taking the fragments into their canoes. While this was going on, we were swimming from one canoe to another, entreating them by signs to spare our lives, and permit us to get into their canoes. This they for a long time refused, beating us most unmercifully whenever we caught hold of anything to save ourselves from sinking.' They were ultimately taken in, and were stripped naked on the instant, though the sun was shining so vividly that their bodies were almost immediately blistered by exposure to it. On reaching the shore, a crowd of women and children met them, yelling like 'Bacchanals or Bedlamites.' Fights and quarrels immediately began for the ownership of the several captives, and in the contest the latter were sadly abused. At length, each man got a master, and was taken home by him.

This unpromising beginning was not belied by its end. The island upon which the mariners had unfortunately stumbled was a low, barren, miserable rock, scarcely three-quarters of a mile long by half a one in breadth. From seamen it has received the names of Lord North's, Nevil's, or Johnston's Island, and has been believed to be uninhabited. The natives call it To'bee. They are of a light copper colour, and the men go almost entirely without clothing. They have high cheek-bones and flat noses, and are far more wild in appearance than the Pelew islanders. In character 'they are cowardly and servile, yet most barbarous and cruel, combining in their habits,

tempers, and dispositions, the most disgusting and loathsome features that degrade humanity.'

The position of the poor Americans was dreadful under these savages. The only vegetable cultivated on this sandy coral-rock was a species of the well-known *tarrow-root;* and for the growth of this, proper soil had to be gathered from all quarters and mixed up like a compost. The indolent natives threw the whole labour of doing this upon the poor captives. Nearly naked, they were kept constantly at work, under a broiling sun, at no time having a sufficiency of food, and at different times reduced to all but the last extremity of famine. To many other inflictions they were wantonly subjected. After, indeed, being two months on the island, two of the party succeeded in getting their release. An English ship came in sight, and the captain (Barnard), with Rollins, one of the crew, persuaded the islanders to put them on board, promising that iron and various other articles would be immediately given from the vessel in return. Only a small quantity of iron was sent, and the consequence was, that the natives were highly dissatisfied, and increased their severity towards the remaining prisoners. Unfortunately, the English captain was not (as he afterwards alleged) in circumstances that permitted of further exertions to obtain the release of the rest, and he sailed away, leaving them to a worse fate than before. Among other incidental cruelties inflicted on them, in addition to their ordinary sufferings, they were compelled to undergo the tattooing process, which is thus described:—'We were in the first place securely bound down to the ground, and there held fast by our tormentors. They then proceeded to draw with a sharp stick the figures designed to be imprinted on the skin. This done, the skin was thickly punctured with a little instrument, made of sharpened fish-bones, and somewhat resembling a carpenter's adze in miniature, but having teeth, instead of a smooth sharp edge. This instrument was held within an inch or two of the flesh, and struck into it rapidly with a piece of wood, applied to it in such a manner as to cause it to

rebound at every stroke. In this way our breasts and arms were prepared; and subsequently the ink, which was made of a vegetable found on the island, and called by them the *savvan*, was applied. The operation caused such an inflammation of our bodies, that only a small portion could be done at one time; as soon as the inflammation abated, another portion was done, as fast as we could bear it, till our bodies were covered. It was effectually done; for to this day the figures remain as distinct as they were when first imprinted, and the marks will be carried by us to the grave. They were exceedingly anxious to perform the operation on our faces; but this we would not submit to, telling them, that sooner than have it done, we would die in resisting them.'

But this was comparatively a light item in the incessant sufferings of these poor mariners. Out of the six left after Captain Barnard escaped with Rollins, three sank under their afflictions. One of them died rather suddenly; but the other two, when reduced to the last extremity, and unable to move, were each put into a canoe, and set adrift to meet a horrible living death! A fourth of the band, for some trifling offence, was beaten to death, and it was with difficulty that the remaining two, Holden and Nute, to the former of whom we owe this narrative, escaped the same fate. As for the three poor islanders of Pelew, who, in the simplicity of ignorance, had set sail for an unknown land of promise, one of them was charged with stealing food, and turned adrift in a canoe on the wide ocean with his *hands tied!* A second was literally starved to death. The third was one of the miserable trio of survivors.

Seeing their captives perishing one by one, and getting totally unserviceable, the brutal savages in whose hands these poor men were, began to see that it would be their interest to complete some bargain for their release before the death of the whole made it too late. Accordingly, the captives got a promise that they should be put on *board the first passing* vessel, on condition of a present of *iron being made* to them. On the 24th of December 1834,

the British bark *Britannia*, bound for Canton River, came in view, and the captives obtained their release. When Nute came on board the *Britannia*, he was in such a deplorable state, that it was believed two days more would have ended his life. Unhappily, the British captain did not think it consistent with prudence to take the poor Pelew islander on board, though the others, who had got greatly attached to him, prayed earnestly for his reception. The Americans were taken away, and in due time got on board another vessel, which conveyed them to their own land in safety.

It gives us pleasure to add, that the Pelew islander was released after all. The American sloop of war *Vincennes* released him from North's Island, in the course of the year 1835, and took him safely back to his own country. The sloop also brought home the men who were left as hostages at the Pelew Isles. It is said that the captain of the *Vincennes*, whether by orders or otherwise, made a difficulty of paying the full promised ransom to the Pelew natives, a proceeding equally impolitic and ungenerous. The impression that the promises made by the distressed mariners of civilised nations will be scrupulously fulfilled, either in the way of reward or punishment, affords the only security for good treatment at the hands of such savages under the like circumstances. Generous conduct, above all, should ever meet a reward above the stipulation rather than below it. The future should always be kept in view, as shipwrecks will occur, to a greater or less extent, while navigation lasts.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

THE possible occurrence of premature interment, and of all the inconceivable agonies that must attend a return to life and consciousness in the 'narrow house appointed for all living,' is an idea more frequently present to the mind of the humble and unenlightened, than to that of the educated man. It is also obvious enough that instances of this dreadful occurrence, as ascertained, or supposed to be ascertained, from appearances in opened graves, are more apt to be talked of by the peasant's fireside than in more philosophical places of assembly. The thing, altogether, has so much the reputation of a vulgar wonder, that it requires some courage to introduce it as a topic of grave discourse. That it has, nevertheless, some real value amongst matters which concern the welfare of human kind, is a point of which we are disposed to have little doubt; and we therefore have no scruple in taking it into consideration in the present place.

That much fallacy attaches to many of the ordinary symptoms of death is, we believe, generally acknowledged. There are, indeed, certain diseases, which chiefly consist in a counterfeit of the condition of death, and often defy the most careful attempts that may be made for their detection. Ambrose Parée quotes cases where damsels of hysterical propensities have remained whole weeks to all appearance dead; and Dr Schmidt of Paderborn mentions a case of apparent death (*scheintod*) that came under his own eye, where the fit lasted twenty-one days. In catalepsy, one of these death-counterfeiting maladies, there is, moreover, in some instances, a consciousness of life and of surrounding circumstances and passing events, while the patient appears to all other persons as undoubtedly dead; so that he may actually know that he is undergoing the

process of inhumation, without possessing the power of making known the horrors of his situation to those around him. From the fallacious nature of these symptoms, it arises that individuals who have been laid out, and in every respect treated as dead, so often (for this is not infrequent) surprise their friends by coming to life again during the interval that precedes interment, or while on the way to the grave. Nor, since revival so often takes place before interment, can we doubt that it must also occasionally take place *after* that event. The illustrious Bacon testifies to the truth of what is here advanced. 'There have been numerous instances,' he says, 'of men laid out for dead—nay, of some actually consigned to earth—who have, notwithstanding, returned to life; a fact which, in the latter case, has been discovered, upon opening their coffins, by wounds or contusions on the skull, occasioned by the struggles of the unhappy men to break from their confinement. Of this we have a recent memorable example in that subtlest of the schoolmen, Joannes Scotus, who having been buried in the absence of his servant, who was aware of his master's tendency to attacks of catalepsy, was exhumed upon his return, and found in this state. The same thing happened in our own day to a player who was buried at Cambridge.'*

A pamphlet on the deceptive nature of the symptoms of death was published some years ago at Berlin, by Dr Michael Benedict Lessing of that city, and a copy of it has by chance fallen into our hands. The author writes on the subject with great earnestness, his object being to induce the Prussian government to take some measures for more effectually testing the fact of death before interment. We do not know exactly what degree of credit to attach to his opinions as a medical writer, but certainly he has shewn some industry in collecting accounts of cases—perhaps, we should say, more industry in collecting than in verifying them. We shall, nevertheless, venture to

* *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, cap. x. sec. 34.

include a few instances of prematurely presumed death from the volume of the learned German—adding one or two from other sources.

The first case we shall quote, is one which has found its way into the popular fictitious literature of many nations. A rich citizen's daughter of Paris, who was married against her will, took the matter so much to heart, that she died. Her disappointed lover bribed the sexton to admit him to her tomb, carried away her body, and, by the use of certain restoratives, succeeded in recalling her to life. The happy pair retired to England, whence they returned some years afterwards to Paris. The lady was recognised by her original husband, who upon this asserted his right to her property and person, and thereupon, says Dr Lessing, arose the oddest legal process imaginable: the first husband claiming the lady as his, and the second maintaining that death had dissevered any tie that his rival might have had over her, and that, since he had been the means of bringing her back to life, his she ought to be. The first husband seems to have had the best of it with the lawyers; so the lovers took fright, and retreated once more to England, leaving the nice question of right still undecided. 'The steps of this singular process,' says Dr Lessing, 'may still be found in the Parliamentary Register.' We know more certainly that the story is, with some differences, in Boccaccio; that Turberville has it in his *Tragical Tales*, published in 1587; and that one of our early dramatists has used the incident with great beauty in a play published in 1602, entitled, *How to know a Good Wife from a Bad.*

Another of the instances adduced by Dr Lessing, is of a nature so much more painful in its details than what we are willing to put into these pages, that we must take leave to soften it a little. Herr Hildebrand was the proprietor of the ironwork of Bystadt, in Sweden, at which *place there is* a church for the use of the people connected *with the establishment.* One evening, in 1785, the sexton, *in passing this* church, heard sounds as of groans and

piteous cries, issuing from the building, or rather from the ground beneath it. Unable, from superstitious fear, to reflect calmly on the probable cause of these sounds, he started off in great haste to inform his neighbours of the circumstance. Some of these, gathering a little courage, cautiously approached the church; but when they heard a voice distinctly utter exclamations of the greatest distress, and repeatedly calling on the name of the Deity, with the interjection 'Mercy! mercy!' they turned, like the sexton, and fled. Next morning, when the church was entered, a female form was found stretched lifeless, and covered with blood on the cold pavement. It was a married daughter of the Herr Hildebrand, who had recently appeared to die in childbirth, and had been buried the day before with her unborn child in the family vault near the altar. The babe, also dead, was now found in the arms of the unhappy mother, whose history during the past night it were too painful to speculate upon.

A similar occurrence was strangely enough brought to light at Rodach, in the year 1797. A burgomaster's wife, passing through the church, had the misfortune to fall into a burial-vault, in consequence of the stone that covered it giving way. In extricating the citizen's dame, a fearful scene disclosed itself to the bystanders. Twenty years previous, the wife of the then Deacon Kiesewitter had died, as was thought, in giving birth to a still-born child, and four days afterwards was laid in the grave, and her child placed, according to custom, upon her coffin. The coffin of the child was now, however, found lying at a considerable distance, and the lid of the mother's coffin thrown aside. Her right arm was lying under her head, and the entire body turned upon its right side.

The familiar story of the sexton and the lady's ring is localised by Dr Lessing at Leipsic, the heroine being the wife of Matthew Harnisch, a bookseller. Dr Lessing is not perhaps aware that the same occurrence is said to *have taken place* at Cologne, in the year 1547. There *is an account of it*, said to have been written by the

celebrated Oehlenschlager, of which we find the following translation in a fugitive work of past date :—

'Adocht, the reigning burgomaster of Cologne, on the Rhine, had buried his young and handsome wife: she had been subject to frequent fits, and never recovered from the last. The funeral had been magnificent; and a vault in the majestic cathedral was to hold the body, which had been put by in a coffin with glass-panes and iron wire on the top, and, according to the manners of the time, and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with a rich garland, and the fingers with precious rings.

'Peter Bold, the sexton, had locked the door, and made towards home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him: his own wife had been prematurely brought to bed of a very fine boy, but he was totally unprovided with any kind of comfort requisite on such occasions: his marriage had taken place against the wish of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac, the Jew, came in his mind, but he would require a pledge: a pledge, murmured Bold within himself, and why not borrow from the dead, when nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this self-same lady that lies now yonder; she would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good without harming any one?

'Under reflections such as these, he returned to the place which he had but just left, but where he now trod in a very different mood; he had been before in his duty, and now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him when passing the altar; he had there to encounter the image of St Peter himself, who was his own patron as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and on he went through the long choir towards the vault.

'The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing to renew his terror, and fearlessly he removed the lid and seized her hand. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! He made an effort to get loose, and left not only his mantle, but his lantern. Running away in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor; but as soon as he recovered, he hastened towards the house of the senator, partly to unburden his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly incapable of returning again to make examination.

'In the meantime, the lady had entirely recovered her senses; she overturned, indeed, the lantern with the first motion of her arms, and was therefore for awhile in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognise the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head, and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. Oh, agony! oh, despair! she was buried alive. She uttered a cry; but she knew too well that it would not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little airhole opened into a private part of the church-yard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were, then, to be her last companions! and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death!

'Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped: the warmth which it communicated revived her a little; she recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin, and to throw herself on her knees, imploring the mercy of Heaven; she then attempted to get to the door, and to move *its* rusty latch. But who can paint *her joy when she found* it open! She crept mechanically *through the dark* and narrow passage, and perceiving the

influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thereby enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here she was, however, so faint, that a deadly cold seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some little wine might have been left from the last mass; she made, therefore, one effort more to reach the altar, and met with just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

'No true believer had ever set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude towards his Creator than she did thus administer the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration, that in a few weeks afterwards she could appear again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child.'

A Stuttgart newspaper for 1828, mentions a case of revival at the point of interment, which terminated fatally, in consequence of the stupidity of the persons present. While the grave-digger was shovelling the earth upon the coffin, his attention was arrested by a continued knocking from below. He called several other people to the spot, and their impression was, that the sounds came from the head and foot of the coffin. They were exactly like some one knocking at a door with the fists, or kicking with the feet against some hollow vessel, and they came every moment with redoubled force. The blows were frequently repeated at brief intervals. Within half an hour afterwards, the coffin was disinterred; but by this time the knocking had ceased. The body was found to have changed its position, and gave various other indications that life had only recently become extinct.

One of the most extraordinary cases of apparent death we have met with, in extent of duration at least, is the following, mentioned by the late Dr Macnish in his *Philosophy of Sleep*:—A young lady, in the suite of the *Princess of N—— N——*, had been long confined to bed by *a violent nervous* ailment, and ultimately, to all appear-

ance, died. Her lips were quite pale, her face assumed a deathlike hue, her body was icy cold. She was carried from the chamber where she lay, laid in a coffin, and a day appointed for her funeral. It came, and, according to the practice of the country, several dirges and spiritual songs were chanted before the house. Just as the people in attendance were about to nail down the coffin-lid, they remarked a sort of sweat upon the body, which every moment increased, and at last a convulsive motion in the hands and feet became perceptible. Some minutes afterwards, during which fresh signs of returning animation were apparent, she opened her eyes, and gave utterance to a loud and most piteous wail. In a few days, she had entirely recovered. The account which she gave of her state of mind during the continuance of this lethargy is extremely curious. It seemed to her as though she dreamed that she was really dead, only she was perfectly conscious of everything that was passing around her. She heard distinctly the whispers and lamentations of her friends beside her. She felt them robing her in her shroud, and laying her out in the coffin. The feeling occasioned her an agony beyond description. She strove to scream out, but had not the power to do so. The will had lost its control over the corporeal functions. She had the excruciating feeling of being in the body and out of it at one and the same time. To stir hand or foot, or to open her eyes, was alike impossible. Her torture reached its height when the dirge commenced, and the coffin-lid was on the point of being nailed down. The thought of being interred alive at length brought back the nervous system to activity, and enabled it to operate upon the muscular powers.

Dr Lessing, if possible, increases the horror we naturally feel in thinking of a revival in an intombed coffin, by stating that life would not, in such cases, be so quickly extinguished as we are apt to suppose. He calculates that the vacant space in most coffins contains air sufficient to support life for a space of between forty

minutes and an hour. He further remarks that, from the nature of the circumstances, the fact of revival is probably detected in but a very small proportion of the whole number of instances. He points very earnestly to means for preventing this dreadful occurrence. He proposes that houses should be set apart in all considerable seats of population for the disposal of the dead, or the presumed dead, there to lie for a certain time under proper medical superintendence, and interment not to take place till a proper certificate has been obtained that all hope of recovery is past. Such houses are kept up in various large cities throughout the world: that at Munich is thus described by a visitor:—'The bodies of all persons, of whatever rank (the court excepted), who die at Munich, are conveyed to the Dead-house, where they remain exposed for a period of twenty-four hours, previous to interment, with the view of guarding against the chances of living inhumation. A constant watch is kept in each apartment; and I had understood that an alarm apparatus was attached to each body, so constructed that the slightest movement consequent on resuscitation should cause the violent ringing of a bell. I could, however, discover no traces of such an apparatus. There were ten bodies exposed on the occasion of my visit—seven children and three adults. The public are not allowed to enter the apartments of the dead, but a clear view of each inmate is easily had through glass doors.'—*Notes of a Wanderer, by W. F. Cumming, M.D.*, 1839. It would be curious to calculate how many awful cases of authenticated living inhumation it would take to rouse the British people to the establishment of houses for the ascertainment of death. Though this decisive means of prevention is not to be hoped for, it might be well that individuals exercised greater caution in burying the dead—not only perhaps keeping them a little longer than is customary, but making either slight incisions for *the purpose* of rousing any latent spark of life, or such *greater lesions* as would put death beyond all question. *A Lady Dryden*, widow of an English baronet, was so

much impressed with the propriety of the latter precaution, that at her death, in 1789, she was found to have left L.20 in her will to her surgeon, as payment for his cutting her carotid artery previous to her interment. We have ourselves been witness to two cases, in which, from the appearance of colour on the cheeks of the presumed corpse, and the absence of all disagreeable effluvium, we could not help wishing that the funeral had been postponed, being greatly disposed to fear that life was not altogether extinct. In such cases, except for the slight inconvenience of perhaps countermanding a few invitations, it would be easy, as it would unquestionably be proper, to delay the funeral, if not to take some more active measure.

THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Oh, sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to-morrow
Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine;
The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,
Though the deeds and the gloom of the guilty are mine.
Not long shall the arm of affection infold thee;
Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,
And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
The pangs of thy desolate mother to see;
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chain thou hearest,
And none but the guilty should mourn over me.

And yet I *must* wake thee—for while thou art weeping,
To calm thee, I stifle my tears for awhile;
But thou smilest in thy dreams, while thus placidly sleeping,
And oh! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I pressed thee
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
If the pure tie of virtuous affection had blessed thee,
And hailed thee the heir of thy father's high name!
But now—with remorse that avails not—I mourn thee,
Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
In a world if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee!

And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
When by all, but the God of the Orphan, forsaken,
A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek;
I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;
Yet lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?
O God of the Fatherless! pity my child!

ANECDOTES OF MONKEYS.

THE largest of the monkey tribe of animals, and those which approach nearest to the human figure, are, as is well known, the orang-outangs. These remarkable creatures inhabit two small and widely separated parts of the world—a red species being proper to the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and a dark one to the Guinea *coast, in Africa.* The limbs and body of this creature *greatly resemble* those of man; but his countenance and *the shape of his* head are considerably different, while

the double set of hands forms a feature sufficient, if all others were wanting, to mark the distinctness of the two races. Specimens have been found not less than five feet and a half high; and in their native countries, troops of them become formidable foes to man. A black orang-outang has sufficient strength to lift a full-grown human being. One brought from Africa in a trading-vessel was fond of wrapping itself in a blanket when it got into temperate latitudes. It shook hands with some of the sailors, but refused to do so with others, whom it disliked. It liked to join a mess, and was much pleased when sweetmeats were given to it. It stole a bottle of wine, which it uncorked with its teeth, and began to drink. It learned to feed itself with a spoon, to drink out of a glass, and shewed a general disposition to imitate human actions. It was attracted by bright metals, seemed to take a pride in clothing, and often put a cocked-hat on its head. On arriving at Liverpool, it took ill and died.

When the British embassy was on its return from China, in 1817, a specimen of the red orang was obtained at Borneo and brought to Britain. A description of it is given by Dr Abel, a physician attending the embassy, which is considered the most accurate and faithful account of any specimen of the monkey tribes that has ever been written. The animal stood two feet seven inches high. The colour of its skin was a bluish-gray, while the hue of the hair was a brownish-red. The head, viewed in front, was pear-shaped, expanding from the chin upwards. The nose was scarcely elevated above the level of the face, the mouth was prominent, and the ears as small and delicate as those of a man. He moved, by throwing forward his body between his fore-limbs, in the manner of certain cripples among the human species. After some vain attempts being made to keep him confined, he was allowed the range of the ship, and began to make himself familiar with the sailors. To pursue the narrative of Dr Abel: 'They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his

adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed, but when much pressed, elude them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times, he would patiently wait on the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the main-stay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung, with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling; but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's-length of his pursuer, and having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

'He commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove everything out of his way that might render the surface on which he intended to lie uneven; and having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions, he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest till I had resigned it. If it was large enough for both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailors' jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope, he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast shuddering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into their arms, and clasping them closely, derive warmth from their persons, screaming violently at any attempt to *remove him.*

'*His food in Java* was chiefly fruit, especially mangos-

tans, of which he was excessively fond. He also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. On board ship, his diet was of no definite kind. He ate readily of all kinds of meat, and especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruits when he could obtain them.

'His beverage in Java was water; on board ship, it was as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and tea, but would readily take wine, and exemplified his attachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy-bottle: since his arrival in London, he has preferred beer and milk to anything else, but drinks wine and other liquors. . . . .

'This animal neither practises the grimace and antics of other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness to mischief. Gravity approaching to melancholy, and mildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his countenance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposition. When he first came amongst strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him; or when much incommoded by their examination, would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his forbearance under injuries, which were grievous before he was excited to revenge; but he always avoided those who often teased him. He soon became strongly attached to those who kindly used him. By their side he was fond of sitting; and getting as close as possible to their persons, would take their hands between his lips, and fly to them for protection. From the boatswain of the *Alceste*, who shared his meals with him, and was his chief favourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog and the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with a spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin door enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air that seemed a burlesque on human nature.

'*Next to the boatswain*, I was perhaps his most intimate acquaintance. He would always follow me to the

mast-head, whither I often went for the sake of reading, apart from the noise of the ship; and having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and pulling a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements.

'His favourite amusement in Java was in swinging from the branches of trees, in passing from one tree to another, and in climbing over the roofs of houses; on board, in hanging by his arms from the ropes, and in romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they passed; and bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him, and engage in a mock-scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. If any conjecture could be formed, from these frolics, of his mode of attacking an adversary, it would appear to be his first object to throw him down, then to secure him with his hands and feet, and then wound him with his teeth.....

'But although so gentle when not exceedingly irritated, the orang-outang could be excited to violent rage, which he expressed by opening his mouth, shewing his teeth, seizing and biting those who were near him. I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtle brought on board, whilst the *Cæsar* was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached; and looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog's snout, uttering, at the same time, a sound which might be described as between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After some time, he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtle, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttered the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea; and since his arrival in England, has shewn nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of a live tortoise.

'Such were the actions of this animal, as far as they fell under my notice, during our voyage from Java; and they seem to include most of those which have been related of the orang-outang by other observers.'

Some curious details are given in the *Magazine of Natural History*, of the habits of the orang-outangs exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, London, in 1831. They were male and female—the former the Chimpanzee, and the latter the Borneo. In some respects they presented a marked contrast, and did not shew the least tenderness of attachment to each other. The social habits of the Chimpanzee far exceeded those of the female. On first approaching in a morning, or after being absent from him for a short time, he would utter a loud cry of recognition to the person whom he knew, and running towards him, would stand perfectly erect, spreading his arms like a child to be taken up, when he would wind them round the neck of the individual in the manner of the fondest embrace; nor was it an easy task for those to whom he was attached to leave the room except by stealth. The instinct of providing and placing warm materials for her bed was most marked in the female, who would be for two hours dragging blankets from various parts of the room, smoothing and changing their position, and beating any raised part down with her knuckles, assuming at the same time a look of gravity and an appearance of wisdom. The hearing of both animals was remarkably acute, and the knowledge of sounds was accurately shewn. They were in the daily habit of riding in a coach; and on being seated, before the vehicle moved, they would secure themselves by getting a firm grasp of the hold-straps attached to the side of the coach. They also seemed to have a pretty good idea of time, for as the hour approached at which they were removed to their nightly residence, they would of their own accord get the blankets, and infold themselves in readiness to depart; and if their removal was protracted beyond the usual time, it required force to prevent them from going to the door. The Chimpanzee having caught a cold, which ultimately

caused his death, he had a violent cough that in sound was remarkably human; and as when a fit of coughing came on, he was usually given some sweetmeat or cordial to stop it, he soon adopted the cough as a means of obtaining these luxuries.

The physiologist Blumenbach had one of the monkey tribe, whose movements and conduct he carefully watched for more than a year together. It came to manage the wood for the stove with great dexterity, and would put it in with as much judgment and economy as a cook-maid or a parsimonious spinster. This animal was very partial to the fire, like all other apes, and would occasionally singe himself, when he would sally forth and roll round about in the snow with all the ecstacy of a Russian after taking a warm vapour-bath at 180 degrees of heat. After enjoying this luxury for a time, he would return to his old quarters by the fire. He was often at the college, where he used to turn over and examine the specimens with a gravity and grimace which was quite irresistible. He once swallowed a lump of arsenic, large enough to have done the business of ten Kalmucks; but in him it produced only a trifling indisposition, and in a short while he was quite well again. A work on insects happened to lie for some time upon the table, and which our philosopher contemplated with solemn studiousness for about an hour. The illustrations particularly rivetted his attention: whether they awakened reminiscences of his former haunts, is unknown; but when the book came to be examined, it was discovered that, with consummate address, he had pinched out all the beetles of the large plates, and actually eaten them—it is supposed, mistaking them for real insects in some unknown state of preservation.

In the jungles about the neighbourhood of Tillicherry, in India (says a writer in the *Oriental Annual*), there is a large species of monkey, frequently tamed by the natives; and at a village a short distance from this celebrated seaport, we had an evidence of the remarkable sagacity of this animal. A few yards from the house

of the person to whom it belonged, a thick pole, at least thirty feet high, had been fixed into the earth, round which was an iron ring, and to this was attached a strong chain of considerable length, fastened to a collar round the monkey's neck. The ring being loose, it easily slid up the pole, when he ascended or descended. He was in the habit of taking his station upon the top of the bamboo, where he seemed perched as if to enjoy the beauties of the prospect around him; this was really striking. The crows, which in India are very abundant, and singularly audacious, taking advantage of his elevated position, had been in the daily habit of robbing him of his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole. To this he had vainly expressed his dislike, by chattering, and other indications of his displeasure equally ineffectual; nothing that he could do was of any avail to scare away these unwelcome intruders upon his repasts. He tried various modes to banish them, but they continued their periodical depredations. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he adopted a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious.

One morning, when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously indisposed; he closed his eyes, drooped his head, and exhibited various other symptoms of severe suffering. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo, than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and, according to their usual practice, began to demolish his provisions. The monkey now began to slide down the pole by slow degrees, as if the effort were painful to him, and as if so overcome by indisposition, that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to such exertion. When he reached the ground, he rolled about for some time, seeming in great agony, until he found himself close by the vessel employed to contain his food, which the crows had by this time well-nigh devoured. There was still, however, some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent indisposition of the monkey, advanced to seize. The wily creature was at

this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole, and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out its head, and ere it could secure a mouthful of the interdicted food, the watchful avenger seized the depredator by the neck with the rapidity of thought, and secured it from doing further mischief. He now began to chatter and grin with every expression of gratified triumph, while the crows flew around, cawing in boisterous chime, as if deprecating the chastisement about to be inflicted upon their captive companion. The monkey continued for awhile to chatter and grin in triumphant mockery of their distress; he then deliberately placed the captive crow between his knees, and began to pluck it with the most humorous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except the large feathers in the pinions and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit, and, after flapping its wings for a few seconds, it fell on the ground with a stunning shock. The other crows, which had been fortunate enough to escape a similar castigation, now surrounded it, and immediately pecked it to death. The expression of joy on the animal's countenance was altogether indescribable; and he had no sooner seen this ample retribution dealt to the purloiner of his repast, than he ascended the bamboo to enjoy a quiet repose. The next time his food was brought, not a single crow approached it; and I daresay that, thenceforward, he was never again molested by those voracious intruders.

Captain Basil Hall, in his amusing work, *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, relates an anecdote of a monkey which, in the course of a voyage home from St Helena, committed a rather serious practical joke. Having seen the medical officer of the ship making up pills, he watched an opportunity when the doctor's back was turned to dart on the medicine-chest, and seize upon the whole mass of stuff for pills. Stowing all in his mouth, he made off for the rigging of the vessel. 'The doctor's first feeling was that of anger at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless

immediate steps were taken, the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

"Lay hold of the monkey, some of you," roared the doctor to the people. "Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mess of my stuff he has run off with."

'The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must be cracked.

"For any sake," cried the good-natured physician, "don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel; and unless you get it from him, he will die to a certainty."

'This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps, or twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their impotent efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; and all hands, marines inclusive, most of whom had never been further in the rigging than was necessary to hang up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his sad fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the maintop seized him by the tail, at the starboard royal yard-arm, he was cramming the last batch of calomel down his throat!

'It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach-pump was then, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jacko's sufferings of course were great:—First he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and, in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of pain, distortion, and rigidity of limb, that I

felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from his misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along for the British Channel.'

PEROUROU, OR THE BELLOWS-MENDER.

I WAS born in one of those little hamlets, situated in the neighbourhood of Montelimar, in the south of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth—that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, I soon grew skilful in my trade, and, having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyon, to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful, that I became a great favourite with the chamber-maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good-looks and youth interested in my favour.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's rounds, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession, which I answered in a style of good-humoured raillery that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at one another, and heard one of them say: 'This is our man.' The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. 'Perourou,'* said one, 'you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it, we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us.' Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance, I did not hesitate to accept the

* Perourou is a name familiarly given to bellows-menders in Lyon, probably from their mode of crying in the streets.

offer. They conducted me through a number of cross-streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless, and light-hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasantries which seemed highly to please my chance-companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus: 'The ten persons whom you see before you,' said he, 'are all engravers and citizens of Lyon. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to one another, and formed a happy society, till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St Dominic there lives a picture-merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but all whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved of by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much their superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl herself gave to my suit? "Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?"

'Her charms and her pride have been equally felt by us all,' continued the speaker; 'and we hold that she has cast a slur both on us and our profession. We therefore have resolved to shew this disdainful girl, that she has not indeed been born to the honour of being the wife of an engraver. Now, will you,' addressing me, 'venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who to attain perfection wants only to have her pride mortified and her vanity punished?' 'Yes,' answered I, spurred on by the

excitement of the moment; 'I comprehend what you would have me do, and I will fulfil it in such a manner, that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil.'

The three months that followed this strange scene were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows-mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hair-dressers, &c., brought my person to a fitting degree of refinement, while every day one or other of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing, and other accomplishments; and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive, that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple. Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiné, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyon. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-dealer in St Dominic Street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind, he sent me word one morning, that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was received not by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and, for the first time in my life, my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to

everything else. For several months I saw her every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only damped by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, everything I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fête in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart—yes, I discovered that I was beloved!

I was an impostor, but, Heaven is my witness, I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence, I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was soon to fall upon her, when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with a cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid, and I thought, if she truly loved me, she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewing flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears, cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estates as being in Dauphiné, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself. So there was one baseness of which I was not guilty. We were married. At the altar, a shivering ran through all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—and I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief. The silly crowd around mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was, we started for

Montelimar, my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised, and acting as couriers to our magnificent equipage. The awful moment of exposure arrived; and when it did come, it proved more terrible than even I had anticipated. The engravers made the equipage be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venerable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived, and surprised Aurora was handed out. The engravers came up; they pulled off their disguises; and he whom Aurora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her: 'No, madam, no—you have not been born or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honour to you. A bellows-mender is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!' Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have replied; but the engravers entered the coach, and, like the shifting of a scene in a theatre, all our grandeur disappeared with them!

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment, I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might be unavailing. She recovered at length her senses, but the moment that her frenzied eye met mine, 'Monster!' she exclaimed, and again became insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on a humble straw-couch. Here I remained beside her till she opened her eyes; mine shrunk from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame, and remorse, which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The niece of the curate of the parish, however, who chanced to be by, remained beside her, and

the poor young victim of my villainy, for she was but eighteen, seemed glad of her attentions.

How shall I describe the horrible night which I then passed? It was not on my own account that I suffered or feared. She, she alone was in my thoughts. I dreaded above all—for my love was still predominant—to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence; to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise? Had I not basely, vilely darkened all the prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable shame and anguish? That night was a punishment that would almost have wiped out any lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed, I sent to know how Aurora was. She was calm, I was told; and, indeed, to my surprise she entered in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the ground, and spoke not. 'You have deceived me,' said she; 'it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. Do not take advantage of the authority you have usurped. The niece of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain till this matter can be thought of with calmness.'

Alas, these were soothing but deceitful words! Within a day or two after this event, the interval of which I spent in forming wild hopes for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the causes of my exaltation and my fall. They wrote to me that 'My acquaintance had begot in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum for the execution of their plot; that they wished not to carry their revenge too far; and that they would supply me with money and everything necessary for entering into some business, and insuring the creditable support of myself and Aurora.' The other letter was from Aurora. 'Some remains of pity,' she said, 'which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induce me to inform you that I am now in Lyon. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you

will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which will do me justice, and break the chains in which you have bound your victim.'

This letter threw me into despair. I hurried to the curate's, but could learn nothing of Aurora's retreat; although I became assured that the curate and his niece, despising my mean condition, had been the urgent advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyon, where the affair had now created a great sensation. I lived unknown, however, and obscure, and saw only the engravers, who, notwithstanding the base plot which they had through me effected, were men of not ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelihood, I conceived myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter into trade with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and I laid it out in a way which speedily, and without trouble to me, augmented it greatly. Meanwhile the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annulling the marriage. This could only be done by publicly detailing the treachery which had been practised. Never, perhaps, was court-house more crowded than that of Lyon on the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herself, appeared, and rivetted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrunk into a corner, like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with so much eloquence as to draw tears from many eyes. No counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sought a divorce, without desiring to inflict that punishment which she might easily have brought down on the offenders, would at once have gained her suit, had not one man arisen to speak for me. It was one of the engravers—the one who had been refused, as mentioned, by Aurora. He made a brief pleading for me; he praised my character, he shewed and confessed how I had been tempted, and how I fell. At last he concluded by addressing Aurora. 'Yes, madam,' said he, 'the laws may declare that you

are *not* his wife, but you *have been* the wife of his bosom. The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you. But a stain may be cast on another. Can you, will you throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?' The appeal was understood, and was not made in vain. The trembling Aurora exclaimed: 'No, no!' and her tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled—was no longer sought to be annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of the Marquis de Rouperon) was declared valid, it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her. Every legal precaution was taken that I should have no control over her or her affairs. After this event I did not remain long in Lyon, where I heard my name branded everywhere with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a feigned name. I entered into business, and, more to drown remembrance than from any other cause, pursued it with an ardour which few have evinced in the like circumstances. The wildest speculations were those which attracted me most, and fortune favoured me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house, and ere five years passed away, had amassed considerable wealth. At times, however, the remembrance of my wife threw me into fits of anguish and despair. I dared not think, nevertheless, of attempting to go near her, until it chanced that I had it in my power very materially to serve a banker in Lyon, who pressed me much to pay him a visit. After much uneasiness and anxiety, I resolved to accept the invitation. Once more I entered Lyon, and on this occasion with an equipage which was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one. My friend the banker on being questioned, told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, and was admired for her reserved propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child—her boy; but he told me that her father had just died, leaving her

almost dependent on the charity of the abbess. This recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity soon afterwards of visiting one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, changed as I was, but who received me warmly. I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts, giving him funds for that purpose. I told him also to purchase some pieces of furniture which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyon strengthened my desire to see my wife, and at least to fold my boy in my arms. The feeling became at length irresistible, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way of taking me to the convent. His astonishment to find in me the poor much-spoken of bellows-mender, was beyond description. Happily, however, he was acquainted with the abbess, and assured me that it was easy for me at least to obtain a sight of my wife. Ere an hour passed away, my friend had taken me there. I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and beheld, with emotions unspeakable, my wife seated in the convent-parlour, with a lovely child asleep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora, now twenty-three years of age, seemed to me more lovely than ever. I had purposely wrapped myself closely up, and she knew me not, though I observed an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once familiar object. I could not speak; my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke. He saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee. Looking at my friend and myself for a moment, he came forward to me. Oh! what were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses, of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me rise hastily, and throw myself, with my child in my arms, at the feet of my pale and trembling wife. 'Aurora! Aurora!' I exclaimed, in broken accents, 'your child claims from you a father! Oh, pardon! pardon!' The child clasped her

knees, and appeared to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lips quivered, and her eye was fixed, as if in stupor, upon me; but a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms. 'I know not,' she sobbed, 'whether you again deceive me; but your child pleads too powerfully. Aurora is yours.'

This event closes my history. I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and have tasted a degree of happiness with her such as no penitence for my past offences could ever make me deserving of. One only incident in my history after my reconciliation with Aurora seems to be worthy of mention. I took my son and her with me to Paris, but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, bought a small country-house for her near Lyon. Sometimes we spent a few weeks there, and on one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fête for which she had made preparations. Who were our guests? The ten engravers, who were the original cause of all that had passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me, when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness, which, under the agency of a wonder-working Providence, they had been the means of conferring upon her.

[Our readers, at least many of them, will have detected in this story the foundation of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*, one of the most popular of our modern dramatic pieces.]

KATERFELTO.

In that graphic and well-known passage of the *Task* of Cowper, where the poet describes the varied contents of a newspaper of his day, the following lines occur:—

> 'And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.'

The personage here alluded to was a distinguished juggler and quack-doctor, who flourished in Britain at the close of last century. The name of Katerfelto, it is probable, was merely an assumed one, and certainly, if this was the case, the selection of it did credit to the magical professor's taste, as few names could be found more expressively appropriate to the character he bore. He took the title of Doctor—a German doctor—and combined the profession of legerdemain with that of the art medical. The *Task* was written about the years 1782 and 1783. At that time, Dr Katerfelto was vending his nostrums to the people of London, who had then the misfortune to sustain a severe and very general attack of influenza. The doctor of course knew the full value of mystery, and used it freely to enhance his medical pretensions. If any one got better or got worse on his hands, it is to be suspected that the doctor's remedies were innocent alike of the good and the evil, and that the whole was attributable to the old principle—'Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure.'

Katerfelto was one of the last specimens of a class that now live only in the pages of novelists—the race of travelling mountebanks, half quacks, half jugglers. In his journeys through England he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, two black attendants, and, though last, not least in importance, two or three black *cats*, usually termed Katerfelto's devils. This goodly company were all packed together in a huge old coach or

caravan, which contained, besides, the wizard's stock of apparatus. On reaching any town where it was thought fit to have an exhibition, the two sable (biped) assistants, dressed in antiquated green liveries, with red collars, marched round the streets of the place, blowing trumpets, and expatiating on the wonderful powers and performances of Katerfelto and his cats. A portion of the doctor's exhibitions was really of a rational and creditable nature, consisting of magnetic, electrical, and chemical experiments, which he explained in a lively humorous way. He was a good experimenter, and seldom failed in anything he tried. But amusement was the object of those who went to hear him, and in this they were not disappointed. His appearance was provocative of mirth, his long thin person being commonly enveloped in a tawdry, old-fashioned green gown, while his head was covered by a square velvet cap, making him altogether as like as possible to the pictures of the old stage-doctors, of whom he was the genuine successor and representative.

We have no account of the particular uses to which he turned his feline familiars. One thing is certain, however, that he had brought them to a surprising pitch of docility and apparent intelligence. Katerfelto seems to have flourished through a considerable part of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Sometimes, like the most of his class, he lived in comparative ease and affluence, and, at other times, found himself caged in jail, as a vagrant and impostor. Occasionally, his experiments brought him into awkward scrapes. While stopping at a small town in Yorkshire, on one of his journeys, he set up a fire-balloon, to the great amazement of the rustics around. But, in a few days afterwards, the conjuror was arrested by order of a farmer, upon one of whose hayricks the balloon had alighted, and by which it had been burned to the ground. Poor Katerfelto could not pay the damages demanded, and was obliged to go to prison.

It has been mentioned, that the name of Katerfelto was probably an assumed one. The conjuror, however,

seemed by his speech to be really a foreigner. Some have asserted him to be a Prussian soldier, who had got his discharge. He is said to have died at Bristol about the beginning of the present century.

LAW PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ANIMALS.

It appears to have been by no means unusual in France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to institute legal proceedings against animals, allowing them an advocate to defend them, and treating them in every respect as *fairly* as if they had been human beings. How far it was done in a serious spirit, and how far in the spirit of drollery, it would now be difficult to say; but certain it is, that such proceedings occasionally took place, and were conducted with all the external gravity desirable in similar cases where human beings are concerned. The following is a notable instance:—

From about the year 1522 to 1530, the rats in the bishopric of Autun had multiplied to a vast extent, insomuch that, from their ravages, serious apprehensions of famine were at length entertained. All human remedies having been tried without any important effect, a resolution was at length formed to petition the ecclesiastical judge of the district to excommunicate them. It was conceived, however, that this remedy was the more likely to be efficacious if all the usual forms of law were observed. A proctor, therefore, lodged a formal complaint against the rats. The judge ordered that they should be summoned to appear before him. The period having expired without their having presented themselves, the proctor obtained a first judgment by default against them, and demanded that the final judgment should be proceeded to. The judge, however, deeming it but fair that the accused should be defended, officially named M.

Barthelemi Chassanée, a young advocate, to be their defender.

Chassanée being, like most young barristers, anxious to distinguish himself, readily undertook the task; and knowing the discredit in which his clients were held, he resolved to do all he could to delay proceedings, in order to afford time for prejudices to subside. He at first contended that, the rats being dispersed amongst a great number of villages, a single summons was not sufficient to warn them all. He therefore demanded, and it was ordered, that a second notification should be given to them by the clergyman of each parish at the time of his sermon. This occasioned a considerable delay, at the end of which, the rats still failing to appear, M. Chassanée made a new excuse for the default of his clients, by dwelling on the length and difficulty of the journey; on the danger they were exposed to from the cats, their mortal enemies, who would lie in wait for them in all directions, &c. When these evasive pleas were exhausted, he rested his defence upon considerations of humanity and policy. 'Was there anything more unjust than general proscriptions levelled at whole families, which punished the child for the guilt of the parents, which involved, without distinction, those of tender years, and even those whose incapacity equally renders them incapable of crime,' &c.

We are not informed how the case ended. But De Thou, who relates the circumstances above stated, adds that the ingenuity shewn by M. Chassanée laid the foundation of his reputation, and he rose in time to be first president of the parliament of Provence. A more grave result has been hinted at. While he held this high office, severe proceedings were instituted against the Protestant Vaudois, or Waldenses; and M. Chassanée was called upon to take the part assigned to him by his office in their persecution. The unfortunate people, at this juncture, put to him the severe question—how he could reconcile it to his conscience to dispense with the usual judicial forms towards them, his fellow-creatures, when

he had, some years before, insisted on their scrupulous observance towards the rats of Autun! The president was staggered, and he actually seems to have, in consequence, given a silent protection to the Vaudois.

Gui Pope relates, that going to Chalons (this must have been about the middle of the fifteenth century) to present his homage to the king, he saw upon a gibbet a pig which had been hanged for killing a child. On the 22d of September 1543, at an assembly held by the principal council of the city of Grenoble, one of the members represented that the slugs and caterpillars did dreadful mischief. He concluded by demanding 'that they should petition the ecclesiastical judge to excommunicate the said creatures, and to proceed against them by means of restriction, to obviate the damage they daily committed, and would occasion in future;' and the council decreed in conformity to this demand. A similar case, which occurred in 1584, is more particularly related by Chorier in his *History of Dauphiné*. 'This year,' says he, 'was remarkable for continual rains; there was an infinite number of caterpillars: and the same causes of corruption were renewed in 1585. Extraordinary measures were taken against the insects, which became extremely multiplied. The walls, the windows, and the chimneys of the houses were covered with them, even in the towns. It was a lively and hideous representation of the plague of Egypt by locusts. The grand-vicar of Valence caused the caterpillars to be cited to appear before him, and ordered an attorney to defend them. The cause was solemnly pleaded, and he condemned them to depart from the diocese. But they did not obey: human laws have no control over the instruments of divine justice. It was then deliberated and agreed upon, to proceed against these animals by means of anathema and imprecation, and, as it is said, by malediction and excommunication. But two lawyers and two divines having been consulted, the grand-vicar was induced to change his intentions, so that abjuration, prayers, and sprinkling with holy-water, were alone had recourse to. The life of

the caterpillar is short; and these devotions, having lasted during several months, were supposed to have had the miraculous effect of exterminating them!'

PORT-ROYAL AND ITS SOLITARIES.

THE word 'Port-Royal' must have repeatedly met the eye of general readers in connection with the names of various eminent writers of France, and must have excited a wish to know its meaning, and the object or objects to which it applied. Port-Royal, sometimes called Port-Royal-des-Champs (Port-Royal of the fields or country), was the title originally given to a conventual establishment for females, attached to the order of the Benedictines, and founded so early as the year 1204. Its site was about three leagues to the south of Versailles, and its foundress was Matilda, wife of Matthew de Marly, of the house of Montmorency. For four centuries, the history of the convent was unmarked by any event of particular importance. Towards the close of that period, the establishment partook of the relaxation of discipline which gradually spread through so many of the contemporary religious houses of the continent. A regenerator arose at length in the person of Maria Angelica Arnauld, who was appointed abbess of Port-Royal about the year 1608, and who speedily made the convent a model of order and discipline to all the similar institutions of France. The celebrity which she gave to it induced a number of the noblest ladies of the land, and even some of the princesses of the blood-royal, to take up successively their residence near Port-Royal, that they might participate in its religious exercises, and profit by the example and counsels there brought within their sight and reach.

Succeeding events elevated Port-Royal into still greater

notice. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, Antoine Arnauld, doctor of the Sorbonne, and one who left a standard name in French literature, was led to fix his abode at Port-Royal, where, besides his sister the abbess, his mother and five others of her daughters, with no less than six of his nieces, had their permanent residence. Arnauld was accompanied in his retreat from the stir of the world by his brother Arnauld d'Andilly, Antoine Lemaistre, an advocate famous for his eloquence, and by Simon Lemaistre and Isaac Louis Lemaistre, brothers of Antoine, and the latter of them well known for his translation of the Bible. Five or six other individuals, all of them men of talent and virtue, sought at the same period the seclusion of Port-Royal, disgusted with the follies of an age on which their lessons could make no impression. Their labours were more productive of good in the solitude to which they retired. Fixing their joint habitation near to the convent, they divided their time between the cultivation of their little lands, the instruction of the boarders of the convent, the education of young people confided to their care, and the composition of those learned works which have given immortality both to themselves and to Port-Royal. The *Logic* of Arnauld, the *Rudimentary Greek and Latin Treatises* of Lancelot, the *Ethics* of Nicole, and the *Ecclesiastical History* of Le Nain de Tillemont, are instances of the able and useful works which had their origin here.

Port-Royal, in fact, became a famous school, where many statesmen as well as men of letters of great subsequent celebrity received their training. It was here that the distinguished poet, the elder Racine, was educated, and here were those seeds of virtue sown in his mind which, repressed for a time by the seductive flatteries of the world, burst forth into light and vigour at a more advanced period of his career. Racine shewed his sense of the benefits he had derived from Port-Royal, not only *by devoting* various poems to the celebration of its many *local beauties—its* gardens, fields, waters, and woods—but

by writing a history of the convent itself, and also a memoir vindicating the name and fame of its inhabitants. The virtuous Pascal, also, who had a sister and a niece in the establishment, enrolled himself in the band of the solitaries of Port-Royal; and although he had his permanent dwelling elsewhere, remained in intimate relations with them up to the period of his death. Thus it was that, in an age of gaudy show and glitter, these poor conventual sisters, who could boast of no attractive renown apart from that derived from their sanctity of life, became, as it were, a common bond of union—a tie to gather and bind together in one spot, all that was most eminent for rank, virtue, and learning, in the capital and country of France.

From the year 1648 to 1679, Port-Royal enjoyed its greatest celebrity, and stood at its highest point of utility. But its very renown gradually led to its fall, by exciting an envious and hostile spirit in other sections of the religious establishment of the country. Moreover, its friends and supporters, Pascal and Arnauld, had distinguished themselves by their opposition to the sect of the Jesuits, then the most powerful clerical body in France, as well at court as elsewhere. Through these adverse agencies and influences, a blight fell on the prosperity of Port-Royal. It ceased to be a seat of learning and education. The great men who had adorned it died away one by one, and others were afraid or were forbidden to take their places and sustain its repute. By various arbitrary means, the sisterhood were reduced to one-fourth of their original numbers, and, in part, were dispersed over the land. But the enmity of the party in power did not rest here. 'After long years of inveterate persecution,' says the author of a supplement to Racine's History, 'the lieutenant of police, D'Argenson, bearing a royal warrant, and accompanied by various commissaries, notaries, and magistrates, as well as by 300 policemen, took the road to the convent of Port-Royal early on the morning of the 29th *of October 1709.* On his arrival, the lieutenant *invested the building,* took possession of the gates, caused

all papers whatsoever to be delivered up, and formally put them under seal. When this part of his commission was ended, he announced the further orders with which he was charged to the sisterhood. They were in all a band of fifteen poor females, inclusive of the superior and seven lay or serving sisters. Without resistance, without protestation, without a murmur, they submitted themselves to their lot, chanting the while their accustomed closing services, in the midst of the men who pushed them from their home. Some of them were so aged and infirm, that it was necessary to procure litters to take them away. They were conducted each to a different dwelling, as if their cruel enemies had resolved that no two of them should have the poor consolation of weeping together.'

The enemies of Port-Royal were not satisfied even with the expulsion of every living being from within its walls. On the 22d of January 1710, another royal edict was issued, and prompt, indeed, was its execution. The venerable building was razed to the ground, with all the separate edifices which had been successively raised around it for its visitants and friends. The materials were sold, and the destroyers of Port-Royal seemed desirous of effacing every trace of its foundations.

Still there arose from the naked and desecrated spot a sweet-smelling savour, which was hateful to its ruthless enemies. The ashes of Lemaistre, Arnauld, Racine, and their kindred, yet lay there, and drew pilgrims to the scene. In 1711, the graves were opened, the mouldering bones of the illustrious dead torn from their resting-places, and scattered hither and thither among the cemeteries of Paris and the adjoining villages!

This might, indeed, be termed the closing scene of the Port-Royal communion, when its members were not allowed even to enjoy the fellowship of the tomb. But its enemies could not throw oblivion on the memory of that band of brothers and sisters, and, even with all their destructive zeal, they left on the scene some tangible and visible memorials of its former inhabitants. One

who made a pilgrimage to the spot, gives the following account of the appearance which it presented to the traveller's eye:—'A little to the right of the road leading to Chevreuse and Dampierre, stands the vale formerly inhabited by the conventual sisterhood of Port-Royal. It occupies a low situation, and is of small extent, being not more than twenty minutes' walk in length, and about ten in breadth. It is a little amphitheatre, enclosed on all sides by gently rising heights. The road descends into the vale by a pretty sharp inclination, and when the traveller has reached the centre of the hollow, he sees nought but the clear sky above, and on each side the acclivities of the hills, covered half-way up with verdure, and tufted with thick woods. Silence and repose hang over the scene, and one's first thought is, that no place could have been better chosen as a retreat for those who were weary of the din of the world. On the eastern side of the vale, a vault or cellar is to be seen, being all that now remains of the mansions of the Duchesses of Liancourt and Longueville, two ladies who were among the first to retreat to the neighbourhood of Port-Royal. On the western declivity stood once the dwelling of Arnauld and his friends, and of this a considerable portion has escaped the destroyers of 1710. It is a brick building of antique fashion, and is inhabited, in a repaired state, by a gentleman who has retained with feelings of veneration the old carved wooden staircase, worm-eaten though its materials be. The interior had been arranged into a series of little cabinets or rooms for study, and these the proprietor has also preserved in the order in which he found them. Above the door of one of these cabinets, these words are engraven: "J. Racine—1657, 1658;" on another, "A. Arnauld—1655;" and on a third, "P. Nicole—1657, 1658, 1659;" indicating the inhabitants to whom these places had been specially devoted for a time. The proprietor has had a stone placed over his chief porch, with the names of the principal occupants of the mansion engraven upon it. Several of these names have been mentioned. They amount in all to the number

of twenty-two, every one of them of no mean repute in the annals or literature of France.

'Before the house is a garden on the site of the old one, and in the corner of which is to be seen the fragment of an old column, having a broad top, and so placed on the ground as to form a table, traditionally called the Table of the Recluses. Here it is pleasant to rest, and permit the mind to wander back to the time when, in the calm of morn or eve, much grave and sweet discourse was wont to take place on the same spot between Pascal and Arnauld, Nicole and Saci, and those others who had come hither to seek that peace not to be found among the haunts of men. From the site of these relics of the Port-Royal solitaries, it is necessary to descend into the centre of the vale, in order to reach the scene where once the old convent of Matilda de Marly stood. But its foundation-stones were torn up and sold, and on the spot where it was, gardens and orchards appear. A fragment of a turret (now a pigeon-house), covered with ivy, and decorated with the fantastic heads and busts of the antique architecture, is the sole remnant of the once massive and ample convent. The lake or pool which has been celebrated in the verses of Racine, and which will thence be remembered for ever in France, has been drained and dried up; a change to which scarce even the increased salubrity of the spot can reconcile a lover of friendship and poetry.'

Such is the story of Port-Royal, and such was its fate. The claim of Louis XIV. to be called The Great, even were it not shaken by a thousand other circumstances, would be irretrievably so by his participation in the persecution and overthrow of the noble fellowship of Port-Royal.

BLACK LABOURERS' FANCY-BALL IN BRITISH GUIANA.

THE following article has accidentally met our eyes in a Liverpool paper, into which it is stated to have been copied from the *Royal Gazette of British Guiana*, of the 26th December 1839. It describes a most extraordinary, and surely, in some important respects, highly pleasing affair—a fancy-ball given by a black labourer to his friends of the same order, and the neighbouring gentlemen. As an instance and example of good feeling between the labouring and employing class in a colony once under the influence of slavery, and as a curious picture of manners, it seems to us entitled to extensive notice:—

On Christmas-eve, Vincent Paradise, head-labourer on the estate of Vreed-en-Hoop, entertained the sable ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance with a fancy-ball. Ten or fifteen days previously to the 24th, cards of invitation, executed in the most fashionable style, were issued, not only to such as were to appear in fancy-dresses, but also to numbers of white gentlemen of the first respectability in the neighbourhood. The whole day was fine, and admirably fitted for arranging the preparations of the evening. The last or five o'clock boat from the town-side of the ferry was crowded from stem to stern, and from larboard to starboard, with people of all classes and colours from the metropolis; the deck was covered over its length and breadth with baskets, tin-canisters, and band-boxes, filled with the robes of dukes and duchesses, of lords and ladies, and of peasants and country-girls. Knots, epaulets, plumes, and such ornaments as would suffer from being bruised, were laid *carefully on the* binnacle, on canister-lids, or carried in *the hands.* On arriving at the Vreed-en-Hoop Ferry

Stelling, all was found to be hurry, joy, and expectation; happiness beamed on every countenance, and the greatest enemy of the colony would have sought in vain for any, even the least, symptom of the distress and oppression under which they have represented the labourers as suffering. The room in which the assembly met is a large logie among the buildings on Vreed-en-Hoop; and to it, from all directions, were seen hurrying gentlemen in great numbers, some in gigs, and others on horseback. Many of the girls and boys who were to appear in characters, drove to the place in the chaises and conveyances of their employers, in order to prevent their dresses and ornaments from being injured by walking. Proprietors, attorneys, and managers of estates up the river and down the coast, merchants, doctors, lawyers, magistrates, and private gentlemen from town and country, all assembled to participate and rejoice in the evening's amusement.

The apartment that was fitted up for the occasion is in length eighty-seven feet, and in breadth thirty-six, and its decorations were on a style in the highest degree grand and elegant. It was entered at one end, so that to a spectator going in at the door, a full view of the whole scene presented itself. A large beam runs the entire length of the room, and supports the floor above it, exactly in the middle. From this was suspended a Hogarthian line of waving drapery, richly embroidered with scarlet and gold, having arched spaces at intervals, through which persons could pass from one side to the other. It divided the apartment, through the whole length, into two equal parts, leaving a space of eighteen feet broad on each side for the dancers. From the centre of the ceiling of each side-division was hung a row of brilliant chandeliers, fantastically bedecked with variously coloured ornaments, and at the outer extremity of both sides was suspended a similar row of lamps, the whole composing a beautiful illumination. At the upper end were executed, of evergreens and rich flowers, a device *comprising the initials* of Victoria Regina, and between *them the crown* of Great Britain. On each side of this

burned a lamp of extraordinary brightness; the whole was overarched and embowered by two trees of liberty, which were planted so that their unfading and luxuriant boughs were entangled together above. A colonnade of green branches rested on the floor, close to the sides of the room; these ran the entire length of the eighty-three feet, and their foliage was trained so as to overhang the chandeliers in the middle of the side-spaces. The orchestra was decorated in a tasteful and fantastic manner.

About eight o'clock, the fancy-guests began to assemble, and it was really difficult to know whether to admire most the costliness and elegance of the dresses, or their appropriateness to the rank and character they were intended to represent—kings and queens, lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, naval and military officers, chiefs and haughty dames of the olden time, pirates and highwaymen, drunken sailors and beggars upon crutches, old men tottering and paralytic, and women of equal age and frailty attending to them with an affection and care apparently as great as if they had climbed and descended the hill of life together. Little boys with their whimsical and ludicrous trappings, and girls having their brows encircled with chaplets and garlands of flowers; in a word, every variety of character that can well be imagined was present on the occasion, and many of no character at all. Numbers of respectable ladies were irresistibly attracted to survey the scene, and gentlemen of rank and standing mixed freely among the sable group.

Previously to the ball being led off by Vincent Paradise himself, who was king, and by his lady, who was queen, Daniel Stron raised himself into an erect posture from off his crutches, on which he rested a body *apparently* wasted by age and bent by decrepitude, and addressed the assembly in a loud, clear, and distinct voice, to the following effect:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, I see that the present meeting is composed of the natives of England, Ireland, *and Scotland. It is to* the exertions and good-will of the *British nation, and to* the kindness of our good Queen

Victoria, that we owe the relieving of our necks from the yoke. It shall be our constant endeavour, both as subjects of Queen Victoria, and as agricultural labourers in the colony of British Guiana, to behave ourselves as becomes free men. I hope we shall never disgrace our good Queen by acting contrary to her wish. I hope always to see plenty of labour and good crops in this colony. Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all here this evening, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves well.' As soon as Mr Stron had concluded the speech, he bent himself down upon his crutches, resumed his assumed character of a mendicant, and supported it well throughout the evening.

Dancing commenced about nine o'clock. There was room sufficient for eight sets of quadrilles, and politeness and good-nature prevailed in the whole assembly. About one o'clock, or rather after, supper was announced, and there was a decorum, observed in going to, while at, and in coming from the table, that many assemblies of higher pretensions might have been proud of. Mr Matheson, a gentleman engaged in the conducting of the affairs of the Vreed-en-Hoop estate, was in the chair, and Mr Sanderson, the manager, was croupier. It was with peculiar satisfaction that we observed seated, at the same table, the labourer and his employer, together with magistrates, professional and private gentlemen. It was a rich entertainment for a benevolent eye to behold—gentlemen of rank and standing in the colony encouraging, by their presence, the infant efforts of our emancipated population to rise into respectability, independence, and into the refinements of civilised life.

When the cloth was removed, the chairman gave 'The Queen;' and after the hearty cheers and acclamations which the toast had called forth had subsided, Vincent Paradise returned thanks, and expressed himself to the following import:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, in the name of the labourers upon this estate, I will return thanks for the health of her Majesty Queen Victoria. We all feel *grateful for the gift* of our freedom. I have been headman on Vreed-en-Hoop in slavery time, in 'prentice time,

and since free, and have always seen good men well treated; and I do not think that good honest labourers, who were willing to work, were ever badly treated; they might be by some masters, but not many. From the goodness of Queen Victoria that gave us our freedom, we have all opportunities of making ourselves comfortable and independent; and I hope there will not be a negro found in all this colony, who will prove ungrateful to the Queen and to the people of England for the important gift that they have bestowed upon us. Gentlemen, I am very happy to see you all here, and much obliged to you for coming; and I sincerely trust that the pleasure and harmony of this evening may be the forerunners of future peace and good understanding between the proprietors and the labourers of the colony.' Mr Paradise concluded his speech amid loud and continued cheering.

Mr Sanderson gave 'The Governor and Court of Policy.' This was received with great enthusiasm and loud cheering.

Mr Matheson rose, and said: 'In the absence of Mr Stuart, the attorney of this estate, I have one other toast to propose; and in doing so I may be allowed to say that it has been Mr Stuart's wish, as it has been my endeavour, to cultivate a good understanding between the employer and those who conducted the labour of the estates, and I trust that the good feeling which now prevails between the employer and labourers on *this* estate, may long continue to the mutual benefit and satisfaction of both parties. I will now propose health, prosperity, and happiness, to our *hosts* on this occasion, and to all the labourers of British Guiana.'

Mr Vincent Paradise said, that he felt proud for that toast, and hoped that all the labourers of British Guiana would ever be found worthy of the good opinion of the proprietors; and concluded by proposing the health of Mr Gladstone, and peace and prosperity on all the estates.

Mr Matheson—I now beg to return thanks, in the name of Mr Gladstone, for the favour just conferred on him, and

I may express the pleasure I am sure he would feel were he now present here to witness the way in which his efforts to make his labourers contented and happy are appreciated.

Mr M'Clelland said, that, with the permission of the chair, he wished to propose a toast. He prefaced it by saying, that he would not detain the company by any lengthened remarks, although the subject was one of a very soft, delicate, and important nature, and well calculated to awaken all the finer feelings of the soul, inasmuch as everything connected with the harmonies and elegances of human existence was intimately connected with it. He wished to propose 'The Ladies.' This was responded to with unbounded appláuse.

Mr M'Cormick proposed 'The Agricultural Interests of this Colony,' and said he challenged the Emerald Isle, the Land of the Rose, the Land of the Thistle, and the Land of the Leek, to produce a peasantry so contented, independent, and happy, as those which are in this colony. Attempts have been made to poison their inexperienced minds, and sow the seeds of discontentment among them; but he was glad to find that they were now beginning to know their friends from their foes, and hoped that they would never become the dupes of the latter.

This was suitably acknowledged. Supper over, dancing was resumed, and kept up with great spirit until after daylight in the morning.

The dresses at this fancy-ball, taken altogether, cost upwards of L.300 sterling, and the whole expenses of the entertainment about L.400.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE MARINE BAROMETER.

STORMS, as has been shewn by Colonel Reade, do not advance straightforward, as is commonly supposed, in a direct line, but in a circle or parabola like a whirlwind, and by the timely consultation of the marine barometer, may be in a great measure avoided by ships which are liable to be overtaken by them. A confirmation of this valuable theory is found in a letter from Mr Marshall, formerly commander of one of the Honourable East India Company's ships, which was published a number of years ago in the journals of the Cape, and transferred into the *Athenæum*. The following abridged account of Mr Marshall's experience will be read with interest by all who take pleasure in the triumphs of science over ignorance and prejudice.

Mr Marshall strongly recommends commanders of vessels to pay the most pointed attention to the indications of the marine barometer, which never fails, by the fall of the mercury, to indicate an approaching storm. The seaman is thus enabled, by bringing his ship to the wind, and other preparations, to secure to himself the best chance of escaping damage. 'Even if at the moment the sky should be cloudless, the atmosphere motionless, and no other indication of a storm throughout the whole visible horizon, than that which this invaluable instrument affords him, still he will take his measures with the same degree of promptitude and energy as though the danger had already commenced; and when the flattering gale springs up to favour his course, he will not be tempted to pursue it through any fallacious notion of shortening the period of his voyage; for if my theory be correct, he may rest assured, that the further he advances, the *greater will* be the fury of the tempest; that *it is a principle of every* hurricane to narrow its sphere *in proportion to its* duration; that wherever the storm

commences, there it will soonest terminate; and, consequently, that his easiest way to escape from its fury, is to remain as stationary as possible. I should not have dwelt on some of these points, had I not been aware that a notion is but too prevalent among seamen, that scudding before the storm is the shortest way to get out of it—an error which is attended with this additional evil, that those precious moments which intervene between the fall of the quicksilver and the rising of the storm, are expended—perhaps never to be retrieved—in a proceeding which, in my opinion, is fraught with nothing but mischief.

'It was in October of the year 1808, that I left Madras on board one of the East India Company's ships [the *Diana*, of which he was commander], with eight others, under the convoy of a seventy-four gun-ship. On reaching the latitude of 8 degrees south, and the longitude of 88 degrees east, we unfortunately encountered one of the most tremendous hurricanes that was perhaps ever experienced by a ship that did not actually founder. It is impossible to convey to the minds of those who have never witnessed such a storm, any adequate idea of the fury with which it blew during the three days and nights of its continuance, the sound resembling more a succession of peals of thunder, or the roaring of cannon, than of wind; whilst the sea formed one continued breach over the ship, sweeping everything movable before it. During nearly the whole of this period, the passengers, officers, and crew were, without distinction of persons, employed in pumping or baling, cutting away masts, securing guns, or in other work essential to the safety of the ship; whilst, owing to the impracticability of getting into the hold through the body of water always lodged on the gun-deck, the chief part of the period was passed without food, or even a drop of water to allay the thirst of the men at the pumps, who were with difficulty, and occasionally could not be prevented from swallowing *the bilge-water* as it ascended from the well. And had it *not been for* the fortunate circumstance of a quantity of

this precious beverage being found in the lockers of the great cabin, which was latterly served out at the pumps in wine-glasses, the probability is, that we should have literally perished through the want of a liquid, of which there was an abundance in the hold. Our distress, too, was not a little aggravated by two of the twelve-pounders being adrift at once on the gun-deck, causing the greatest consternation lest some port should be stove in by their means. Notwithstanding, the foremast, mizen-mast, maintop-mast, and bowsprit were, at the peril of our lives, successively cut away. At the close of the third day, we were left with seven feet of water in the hold, and four feet in parts of the gun-deck, frequently with three out of the four pumps choked at a time, and without the slightest prospect of any abatement of the storm.

'I have been a witness to many a distressing scene on the ocean, but never, in the course of my practice, have I been present at one so distressing, at least to my own feelings, as that which I have more immediately under consideration. The scene I am now drawing to a close, was one of peculiar excitement, painful feelings, and of heavy responsibility. Well may the Psalmist say: "These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." But to return from this digression. At the close of the third day of this awful hurricane, the cabins below being no longer habitable, the passengers were crowded into one side of the round-house, as being the only cabin from which the water could be effectually excluded. Here, then, a scene of wo was exhibited which baffled description—a scene sufficiently appalling to rend the stoutest heart in twain, especially of his on whom all eyes were turned for that relief which it was not in his power to afford—even to her, who had the strongest of all claims on him for consolation, and whose peculiarly interesting situation demanded the utmost stretch of his sympathy.

'*The ship, apparently* water-logged, was now observed *to be settling fast forward.* Every countenance exhibited

a picture of despair; when, at this critical moment, the wind rapidly began to subside, which was no sooner announced to the people at the pumps, than their labours, which, from a feeling of despondency, had previously languished, were resumed with renewed vigour; and such was the rapidity of the change in our favour, that one of the most dreadful of all storms was speedily lulled into a perfect calm; the ship once more rose freely to the sea, and by daylight on the following morning, all the water was discharged from her.' But the vessel now 'lay a helpless wreck on the water, exposed to every surge of the sea, which had not subsided so rapidly as the wind, and which occasioned her to roll most awfully; and now, as she rose on the mountainous billow, every eye eagerly swept the horizon in search of the fleet, but all in vain, for not a ship could be seen; upon which we trembled for their fate. The bowsprit, foremast, mizen-mast, and maintop-mast, as before intimated, were all gone by the board; the whole of the live-stock, with a trifling exception—consisting of 150 sheep, 30 pigs, 4 cows, 3 calves, 8 goats, and many hundred head of poultry—were washed overboard, or otherwise destroyed; nearly all the captain's stores, the medicine-chest, and seamen's chests, with their contents, were in the same predicament. After an anxious scrutiny of the charts, no friendly port was found to be within reach of us; the nearest towards the East was Bencoolen, which, on account of the season of the year, was difficult of approach, and incapable of affording the relief we stood in need of. Towards the west was the Isle of France, then in possession of the French. To proceed direct to the Cape was an undertaking which, at the first blush of our situation, nobody conceived to be practicable. Still, upon a closer inspection of our resources, many difficulties were obviated, and our situation appeared to be far less desperate than we had at first imagined. Our stock of water and salt provisions, which was considerable, was happily found to be uninjured; we had rice and spirits in abundance. Our spare stock of spars, which was also

considerable, and well secured before the storm commenced, was safe; we had spare sails, canvas, and cordage sufficient, and we knew our situation to be on the verge of the south-east trade-wind, which blew direct towards the Cape, and the season for entering Table Bay was favourable. After due deliberation, at a meeting of the officers of the ship and the principal passengers, it was unanimously resolved to undertake the voyage to the Cape; and as an encouragement to the crew to give their spontaneous exertions in favour of this great undertaking, a subscription was immediately entered into, with a view to replace their chests, clothes, &c., on our arrival at the Cape, which were lost in the storm. Seven hundred pounds were raised for this purpose in the course of a few minutes (perhaps an unprecedented act of similar liberality), which was no sooner communicated to the crew, than they gave three hearty cheers, and declared their readiness to perform every duty required of them; and never was a promise more rigidly fulfilled. However, in spite of these but seldom paralleled exertions, we were eleven weeks in reaching the destined port, after suffering many privations. Still I consider this as one of the happiest periods of my life; and judging from the number of cheerful countenances, and the unanimity which reigned throughout the ship, I much doubt whether it were not the lot of every soul on board. I cannot account for the fact, unless it were owing to the particular frame of mind we had imbibed from our recent deliverance—a frame of mind which philosophy might spurn at, but which religion might have hailed as the precursor of the only solid happiness destined for man.

'The day of our arrival in Table Bay was one of intense excitement, anxious, as we naturally were, to ascertain the fate of a fleet from which we had separated, eleven weeks before, under such unpropitious circumstances. This suspense, however, was of short duration; our worthy commodore, with five of his convoy, were soon discovered to be safe at anchor in the bay; the remaining

three ships were missing, and, sad to tell, have never since been heard of. Of those which were safe, four, including the seventy-four gun-ship, had been in more or less danger of foundering in the storm; whilst two escaped with but little injury, owing, as it appeared from a comparison of journals, to their having escaped the brunt of the storm by being considerably to windward of the others—thus corroborating the theory with which I commenced, in my endeavours to prove that where the storm begins, there it will soonest end. During a greater part of the third day, which was by far the most tempestuous with us, these two ships lay nearly becalmed.

'Such were the disastrous effects of this memorable hurricane, from a summary of which I think myself at liberty to draw the following practical inference—namely, that had we instantly attended to the timely warning of the barometer, by bringing the ship to the wind, and making preparations for the storm, instead of scudding before it until we could scud no longer, we should have escaped with as little injury as the two ships I have just alluded to; and that, had the three unfortunate ships which foundered in the storm pursued a similar course, which it may be fairly presumed they did not, a very different fate might have befallen them too.'

RIENZI: THE TRIBUNE.

In one of the meanest districts of the city of Rome, a quarter inhabited only by humble mechanics and Jews, was born, in the early years of the fourteenth century, Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini, commonly called Cola di Rienzi, the last of the tribunes or popular magistrates of Rome. He was the son of an innkeeper and a washerwoman; and in those days, when all the avenues to power and distinction were exclusively occupied by the families of

the great, it might have been anticipated that young Rienzi would have passed his life in the obscure and lowly sphere which had witnessed his birth. But his parents, either in consequence of some early promise in the boy, or through some accidental cause, were induced to bestow on him, at the cost of great privations to themselves, the rare gift of a liberal education; and nature had endowed him with the talents necessary to turn his opportunities to advantage. The writings of the ancient historians and orators of his country formed the favourite study of his youth, and in her magnificent monumental remains he saw emblems of her past glory that fired his fancy and nursed in his breast the spark of patriotism.

But the Rome of Rienzi's early day was sadly different from the Rome of elder times. It had long lost the political empire of the world; and even the pontifical power, which had in some measure compensated the loss of imperial rule, had been reft from the city, the popes having transferred their court and government to Avignon. Rome could only boast at this era, of a delegated head, an apostolic vicar or viceroy, in whose hands was lodged the ostensible dominion of the city. But the nobles were its true governors; the great families of Colonna, Ursini, and a few others, held the whole authority, virtually, in their hands. Grossly they abused their power, subjecting the citizens to the cruelest oppression and tyranny, outraging systematically the honour of their families, and corrupting at will the course of justice. Such was the condition of Rome in the early years of the fourteenth century.

Young Rienzi saw and deeply deplored the evils of his country. A disinterested desire to relieve it from its oppressors sprang up in his breast, and he began in a remarkable manner to pave the way for the accomplishment of that great end. At accidental meetings of the people, whether in large or small bodies, he allowed his voice to be heard, and took every occasion to recall to the remembrance of his hearers the glories of their ancestry. Alluding to them, he would cry: 'Where are

now those Romans—their virtue, their justice, their power? Oh! why was I not born in those happy times?' Being a fluent and energetic speaker, Rienzi speedily became a favourite with the populace, and his addresses to them in the streets grew more and more frequent. Daily he would assemble bands of them around him, and, pointing their attention to the lions, serpents, and other emblematical figures abounding in every part of the city, he would draw comparisons, in an allegorical but not very ambiguous style, between the glorious times which witnessed the erection of these monuments, and the degraded period in which he and his hearers were condemned to live. Growing bolder day by day, he ventured upon open denunciations of the tyranny of the nobles, and inflamed the passions of his audiences by dwelling on the bitter subject of their wrongs. Strange to say, the nobles were blinded enough to be totally insensible to the serious and dangerous tendency of Rienzi's proceedings. Everything 'plebeian' was so utterly despised by them, that many of them actually came in person to listen to his political lectures, looking upon him much in the same light as they did Punchinello, or the common buffoons of the carnival. It is even said that Rienzi, taking a lesson from the elder Brutus, who feigned madness till the hour came for the deliverance of his country, condescended to enter the Colonna palace by invitation, to *amuse* the company with his threats and predictions. The abject state of slavery to which the nobles had reduced the people, could not be more glaringly shewn than by such a circumstance as this.

When an embassy was sent from Rome to the papal court of Avignon, Rienzi had acquired influence enough over the people to be appointed one of the thirteen deputies representing the order of the commons. At Avignon, he attracted notice by his bold and ready oratory, and there he also met a congenial spirit in the poet Petrarch. On returning to Rome, Rienzi continued his former practices, but the pressure of poverty for a time chilled his aspiring hopes, and he was absolutely

reduced to seek the charity of an hospital. With the appointment of apostolic notary, which yielded him a fair income, his spirit revived, and he recommenced his daring addresses to the people. Still the nobles remained in supine blindness, allowing the orator to ripen the minds of the people for any outbreak. An accident brought on the crisis. Rienzi's brother was assassinated, and the survivor loudly demanded vengeance. But the murderer was protected by the Colonna influence, and Rienzi found his appeals fruitless. From this hour he was resolute in his design of immediately overturning the power of the nobles. It was in the middle of May 1347 that he entered on the first step towards the completion of his object, by assembling on Mount Aventine, at midnight, a body of 100 citizens favourable to his purpose. 'Friends and fellow-citizens,' said Rienzi, 'the blood of my slaughtered brother cries for vengeance, and would justify a severe retaliation; but it is your wish and mine to procure the inestimable blessings of liberty without involving our country in bloodshed and confusion. The accomplishment of your wishes, the establishment of the *good estate* [the speaker's favourite phrase], is rapidly advancing, if you have only fortitude and forbearance enough to exert the power you possess with spirit, perseverance, and moderation. The strength of our oppressors is imaginary; thay are without union, without virtue, without resources.' Rienzi ended his harangue by announcing his intention of immediately assembling the people, unarmed, by proclamation, and recommended to his hearers so to demean themselves as 'to prove to the world that a few precious drops of Roman blood were still circulating in their veins.'

Next day, accordingly, a proclamation was made over the whole city, by sound of trumpet, calling on all the people to assemble before the Church of St Angelo on the following evening, to provide for the 'restoration of the good estate.' The nobles still remained inactive, and seemed totally ignorant of the real character of Rienzi's movements. This supposition is confirmed by the

circumstance of the pope's vicar, the Bishop of Orvieto, consenting to be present at the proposed assembly before the Church of St Angelo. During the whole of the night preceding that meeting, Rienzi and his friends were occupied in the celebration of masses, in order to propitiate Heaven in favour of their enterprise. When the appointed hour came, an immense crowd had assembled. Not only the whole space before the church, but the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses, and every place which commanded a view of the spot, were covered with spectators, whose numbers it would be difficult to calculate or tell. After a sufficient time had elapsed to stimulate the curiosity of the people to the highest pitch, the doors of the church were thrown open, and Rienzi, barcheaded, and dressed in complete armour, presented himself to the crowd, having on his right hand the papal vicar, and behind him the principal conspirators. Four silken banners followed next, carried by men attired in purple and gold. On these banners were emblazoned allegorical figures of Justice, Liberty, and Peace. A procession, accompanied by martial music, now commenced, the whole assembled multitude following in the wake. Being gifted by nature with a tall and handsome person, Rienzi played his part nobly and dignifiedly in the pageant, and the admiring populace, ignorant of what was to be done, yet hopeful of good, sent up loud and lengthened shouts of applause. On reaching the Capitol, Rienzi ascended a lofty balcony, from which he addressed the people. Assuming that they were fully masters of the city, he congratulated them on the bloodless victory they had gained. Charmed by his noble appearance and his captivating eloquence, the people raised a shout, exclaiming with one accord: 'Rienzi shall be king!'

Meanwhile, the nobles looked on in stupor, yet unconscious whether they were in danger or not. Stephen Colonna brought the matter to a decision. Absent from Rome at the time of this great meeting, he hastened to the city on hearing of it; and when Rienzi sent a messenger to the Colonna palace, its master declared that at his

leisure he would cast the mad notary from the windows of the Capitol. On receiving this message, Rienzi rang the great bell, and gave the alarm. A great crowd of citizens rushed to the Colonna palace, and its haughty lord was compelled to fly with precipitation to his country castle of Palaestrina. A general order was issued, commanding all the nobles to follow his example, and they, stunned by the unanimity of this movement, obeyed with haste and in silence.

The author of this remarkable revolution, which freed the Roman citizens at one blow from the presence of all their oppressors, would not assume the title which, in the warmth of their gratitude, the people would have freely accorded to him. He declared that he would not bear an appellation which a Tarquin and a Nero had disgraced. After a time, however, seeing the necessity of having his authority sanctioned in some regular form, he consented to take the title of tribune, which, in ancient days, indicated a guardian of popular privileges. But the power of Rienzi was really that of a dictator, and it is admitted by all historians, that he at the outset wielded it admirably. He introduced new and excellent laws, reformed the finances, extinguished sanctuaries and such-like privileges, and, in short, established an entirely novel order of things. 'A den of robbers,' says one historian, 'was converted to the discipline of a camp or a convent; patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and the stranger.' Another historian declares, that 'in this time the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith, were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway.'

Rienzi behaved generously, perhaps not wisely, towards the banished nobles. He soon recalled them to the city, exacting only from them an oath of allegiance to the new government and to the Church, which he had judiciously

the greatest ease. It is true that Rienzi, as usual, tolled the great bell of the Capitol for hours together, but no man rose to aid him, and, without a blow being struck, he fell into the hands of Count Pepin. The tribune shewed, it is said, great pusillanimity, and abdicated the government, weeping over the ingratitude of his countrymen. He was thrown into the Castle of St Angelo, and was soon as much forgotten, seemingly, as if his short reign of a few months had never taken place.

Count Pepin restored the authority of the aristocracy and the Church, conciliating the people, however, at the same time, by the election of a new civic tribune with a degree of nominal power. Things speedily returned to their former condition. The nobles resumed their cruel tyranny over the people, and robberies and assassinations became again frequent, or rather incessant on Roman ground. For seven years matters remained thus, and the wearied people began to think with regret of the energetic rule of Rienzi, and to remember nothing of him but his virtues. Meanwhile, what had become of the fallen tribune? After a month's durance in St Angelo, he had made his escape in the guise of a monk, and wandered through various cities of Germany, Italy, and other countries, endeavouring to gain the friendship of various princes and potentates. At length he boldly presented himself at the court of the Emperor Charles IV., and was sent by that monarch to Avignon, in the condition of a captive. Pope Clement kept him in prison; but on the succession of Pope Innocent, new hopes dawned on the deposed tribune. Lamenting the troublous and disordered state of Rome, Innocent was advised to send Rienzi thither, as being the only man who could restore peace to the disturbed city of St Peter. Rienzi, it may be believed, joyfully accepted the charge. After swearing allegiance to the papal power, he set out for the scene of his glories, his follies, and his fall.

The re-entrance of the senator Rienzi, as he was now styled, into Rome, was a scene of triumph and rejoicing. For a time afterwards, hopes were entertained that he

would be a blessing to the city; but these hopes proved fallacious. His own character, we are informed, had undergone a serious change for the worse during his exile. He had become intemperate, suspicious, and cruel, and his once fine face and person now presented a blotted swollen appearance, indicating the grossness of his living. He was now, besides, but a delegated servant of the pope —scarcely a trusted one. The barons were all more inimical to him than ever; and hence it was that Rienzi's new reign was a continued scene of tumult during the four months that it lasted. At the end of that time, a disturbance, fomented by the nobles, broke out, and an angry multitude besieged the Capitol, where Rienzi had taken up his abode. The senator was deserted by his guards; yet, in that last hour, he made a vigorous effort to regain his authority. With the banner of liberty in his hand, he presented himself on the balcony to address the people. Had they listened to him, the charm of his eloquence might still have moved them; but the noise drowned his voice, and stones and arrows were directed at his person, and on being struck in the hand, he retired weeping. It was evening ere the rioters forced their way into the building, where they seized their former idol as he attempted to escape in disguise. They dragged him into the street, and for one whole hour he stood in the midst of them pale, silent, and motionless. There was still a nobility in his aspect which restrained the mob from injuring him. But one individual finally struck him with a dagger, and the charm seemed broken. A thousand blows followed, the most of them borne by a lifeless corpse.

Thus fell Rienzi the tribune, a man of extraordinary endowments and extraordinary fate. Had he been able to endure prosperity, he might have left behind him one of the most glorious names in history. Petrarch the poet was his friend, and has expressed high admiration of his character and abilities, as they were developed in his early career.

THE OLD FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE is not, perhaps, a single little town in all France, which does not possess its professional fortune-teller; a person who lives by card-reading, and by the predicting of all that is good and happy for those who desire thus to learn their destiny. This card-prophet is usually, or rather, uniformly, a woman, the sex having had no rivals in this department since the days of the astrologers—who, after all, were but a parcel of old women. Of course, too, the fortune-teller is advanced in years, and has all the ordinary witch-like attributes of face and figure. Though every person possessing any pretensions to sense or education would blush to admit openly that he or she ascribed any weight to such magical pretences, yet it is amazing how many people of the better classes, in these small French towns, fee the old fortune-teller at one period or other of their lives, to unravel some knotty point in their destiny. To do them justice, such references may be made, rather from a conviction of the fortune-teller's general shrewdness, and of the care she takes to acquire all possible information about her neighbours in the ordinary way, than from any trust in her powers of obtaining knowledge by supernatural means. But it is unnecessary either to give explanations, or make apologies, on this subject. The matter in hand is to tell a little story—a story of real life—and to that we come without more delay.

Once on a time I was invited to spend some weeks with a friend, at a town not a thousand miles from Paris. My friend was married. I had calculated on this circumstance as likely to be troublesome, seeing that it might interfere with the bachelor luxuries of cigar-smoking and unrestrained chat; but my friend's wife was so charming

a woman, that I soon decided things to be better as they were. She doted upon her husband, and he was not behind in reciprocating the feeling. They had two pretty children, whose smiling faces and delightful prattle would have made any one envy the parents. To the pleasure derived from the society of my host and hostess, was added the entertainment arising from an occasional reunion of all the magnates of the place around the hospitable board of my friend. It was an agreeable task for one sated with the gloss and refinement of city-life, to study the characters of these comparatively unsophisticated mortals, and to listen to their simple sentiments and views on topics brought accidentally before them.

Fortune-telling became the subject of our converse one evening. The mayor of the town, who chanced to be present, and who thought it befitting his office to seem as wise and enlightened as possible, gave us a descant on the folly of such superstitious practices. He called divination by cards and palmistry, a remnant of the barbarism of the middle ages, and altogether unworthy the illumination of modern days. The schoolmaster and notary of the town, as in duty bound, thought as the mayor did. In fact, nobody dissented from the venerable truisms of the worthy gentleman. Flushed with his triumph, the mayor turned to our hostess, and continued confidently: 'I am sure, madam, *you* have never had recourse to fortune-telling.' I had noticed something like a smile on the lady's lips during the harangue of the mayor. The smile now became marked and undeniable, and on her husband's lips there played a similar expression, as the two glanced at each other in obvious intelligence. 'Yes, sir,' said our hostess at length, replying to the mayor; 'I have had recourse ere now to fortune-telling.' She again looked at her husband, and it was plain that some pleasant reminiscence was embodied in the glance. They reciprocally held out their hands, and my friend pressed and kissed that of his wife. These signs of mutual feeling did not pass unnoticed by any member of the assembled company. Seeing their faces

full of inquiring interest, the lady continued: 'I observe you are all surprised. But there is nothing extraordinary in the matter. Listen, and you shall judge.'

She then told as follows:—'My marriage with Alphonse [her husband] was nearly arranged. Inclination, parental consent, and, in short, every favouring circumstance, were on the side of our union. Alphonse had the free entry of my father's house, and we had leave to see each other, to talk together, and to walk together. All went on pleasingly, till one fine day Monsieur Alphonse chose to assume a cold look, to speak in monosyllables, and, in place of calling me Anna, to call me Ma'mselle. I wept the whole night after. To what cause to attribute this sudden coldness, I knew not. I was in despair; but, too proud to seek an explanation, I concealed my uneasiness, and even affected unusual gaiety before my lover. Poor Alphonse! I have since learned what he suffered; but indeed I might have known it pretty well at first, from a consciousness of my own tortures.

'Monsieur Alphonse, it seemed, was jealous; jealous of one of my cousins, a student who came from St Cyr to pass a few days of his vacation beside us. This youth had taken the liberty of saluting me, and perhaps of once or twice putting his arm around me. Alphonse was neglected one whole day for the little cousin. "Doubtless," thought the former, "this cousin is preferred. As for me, the marriage with which I am to be honoured is plainly but a matter of convenience, and Heaven knows what my fate may be afterwards!" Hence the frozen aspect, the Othello-like visage of Monsieur Alphonse, and my assumed gaiety seemed but to prove and crown my perfidy. He felt himself bound to quit such an ingrate, to banish from his heart a love so unworthy. Let her go and marry this cousin of hers, thought he, since she will not even give herself the trouble of dissimulating before me. As for himself, he would go abroad; nothing like travelling for banishing the recollection of an unfortunate love.

'While Alphonse was occupied with these thoughts, all

at once an idea struck him—he would go and consult the old woman, the fortune-teller. Without giving himself time to reflect either on the utility or inutility, the wisdom or the folly, of such a step, his restless impatience led him to run to the dwelling of the old fortune-teller. He waited not to knock at the door, but entered, and mounted the steps to the wise woman's attic by threes and fours at a time.

'The card-prophetess was at the moment engaged with a young girl, and both of them were so entirely absorbed with the matter in hand, that neither of them perceived or heard the approach of the new visitor. The chamber of the sorceress was dark and gloomy. Alphonse placed himself in a corner, to observe what passed. The old woman was looking attentively at the girl before her, and examining now and then the lines of her visitor's hand. Then she placed her hand over the girl's heart, and a card was drawn. The meaning of this card, as apparent to her wonder-seeing eyes, was as follows (the old woman spoke the oracle aloud):—"At this moment you have a great trouble oppressing you, which would cease if you dared to speak; but you have a lucky star, and the person who causes your uneasiness will soon see his error, and atone for it."

"Oh, my good mother," cried the girl, "can this be true? How have you guessed my trouble? Read it again to me." The old woman did as she was desired. "Oh, if this be true," cried the girl, shedding tears in abundance, "how happy you have made me, mother, by giving me this hope! Here is some recompense for you." At the same time she drew from her purse a piece of several francs, and having given it to the fortune-teller, turned round to depart, wiping the joyful tears from her eyes, and murmuring: "Dear Alphonse! he will yet be mine!"

'But Anna—for you may guess that it was I'—said our hostess, blushing divinely at the recollection of the weaknesses into which she had been led by her youthful passion, 'Anna started, and uttered a cry of surprise on

meeting Alphonse face to face. "How!" said she, "have you followed me hither? or have you, too, come to hear"—— "Yes," said Alphonse, in a voice more tender than I had ever heard it before; "yes, my Anna, my angel, I came to learn my fortune, but you have fixed the fate of both. Pardon me—love is suspicious." "I told you this," said the fortune-teller triumphantly; "the cards never fail."

'Alphonse and I came away together, more attached to one another than ever. Alphonse explained the affair of the cousin, and I wondered that he could have been disturbed by such a trifle. But I took care that no trifle of the same kind should ever occur to disturb him again. This is our story; and this, Monsieur le Maire, was the occasion on which I had recourse to fortune-telling. You see that it may sometimes lead to a happy issue, though not perhaps in the very way that may be pretended by its professors. The old woman still lives, hard by, and the mayor may perhaps find a good wife by consulting her.'

This remark suggested an idea to me. 'Come,' said I, 'let us all go and see this wonderful woman, and hear what she has to promise to each of us.' The mayor, mindful of his eloquent tirade, was alone disposed to demur to the proposition. He muttered something about the 'gravity of his office;' but everybody promised to keep the matter secret, and curiosity led the worthy magistrate at length to forget that the middle ages were past, and to go with the rest. The sorceress received the whole party of us politely, and bent on us a pair of as quick and searching eyes as ever shone in human head. The mayor tried the cards. They announced to him, that he was to lose his place at the next municipal elections. [When they came, he was kicked out.] The notary's jolly red face grew rather lengthy when it was foretold to him, that a paralysis would by and by unfit his fingers for holding the pen of office. [The poor notary was erelong obliged to resign his place for this very cause.] *In short,* the old prophetess, with the most consummate

coolness, gave every one of us in turn something to look forward to, of much the same pleasing character as the preceding predictions. No doubt the old gipsy thought that such a band could only come to mock her, and was resolved to turn the tables upon us, and she succeeded to admiration. Like all fortune-tellers, a large share of natural shrewdness, private knowledge of facts, and a desire to please her customers, formed the 'sole witchcraft which she had used.'

THE DOG OF BRETTEN.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

In the year 1811, I quitted the grand army, then in Germany, on a mission to Spain, and on my way stopped at Bretten, a little town of the Grand Duchy of Baden. I proceeded to the Rath-Haus (town-hall), to apply for a billet, and there found the burgomaster conversing, or rather disputing, with one of the inhabitants, who did not spare big words, which are still more big in German than in French. The burgomaster appeared delighted at the arrival of a stranger, as it delivered him from his disagreeable tête-à-tête. He sent off his man in a very bad humour, who presently returned and said: 'I have served you faithfully, and find that the proverb is verified. I am treated in the same way as the dog of Bretten. They have put his picture into the town-arms, and in order that it may be complete, you should write my name under it.' This language was of course unintelligible to me; but looking towards the wall, I saw the arms of Bretten surmounted by a dog without a tail. My brave Medor, which had made with me all the campaigns of Napoleon, was by my side; he was a good creature, but by no means handsome; his tail had been cut short off, which did not improve his appearance.

'Sir,' said the burgomaster to me, 'your dog is exactly like that of our town-arms. I hope, however, that he will not meet with the same mishap, or rather with something equivalent, for his tail has been cropped short already.'

'This is the second time,' said I, 'that I have heard the dog of the town-arms mentioned. Pray tell me its history.'

'Willingly,' replied the burgomaster; 'but you are fatigued, and are in more need of a dinner than a history. Your billet is to my house, and if you will go there with this lad, who will shew you the way, I will soon follow you. I have a few orders to give, and in the meantime, whilst the dinner is preparing, my wife will do her best to amuse you.'

Having accepted the kind offer of the burgomaster, I set off with my guide, who, as soon as we were in the street, said: 'Looking at your dog, sir, one would say that you had stolen him out of the town-arms.' As we went along, men, women, and children, cried out: 'Look! look! there's the dog of Bretten! the town-dog come to life!' When we had arrived at the house of the burgomaster, I was very well received by his wife, but she cried out: '*Der Bretten's hund!*' as soon as she saw my dog; and then added: 'I hope, sir, he will not be served like the dog of Bretten. But that is impossible; for his tail is cut off as short as it well could be.'

'Madam,' said I, 'I have not been in your town more than half an hour, and I have heard of nothing but the dog of Bretten. The worthy burgomaster has promised to tell me its history; but as I am curious to know it at once, perhaps you will have the goodness to relate it.' The lady replied, that she would not deprive her husband of that pleasure; but as to the history, it was well known to every urchin in the town. The burgomaster soon arrived; and when he had feasted me with true German hospitality, I reminded him of his promise.

'It is a very old story,' said he, 'for the proverb which you have already heard is to be found in the oldest books.

It is mentioned by Fischart, who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century. In our country, when a man has not been rewarded for his services, we say: "He is treated in the same way as the dog of Bretten." There was formerly in Bretten a sportsman whose dog, which was full of sagacity, had been admirably trained. He wanted nothing but speech, and the want of this he sometimes seemed to supply by the peculiar wagging of his tail. He was alike valuable in the field and in the town. He executed all the commissions of his master, who had nothing to do but to put a basket in his mouth, with a note to the butcher, or the baker, or the grocer, in which was enclosed the money for what he wanted, and to mention the word butcher, baker, or grocer, when off trotted the dog to fetch the provisions, which he religiously respected. If his master wished to invite any friend to come and see him, he had but to utter the name, and the dog would run off, and pulling the intended guest by the coat, inform him that he was wanted. Everybody was fond of the dog, and everybody called it the dog of Bretten. One day the sportsman sent his dog with his basket, and a note to the butcher, who was a zealous Catholic, whereas the sportsman was a Protestant. The animal arrived at the shop, wagged his tail, and presented his note, which was for some sausages. "Sausages on a Friday!" exclaimed the butcher, colouring with rage. "Meat on a Friday! Well, if you must have meat," said the ruffian, taking a hatchet and cutting off the poor dog's tail close to the rump, and then putting it into the basket, "there it is." The poor dog, bleeding and in pain, returned home, laid his basket before his master, stretched himself out, and died. Judge of the fury of his master. He rushed out of his house, armed with a sword, determined to kill the butcher. Fortunately for himself, the wretch got notice of the intended visit, and escaped from the town, for men, women, and children, had sworn to avenge the cruel murder of their favourite. On the following day, it was unanimously voted, that as the poor dog could not be brought to life, his portrait should be embodied in the town-arms.

HARDRESS FITZGERALD.

SOME years ago, there appeared in that popular periodical, the *Dublin University Magazine*, a narrative of the singular adventures of Hardress Fitzgerald, an eminent Irish Royalist, who contrived to elude the strictest search for his person after the battle of the Boyne had all but annihilated his party. The narrative, from which we propose to make a short extract, purports to be written by the hero himself, and commences with an amusing account of his living in disguise in Dublin; it then proceeds to state that, becoming anxious to join the wreck of King James's forces in Limerick, he ventured on travelling across the country as a pedler; how, while on the way, he had an interview with General Sarsefield, and received from him certain papers to convey to the unhappy Royalists; after which, on pursuing his journey, he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of some soldiers, and was brought before Captain Oliver, a leader in the ranks of his opponents. At this point we shall allow him to tell his story in his own words, which give one a fearful idea of the cruelties committed at that disastrous period in Ireland.

'Unbuckle your pack,' exclaimed the corporal; 'unbuckle your pack, fellow, and shew your goods to the captain—here where you are.'

I proceeded to present my merchandise to the loving contemplation of the officers, who thronged around me with a strong light from an opposite window. As I continued to traffic with these gentlemen, I observed with no small anxiety the eyes of Captain Oliver frequently fixed upon me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze. 'I think, my honest fellow,' he said at last, 'that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?'

'I have traded, sir,' said I, 'with the soldiery many a time, and always been honourably treated. Will your

worship please to buy a pair of lace ruffles?—very cheap —your worship.'

'Why do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir?' said Oliver, without noticing my suggestion. 'I promise you, I think no good of you: throw back your hair, and let me see you plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir!'

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end, and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred: he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword-hilt, and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment he would strike his sword into my heart. He said in a kind of whisper: 'Hardress Fitzgerald!'

'Yes,' said I boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, 'Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, Captain Oliver. I know how you hate me. I know how you thirst for my blood; but in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you.'

'You are a desperate villain, sir,' said Captain Oliver; 'a rebel and a murderer! Hollo there, guard, seize him!'

As the soldiers entered, I threw my eyes hastily round the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, I suddenly drew General Sarsefield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it. 'Secure the papers!' shouted the captain; and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor by a blow from the but-end of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor; but at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying firmly handcuffed upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loophole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities from the wound on my head. By a

strong effort, I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy, I rose with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber, or rather cell, in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor to the ceiling being not less than twelve or fourteen feet. A narrow slit, placed high in the wall, admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant a whit less comfortless than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loophole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain if possible whether or not a guard had been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard. I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought with all my combined strength and weight to force it open; it, however, resisted all my efforts, and thus baffled in my appeal to mere animal power, exhausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The planks fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbour. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock, as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

[Contriving to make an opening, he reaches the door of the apartment in which he had been seized, and overhears an order given by Oliver for his execution, which he declared should take place in the evening ere the moon arose.]

There was a kind of glee in Oliver's manner and expression which chilled my very heart. 'He shall be *first shot* like a dog, and then hanged like a dog; shot

to-night, and hung to-morrow; hung at the bridgehead; hung, until his bones drop asunder!'

It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularise, the fate which he intended for me. A chill, sick horror crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swooning. This feeling, however, speedily gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement, so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would burst; thoughts, the wildest and the most hideous, flashed through my mind with a spontaneous rapidity that scared my very soul; while, all the time, I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured; but still I could not view the slow approaches of certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the swoon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened, and locked again upon the inside. A measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

'Art thou awake, fellow?' said he, in a gruff voice. 'Stir thyself; get upon thy legs.' His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

'Friend,' said I, rising with difficulty, 'you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son.'

There here intervened a pause of some length, at the

end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff voice, but in a lower key: 'Look ye, comrade, it will be your own fault if you die this night. On one condition I promise to get you out of this hobble with a whole skin; but if you go to any of your gammon, before two hours are passed you will have as many holes in your carcass as a target.'

'Name your conditions,' said I; 'and if they consist with honour, I will never balk at the offer.'

'Here they are: you are to be shot to-night, by Captain Oliver's orders; the carbines are cleaned for the job, and the cartridges served out to the men. I tell you the truth.'

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and intimated to the man my conviction that he spoke the truth.

'Well, then,' he continued, 'now for the means of avoiding this ugly business. Captain Oliver rides this night to head-quarters, with the papers which you carried. Before he starts he will pay you a visit, to fish what he can out of you, with all the fine promises he can make. Humour him a little, and when you find an opportunity, stab him in the throat above the cuirass.'

'A feasible plan, surely,' said I, raising my shackled hands, 'for a man thus completely crippled and without a weapon.'

'I will manage all that presently for you,' said the soldier. 'When you have thus dealt with him, take his cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the papers you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red leather case; walk boldly out—I am appointed to ride with Captain Oliver, and you will find me holding his horse and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I will do the same, and then we will ride for our lives across the bridge. You will find the holster-pistols loaded in case of pursuit, and with the devil's help we shall reach Limerick without a hair hurt. My only condition is, that when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and again, and again, until he is *finished*—and I trust to your honour to remember me when we reach the town.'

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of Captain Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing them. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manacles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles!—the first step towards freedom was made—my self-reliance returned, and I felt assured of success. 'Now for the weapon,' said I.

'I fear me you will find it rather clumsy,' said he, 'but if well handled, it will do as well as the best Toledo: it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself; it has an edge like a skean.'

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd, and with a low savage laugh left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat with which I had secured the cross-part of the spear-head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not easily be forced from my hand, and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall and my hands together, under my coat, awaiting my visitor. The time wore slowly on; the dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. 'How's this?' said I inwardly. 'Captain Oliver, you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in fulfilling your prophecy.'

As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant. I knew that the decisive moment was come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, Captain Oliver entered the room where I lay; he was equipped for instant duty, as far as the imperfect twilight would allow me to see; the long sword clanked upon the

floor, as he made his way through the lobbies which led to my place of confinement; his ample military-cloak hung upon his arm, his cocked-hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath come thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death-struggle of one or other of us approached. Captain Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms, he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

'Hardress Fitzgerald,' he began at length, 'are you awake? Stand up if you desire to hear of matters nearly touching your life or death; get up, I say.'

'I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movements of one whose hands were bound.

'Well,' said I, 'what would you of me? Is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned, without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and violent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor? What do you want of me?'

'As to your punishment, sir,' said he, 'your own deserts have no doubt suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know, that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavoured this day to destroy; and, further, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels.'

'And if I do this, I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?' Oliver bowed. 'Well, sir, before I make the desired communication, I have one question more to put. What is to befall me, in case that I, remembering the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, reject your infamous terms, scorn your mitigations, and defy your utmost power?'

'In that case,' replied he coolly, 'before half an hour you shall be a corpse.'

'Then God have mercy on your soul!' said I, and springing forward, I dashed the weapon which I held at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed out under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with my whole force; the point, unfortunately, struck the cuirass, near the neck, and, glancing aside, it inflicted but a flesh-wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without uttering any cry of alarm. Being a very powerful man, and if anything rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle. At length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain; the body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse! As I arose and shook the weapon and the bloody cloth from my hand, the moon which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room, and disclosed, with ghastly distinctness, the mangled features of the dead soldier. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass, which had so lately been a living and a comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection; the deed was done; the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the military accoutrements as were necessary for the purpose of my disguise. I buckled on the sword, drew off the military-boots, and donned them myself, placed the

brigadier wig and cocked-hat upon my head, threw on the cloak, drew it up about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier had foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, to the door of the guard-room; this I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without question or interruption to the street-door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said: 'How soon, captain, shall the file be drawn out, and the prisoner despatched?'

'In half an hour,' I replied, without raising my voice.

The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated.

'Is all right?' said he eagerly.

'Ay,' said I; 'which horse am I to mount?'

He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity, a sentinel, as we approached, called out: 'Who goes there?—stand, and give the word!' Heedless of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on; so did also the soldier who accompanied me. The sentinel fired.

'Hurrah!' I shouted; 'try it again, my boy,' and away we went at a gallop, which bade fair to distance everything like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however; for soon the clatter of horses' hoofs, in full speed crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. Away we went, with our pursuers close behind. One mile was passed, another nearly completed. The moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle, I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object, and said to my comrade: 'Lower your body; lie flat over the saddle; the fellow is going to fire!' I had

hardly spoken when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind-leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head-foremost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on, and save myself and my dispatch. I rode on at a gallop. Turning to observe my comrade's fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapidly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismount. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster-pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimbly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn-bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more, I crossed Thomond Bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet, the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besiegers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in Captain Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood —the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster-brother of Oliver, whom he thus devoted to death, in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another!

MATTHEWS THE MADMAN AND IMPOSTOR.

SOME years ago, a considerable sensation was created in the state of New York, by the mad and grotesque pranks of a personage who presumptuously laid claim to the divine character, and had the address to impose himself as a superior being upon some of the most respectable members of society. As no account, as far as we are aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remarkable affair, notwithstanding the interest which it excited in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to our readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington County, in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. At an early age, he was left an orphan, and was brought up in the family of a respectable farmer in the town of Cambridge, where, in his boyhood, he received the religious instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgher branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age, he came to the city of New York, and worked at the business of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partially learned in the country. Possessing a genius for mechanical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was an excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrative employment. In 1813, he married a respectable young woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose of pursuing the business of a store-keeper; but the undertaking, after a trial of three years, failed; he became bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and in 1816 he returned once more to New York, where, for a number of years, he wrought at his old profession of a house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with his condition, he removed, in 1827, to what he thought a *better* field for his talent, in Albany. While settled in *this city*, a remarkable change took place in his feelings. *Hitherto he* had belonged to the Scotch church; but

now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm, as to sit up the greater part of the night, repeating, expounding, and commending passages from the sermon. From this period, his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded, as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829, his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed 'Rally round the Standard of Truth.' This they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the infection, as it seemed, united

himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachings in the public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was a remarkably bad preacher, and made little or no impression on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, consisting of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bombastic, and at other times low and ridiculous, but always uttered at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed, both in matter and manner, to terrify and startle his hearers. The favourite doctrine which he attempted to enforce, was that Albany would be immediately destroyed, unless the people were converted; and he harped so wildly on this theme, that in a short time he became utterly distraught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrain him in his mania were unavailing. One night he aroused his family from their slumbers, declared that the city would be destroyed before morning, and fled from his home, taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an infant of only two years. With these he travelled maniacally on foot for twenty-four hours, till he reached the house of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of forty miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the prophet, as he was called, may now be said to have commenced. With a Bible in his hand, and his face garnished with a long beard, which he had for some time been suffering to grow in obedience to a scriptural command, he wandered about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings, and frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings in the churches. Finding that he made no impression in the old settled part of the country, he set out on a missionary tour through the western states, penetrating the deepest forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping till he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, recrossed the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrived in Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians; but *here he was* seized by the authorities, and placed in *confinement as a* disturber of the public peace. Ultimately he was dismissed, and permitted to return towards

his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that, till about this period, Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half-madman half-knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York, in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion; and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822, a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation; in the execution of which every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes, perhaps equally well-meaning, but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were termed, there were doubtless many estimable persons, *and none* more so than Mr Elijah Pierson and his *wife*. *Mr Pierson* was a merchant by profession, and by

a course of industry and regularity in all his undertakings, was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late religious frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his intelligence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his lady. In a short period, his devotional feelings underwent a remarkable change. In 1828, after passing through a state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted with monomania on the subject of religion, while upon all matters of business, as far as they could be disconnected from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his intellectual powers and faculties were as active and acute as ever. During his continuance in this state of hallucination, in the year 1830, his wife died of a pulmonary affection, which had been greatly aggravated by long fasting and other bodily severities. This event only served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania. He considered that it would afford an opportunity for the working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith. By a gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of James, v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be 'raised up' from death while lying in her coffin, and accordingly collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were equally deluded with himself, to see the wonder performed in their presence. The account of this melancholy exhibition, which is lying before us, is too long and too painful for quotation; and it will suffice to state, that notwithstanding the most solemn appeals to the Almighty from the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still and lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical attendant, who declared that decomposition was making rapid and dangerous progress, the body was finally consigned to the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which many pitied, and some were found to approve. Among the latter was Mr S——, also a merchant in good circumstances, but who had latterly become a victim to the *religious excitement* which prevailed, and, like Mr Pierson, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a time, greatly to the injury of his health and the confirmation

of his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of mind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger presented himself before them on the 5th of May 1832. He had the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language was of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at once engaged their attention and sympathy. This imposing stranger was no other than Robert Matthews. The pretensions which he made were of a nature which we can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That the tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as possible, let it suffice to say, that the very highest imaginable character was assumed by this unhappy man, and that the pretension was supported merely by the perversion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of Scripture. The character which he assumed he pretended to be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated person of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament; and he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things, not excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the divine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all that he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no matter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn recognised them as the first members of the true church, whom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly to identify. He announced to them that, although the kingdom of God on earth began with his public declaration in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed until twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous to which time wars would be done away, the judgments finished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the opportunity of declaring, that he was a revivification of Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; and as Elias, as everybody knows, was only another name for John the Baptist, it was assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the Baptist *come* once more on earth, and by this title he *was henceforth* called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preaching, as did Mr S——, and the work of the ministry devolved entirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his dignity, would bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet was now invited to take up his residence at the elegantly furnished house of Mr S——, and acceding to the invitation, he remained there three months. The best apartments were allotted to his use, and the whole establishment was submitted to his control. It was not long before he arrogated to himself divine honours, and his entertainer washed his feet in token of his humility. The female relations of the family were sent away by the impostor, and he allowed no one to reside there but the black domestics who were of the true faith. From fasting, he taught his disciples to change their system to feasting; and having their houses at his command, and their purses at his service—loving the good things of this world, and taking all the direction in procuring supplies—he caused them to fare sumptuously every day. But this splendid style of living was not enough. The prophet was vain of his personal appearance, and proud of wearing rich clothes. It was now necessary that he should be arrayed in garments befitting his character, and the dignity of his mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, at his suggestion, furnished him with an ample wardrobe of the richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite costume consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in shape like an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coat of fine green cloth, lined with white or pink satin; a vest, commonly of richly-figured silk; frills of fine lace or cambric at the wrists; a sash around his waist of crimson silk, to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emblematical of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black pantaloons, over which were worn a pair of well-polished Wellington boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long beard, flowing in ringlets on his breast, and we *may have* an idea of him in his public costume. In *private, he* disused the black leather-cap, and sometimes *appeared in* a night-cap of the finest linen, decorated with

twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably, that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, 'the kingdom,' and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was only as a great favour; and at all meetings, he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which, for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones: in the greater temple, he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S—— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere; the case, however, was very different when Mr S——, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced

ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S——'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S—— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson; but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him, at the same time, with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833, he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Sing-sing, in Westchester County, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who, as yet, were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy, in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal-time to preach, and generally preached so long, that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast-table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal *was* over; in the same manner, he ran dinner almost into *supper,* and supper was seldom over before midnight—all *which was* very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who

was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny, and pampering the vanity of Matthews, was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York, or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a day was further made to his wife in Albany; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisdel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisdel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline: he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis, Matthews shewed his utter incapacity for supporting *the character* he had assumed. Instead of alleviating *the condition* of his friend, he embraced every opportunity

of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt that he was anxious to put him out of the way. One of his mad doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were caused by a devil: that there was a fever devil, a toothache devil, a fainting-fit devil; and so on with every other malady; and that the operations of such a fiend were in each case caused by unbelief, or a relaxation of faith in Matthews's divine character. The illness of Pierson was therefore considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, and worthy of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expelling the sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plentifully of certain mysteriously prepared dishes of berries, which caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had a similar though less powerful effect on others who partook of them. The children also complained that the coffee which was served for breakfast made them sick. On none of these occasions did Matthews taste of the food set before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the account of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of his having, either from knavery or madness, endeavoured to poison the family, or at least to destroy the life of his deluded patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swallow such trash as he offered him, he compelled him to receive the contents of a pitcher of water poured into his mouth from a height of four or five feet. This horrid operation, in which Katy, the black servant, assisted, brought on strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer uttered such dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Folger, and might have induced her to discredit the pretensions of the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for protection; but excellent as was this lady's general character, she possessed no firmness to decide in so important a matter, and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood of useless tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hastened the fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shortly afterwards found dead in his bed. The intelligence of Mr Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Folger from New York, to inquire into the cause of the event, and to

superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character, by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villainy did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with anything but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried—but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told him, that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that *he had been the* victim of a designing impostor; that *Pierson's death* had been caused by foul means; and that

the lives of his own family had been exposed to a similar danger. On these suspicions, he caused Matthews to be apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of being tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of October 1834, this remarkable case came on for trial before the Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment setting forth that Matthews was guilty of 'devising by unlawful means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels, and effects of divers good people of the state of New York; and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his representations, gave the said Matthias 100 pieces of gold coin, of the value of 530 dollars, and 100 dollars in bank-notes, which the said Matthias feloniously received by means of the false pretences aforesaid.' Matthews pled not guilty to the charge; but upon the solicitation of Folger, who seems to have been ashamed to appear publicly as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the case, and the prisoner was handed over to the authorities of the county of Westchester, on the still more serious accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of delusion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigned for murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer at Westchester, on the 16th of April 1835. The trial excited uncommon interest, and many persons attended from a great distance, to get a view of the man whose vagaries had made so much noise in the country. The evidence produced for the prosecution was principally that of medical men, who had been commissioned to disinter the body of the deceased, and examine the condition of the stomach, it being a general belief that death had been caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, the medical examinators could not agree that the stomach shewed indications of a poisonous substance; some alleging that it did, and others affirming the reverse. In this doubtful state of the question, the jury had no other course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of the verdict, the prisoner was evidently elated; but his countenance fell when he found that he

was to be tried on another indictment, for having assaulted his daughter, Mrs Laisdel, with a whip, on the occasion of her visit to him at Singsing; her husband was the prosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence, the judge took occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures and impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came out of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews, we have heard no account, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture. From the tissue of strange details which we have been able to present, the reader will doubtless mark the resemblance which the pretensions and career of Matthews bore to those of the madman Thoms, of Kentish memory; but with this remarkable difference in the two cases—that while Thoms practised on a crowd of ignorant and credulous peasantry, Matthews found followers among the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants of a great city—ladies, educated, accomplished, virtuous—gentlemen, acute in business, possessing wealth and information, and of great public and private worth. Comment is unnecessary.

THE SLAVE-MARKET AT CAIRO.

In the Narrative of His Voyages and Travels, by Dr Wilde of Dublin, published some years ago, the following account is given of the slave-market of Cairo:—

'We next visited the slave-market, which is here of great extent. It was remarkable that as a seller of bread sat at the gate of the madhouse, the shop adjoining the *gate of the slave-market* was occupied by a vender of *koorbags, or Arab whips.* Within was a large open court,

surrounded by a number of small dark chambers, which rose in terraces around it; these contained the better class of slaves, who were all Abyssinian girls, from ten to eighteen years of age, with a yellowish olive complexion, long straight noses, handsome features, and particularly melting black eyes, the hair long and black, and the lips somewhat thicker than those of persons of a similar cast of countenance, which, naturally melancholy in this race, was rendered more so by their present sad condition. All were decently dressed, many decorated with silver anklets and bracelets, and some few had nose-rings. Several were in tears, and all hung down their heads, and appeared ashamed of their degraded, hopeless situation, but brightened into a smile on our offering a few piasters. Most of these girls have been either kidnapped by the slave-dealers, or sold by their own friends for a few trinkets or glass-beads; large quantities of the latter are manufactured in Europe, and sent here in packages, several of which I met at Atfé. Their eyes were blackened like the Mohammedan females, and many were remarkable for their tall, light, and elegant figures.

'In the centre of the court were arranged a number of mats, divided into compartments, on which were squatted whole families of negroes, principally from Nubia and Dongola, and who were for the most part captives, taken in war by some neighbouring tribes. The majority of these were females from eight to twelve years of age, who are purchased for household servants. Although nearly naked, the young Nubian had still the inherent love of decoration, and strings of blue beads adorned the necks of many who could not boast even a chemise. They were all tattooed in various places about the head and breast, each according to the manner of his tribe, and their woolly pates dressed in plats about the size of whip-cord, and well greased with rancid lard, which hung in bunches over both ears. These young creatures appeared perfectly unconscious of their state, and, as far as appearance went, were happy. In intermediate places sat the different slave-merchants, Turks and Arabs; and

Bedawees, stalking about in their burnooses, and buyers, occasionally pointing out the slave or slaves they wished to purchase, who were called by the owner, and carefully examined: if they had covering on, it was removed, and they were made to exhibit their shapes and paces like a horse at an auction-mart. These young negresses can be purchased for from thirty to forty dollars; the Abyssinians go as high as a hundred. These slaves so soon adopt the manners and religion of their masters, that I have known a girl, when purchased by a Mohammedan, lift up her *only* covering to shade her face while following him from the slave-market!

'During an early morning-visit, I witnessed a very extraordinary scene here: all the negresses, young and old, had ranged themselves round the walls of the upper terraces, and were greasing their bodies and heads, which shone lustrously in the warm sunshine; they reminded me of so many cormorants pluming themselves upon a rock after their evening's meal. As manual field-labour is seldom or never accomplished by slaves in this country, there are few adult males brought down, and the boys are principally used as grooms and confidential servants. There is a white slave-market adjoining this, where Georgians and Circassians are kept, but no European is allowed to enter.

'Having thus described an eastern slave-market, let us inquire what slavery is in the East. The very term is, no doubt, one from which human nature shrinks with repugnance; but it is not here "the soul-debasing task-work of a servile bondage" as among Christian nations, and, apart from the miseries of separation from friends and country, it is an undoubted change to many for the *better*.

'The worst part is the voyage down the Nile, or the passage across the desert, where they are subjected to much hardship and villainy from the slave-dealers. Many of the male slaves in the East become officers, and rise to places of trust in the state, and numbers obtain their *freedom in a few* years. True it is, that the master can *kill his slave; but* few are so foolish as to incur such a

personal loss. They are far better fed, clothed, and taken care of, than free-servants at Cairo, whom they despise, and look upon as inferiors, often boasting, by saying: "They were slaves and not servants." Less manual labour is required of them than of the freemen; and all are acquainted with the political importance a race of slaves now extinct once assumed in Egypt. As regards the female slaves, I before stated that the Nubians were all used as under-servants and attendants upon the ladies of the harem; but the Abyssinians, for whom, from their interesting appearance, and somewhat greater advance in civilisation, our sympathies would be more excited, are generally purchased as concubines—a state in the present condition of morality in Egypt often preferable to that of wife, who can divorce herself or be divorced for any trifle, while the other can demand or insist on a proper allowance. The children of these women are free, and they themselves are generally made so on the birth of the first-born, especially if it be a son; and numbers are married to their masters, and become not only the most affectionate, but the most faithful women in the community.

'Compare this with Christian slavery—compare it likewise with the condition of those people in their native state, and we must acknowledge it an improvement of their condition. It was the slavery of the primitive Hebrew nations, allowed by Scripture, and practised by the patriarchs, but which refinement and Christianity, the wellbeing of society, and the respect which man owes his fellow, alike forbid.'

An American lady, who has written a narrative of her journey in Egypt,* gives a similar description of the slave-market at Cairo, with the additional and characteristic particular, that whips made of the raw and thick hide of the hippopotamus are sold in the place for the convenience of slave-buyers. 'The gentlemen,' says *she,* 'purchased two or three bundles of them for the

* *Letters from the Old World*, by a Lady. New York. 1840.

American market—for *riding-whips*, however.' This lady does not make a single remark, either of commiseration for the numbers of unhappy creatures of her own sex, and of all colours from pure white to pure black, whom she saw exposed for sale like cattle, or against the atrocity of slave-dealing generally. Her jocularity respecting the destination of the whips purchased by her countrymen, marks a low tone of sentiment.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

WHITE-THROATED herald of the coming May,
It joys me much to see thee here again!
Once more shalt thou, sweet bird, at dawn of day,
Chase my dull slumbers with thy cheerful strain;
Thy parent-labours, at my window-pane,
With placid morning-thoughts my breast shall fill,
And I shall quit my bed,
Full-fraught in heart and head
With soothing trust in God, and unto all good-will.

Who can behold the nicest art and care,
With which thou labourest thy little home,
Nor think of Him, whose hand is written there—
Even on thy tiny edifice of loam—
As visibly as on the vast air-dome!
Or who can mark the fond firm ties that bind
Thy chosen mate and thee,
In toils alike and glee,
Nor yearn with deeper lovingness for all his kind!

On thee, indeed, and all thy dark-winged race,
Who cleave the air or skim the glassy pool,

Conspicuous are the tokens of His grace,
Who holds infinity beneath His rule:
When autumn winds our norland climate cool,
Doth He not kindly lead you far away
To some more sunny land,
Where skies are ever bland,
And make your span of life one long bright summer's day?

So do we oftest deem, at least, of thee,
Sweet page, that holdest up the skirts of spring!—
Usher of flowers—foretype of songs to be,
Albeit less perfectly thyself may sing!
Yet doth a veil hang o'er thy passaging:
Haply thou hiest thee, as some do say,
To lonely pool or brook,
Or dark secluded nook,
And there, like bedded stone, dost sleep the cold away.

Dark as the polar secrets of the north,
Have been thy ways, thou pilgrim of the sky,
Since, bringing light and life, Time first stood forth,
A finger-guide in bleak eternity:
Though questioned long by man's deep-searching eye,
Thy course is full of doubt, when all is done,
And still we can but guess,
That when the chill winds press,
Thou seek'st a home in climes that front the prone-rayed sun.

Welcome, thou gentle haunter of the eaves!
Gladly I welcome thee, come whence thou may;
Whether the spirit that evolves the leaves
Hath from the deep awakened thee to-day,
Or thou from far-off lands hast winged thy way.
I love thee, and with joy will watch anew
The labours, to and fro,
Which thou must undergo,
Ere from their beauteous shells thy young step forth to view.

Men wrong thee, my poor bird, when they compare
A summer-fly of human kind to thee;
Although thou comest when the skies are fair,
And at the winter's touch dost straightway flee,
No faithlessness in thy career we see;
Thy comings and thy goings both are sure:
And couldst thou choose, my bird,
Thy flight should be deferred,
And through the year thy stay, I know, should aye endure.

More justly wert thou likened to the young,
Who immaturely quit us in their noon,
And most of all to those whose lips have sung
The brief preludings of a pleasant tune,
But have grown dumb and bloomless all too soon!
These are thy prototypes; but as we bend
With meekness to the blow,
That lays such dear ones low,
Be we content with what we have of thee, sweet friend!

April 29, 1840.

THE MULETEER:

A SPANISH STORY.

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 183–, Ciriaco Martinez, the muleteer or carrier who passed regularly between Madrid and Alicante, was seated at the gate of a hostelry near the western outport of the last-mentioned city. Ciriaco was almost ready to set out on his stated journey, one of a rather momentous character in the existing state of the country, and he was now enjoying himself for the last time with a few of his intimates, who were seated around him, smoking, and drinking from a leathern or goatskin bottle, already somewhat flaccid with passing from hand to hand. Ciriaco was in high and

jovial spirits, but he still had an eye to business. Taking a long pull at the skin, he exclaimed: 'Hollo! Uncle Melchor! master landlord! hang me if I shall put up any more at this hostelry of yours! Your wine is as sour as vinegar, and your Babieca up there, your sign of the Cid's horse, brings me no good-luck. Here have I two of my mules yet without their load; neither passenger nor burden have I got to go upon them. Hollo!' continued he, addressing the casual passers-by, 'who will go to Madrid? It shall never be said that Ciriaco Martinez went with an idle mule from Alicante. Who will go to Pavia, Monforte, Monovar, Vecla, or Albacete? Come forward; you will find me accommodating.'

The latter part of this address of the jolly muleteer did not pass unnoticed. A stranger stepped forward, and said to Ciriaco: 'When do you expect to arrive in Madrid?'

'In nine days,' replied the muleteer; 'that is to say, friend, I am bound by my engagement to deliver my goods at that time in Madrid. But, to tell you the truth, I always make a little reservation, and say, to myself at least, "if time and tide permit."'

'Perhaps your goods would be inconvenient to a traveller, if he were to engage one of your mules,' said the stranger. 'Are you heavily loaded? What kind of merchandise have you?'

The muleteer pointed to a shed behind him, where his packages were lying under cover, and exclaimed: 'For my part, I don't know what sort of stuff I am to carry, but if you are curious to know, you may look at these bales and packs. There is something written upon them, but I only know whither they are to go. That is my part of the business; and, besides, the fact is, that my eyes are too weak to read handwriting.'

The light-hearted muleteer winked as he said this to his companions, who immediately set up a loud laugh, knowing that poor Ciriaco, like themselves probably, was no great scholar. Meanwhile, the stranger went forward

to the packs, on a number of which were written, in pretty large letters, the words—

Vasos de P.lata
y Pala cra
Sacadens de
hierro y otros.

The meaning of this superscription, though somewhat obscured by the mode of putting it down, might readily have been made out to be: 'Vessels of silver and virgin gold, with fancy-work of iron, and other articles.'

After the stranger had looked attentively at the bales, he said to Ciriaco: 'When do you set out for Madrid?'

'To-morrow evening,' was the reply.

'Very well,' said the stranger; 'I do not know yet whether it will be convenient for me to go with you or not, but I hope you will have company by the way in any case.'

On the evening of the following day, according to purpose, Ciriaco had his mules at the gate of the hostelry of Babieca, ready to depart. A young and high-spirited horse, the long gray tail of which swept the ground, stood saddled and bridled beside them, being a favourite animal, which Ciriaco preferred to ride while guiding his string of mules on their way. At its saddle-bow hung a goodly flask, wherewith its master might charm away the toils and weariness of the journey. With a horn slung round his shoulders, and a pistol or two at his belt, Ciriaco himself appeared, mounted his horse, bade a cheerful adieu to his host Melchor, and moved away slowly with his mules, chanting the while the old romance that tells the loves of Almanzor and the fair Zoraide. For a short time the bells of his mules were heard tinkling in unison, but soon Ciriaco and his charge were both out of sight and of sound.

Towards the middle of that same night, the people of the hostelry of Babieca were roused from their quiet slumbers by a violent knocking at the outer-gate. The sound was so loud, and so remarkable in its character, that every individual of the household was speedily on

foot, under the impression that the gate would be knocked to pieces. On going to it, and opening it, their amazement was great to behold a riderless horse striking the door violently with its hoofs. Their surprise was still greater when they discovered it to be the horse of Ciriaco Martinez. The first thought which struck all was, that Ciriaco had fallen asleep, and had been thrown to the ground by some false step of the animal. They opened the gate wide for the horse to enter. But although it came forward so far as to shew that it was covered with foam and streaks of blood, it did not pass into its stable. Wheeling around before they could seize it, the horse set off at full speed in the direction whence it had come. The creature was wild and excited, and the blood which had been seen on its sides led the landlord Melchor to the sad conclusion, that some serious evil had befallen the merry-hearted Ciriaco.

With the first dawn of morning, Melchor was out with two companions on the road which Ciriaco had followed in his journey. After travelling some leagues, they observed one part of the road to be peculiarly marked and trampled. They also saw footsteps leading aside from the place, and pursuing them, they reached the middle of a piece of untilled ground. There, under a rudely and hastily piled heap of stones and furze, they discovered the corpse of the unfortunate Ciriaco Martinez. He had received a shot through the body, and his head, besides, was horribly mutilated. Melchor immediately went and alarmed the people of the two neighbouring villages of Monforte and Monovar, and a hasty pursuit was commenced in all directions. Judging by the tracks of the missing mules, it was believed that the robbers and murderers had not continued the route to Madrid, but had taken some other course. Other travellers had been on the road, however, and this point was not easily determined. It is possible that the pursuit was not *carried* far enough; but however this may have been, *certain it is, that* the authors of poor Ciriaco's murder *were not discovered* by Melchor and his assistants.

Two or three days after this event, Juan de la Rosa, carrier between Madrid and Cadiz, chanced to be at the village of Caracuel, near Ciudad Real, where the news of the murder had not yet arrived. Juan de la Rosa was accustomed to lodge at the same inn in Madrid with Ciriaco Martinez, and knew him intimately. Great, therefore, was the amazement of Juan to see in the village of Caracuel the mules of his friend under the charge and in the possession of a stranger. He was sure about the mules, and in particular one of them, for he himself had long possessed the animal, and had only sold it to Ciriaco about two months previously. Of the identity of this mule he was perfectly certain. Taking an opportunity to ask the new owner how long he had possessed the mules, Juan received for reply, that the other had owned them more than a year. This answer rendered Juan assured that something was amiss, and he informed a magistrate of his suspicions. This functionary went to the inn to examine the stranger, and look at his bales. On being asked to whom the bales belonged, the stranger first said that they belonged to himself; and then, on its being hinted as very unlikely that he should be possessed of what seemed to be valuable treasure, he stated that the bales had only been intrusted to him, to be conveyed from Jaen to Bedajaz.

These contradictions, and the suspicions of Juan de la Rosa, would perhaps have been insufficient to justify the detention of the man, but circumstances occurred which soon removed this difficulty. A crowd had assembled about the inn of Caracuel, where the magistrate had gone to examine the stranger, and some persons had noticed 'Vasos de Plata,' &c., on the bales. One individual, more sharp-sighted than his neighbours, immediately suggested that the owner of the mules might be an emissary of Gomez, the lieutenant of Don Carlos, and that he was doubtless conveying treasure to some place or other, to serve the lieutenant's treasonable purposes. As in the *hurried shiftings* of the Spanish civil war, treasure had *often been buried* for a time, and afterwards lifted, the

opinion of the individual mentioned at once found believing auditors. 'He is an emissary of Gomez,' cried the mob, and the magistrate was compelled by their clamours to take the stranger into custody. At the same time the bales were left untouched, and carefully locked up.

Putting faith in the statement of Juan de la Rosa, rather than in the suspicions of the mob, the magistrates of Caracuel did not neglect to send a messenger to Alicante, to inquire respecting Ciriaco Martinez. The answer was immediate and startling—'Ciriaco Martinez is murdered.' The messenger also brought an order for the transmission of the stranger, who called himself Don Manuel de Basabru of Catalonia, to Alicante. This order was immediately obeyed, his guilt seeming beyond all doubt.

At Alicante, Don Manuel de Basabru was soon brought to trial. Besides the identification of Ciriaco's mules, and other criminatory circumstances, one man came forward in evidence, who had actually seen the murder. This witness was Juan de Pacheco, a peasant of Monforte, the village adjoining the spot where Ciriaco was found. Juan de Pacheco deposed as follows:—

'At the end of last month, our *Barille* plants were approaching maturity; and as the foxes are so fond of some parts of these plants, that they sometimes destroy whole plantations in a night, it is necessary to watch them, and all the neighbours do so by turns. On the night on which it was my turn, I lay down among some tufts of rosemary, in such a position that I could see, with the help of the moon, a large extent of country, without being myself perceived. I had not lain long, till I saw, very near me, a man whom I did not know, but who resembled the prisoner in form and stature. He was armed with a fusil, like myself, and it was my belief that he had come out also to watch the foxes. In this impression I was confirmed, when I saw him squat down behind some broom-bushes not far from me, and I was less heedful than I might have been in keeping myself awake. In short, sleep came over me, and I know not how long I continued under its

influence. The sound of mule-bells awoke me, and the report of a gun followed immediately after. I raised my head, and distinctly beheld on the road, which ran close by the spot, a string of loaded mules, near which lay a man upon the ground, with another—the person I had before seen—standing over him, and apparently robbing his person.'

Here the witness was interrupted by his examinators, who asked him why he did not run to the succour of the fallen man. The witness answered, that 'he was afraid of bringing danger upon himself,' and was allowed to continue his narrative.

'The man upon the ground struggled, and I heard him cry to the other: "Wretch! you will pay for this!" to which the robber answered: "Yes, with the *demon's money;*"* and as he spoke, he threw a large stone forcibly upon the head of the prostrate man, which appeared to kill him. The assassin then threw the body over the back of a horse standing by, and took it into the middle of the adjoining field. On returning to the road, the murderer tried to mount the horse, but it escaped his grasp, and galloped off. He followed it for some distance, and then returned to the mules, one of which he mounted, and then went off hastily with the whole. These circumstances,' said the witness in conclusion, 'I related to others on hearing of the murder of Ciriaco Martinez.'

When these and other circumstances had been brought out, Don Manuel de Basabru still stoutly denied all participation in the murder of Ciriaco. Regarding the

* The 'demon's (or devil's) money,' is a phrase common in the kingdom of Valentia, and had its origin in the following traditionary story:—Two Moors, of the tribe of the Almoravides, were renowned in the eleventh century for their intimacy, and for their joint pursuit of the occult sciences. They were avaricious, and finally acquired so much power over the Evil Spirit, that he gave them as much gold as they desired, but only on condition that they retained their mutual friendship. However, the one killed the other, and fled towards Africa with the chests of gold which he had so won. But the fiend made holes in the chests, and the money dropped out. The coins grew into stones of various sizes, which retained something of their circular shape. They are common on the Valentian roads, and are yet called the Demon's Money.

bales of goods, he returned to his first assertion, that they were his own property. The judges confronted him with the merchant from whom Ciriaco had received them in charge, yet Don Manuel, as he called himself, persisted in his daring denial.

'Then what do these bales contain?' said the judge, pointing to them; 'it is visible that they have never been opened since first packed up, but you can inform us what they contain.'

'That is not difficult to tell, indeed,' replied the prisoner boldly. 'Any one who can read may tell their contents from the superscription which I put upon them, "*Vasos de plata y pala cra sacadenarios de hierro y otros.*"' (Vessels of silver and virgin gold, fancy articles of iron, and others.)

The merchant who claimed the property, when he heard Don Manuel make this interpretation of the superscription, was seized with a fit of laughter, so violent that neither the seriousness of the case nor the gravity of the court could check him. 'Ah!' cried he, when he had partly recovered his composure, 'I should kill myself with laughing at this, had that poor Ciriaco Martinez but been alive.' Then turning to the prisoner he exclaimed: '*Vessels of silver*, indeed! say rather vessels of *white iron: vasos de lata*, white iron.'

The accused stared. 'But the P.; the words are vasos de P.lata?'

The merchant could not help laughing again at the confounded look of the accused, and the confession which his question conveyed. 'The P. is an abbreviation of *Pulita*, meaning *fine*, polished white iron.'

The prisoner stared still more wildly, but, heedless of the consequences, he proceeded to satisfy himself. 'But the *pala cra*, the native gold?' said he.

'Oh,' replied the merchant, 'the words have been disjoined by my stupid apprentice-boy in writing the superscription. The last words are pala crasa, *cadenas de hierro y otros*; meaning altogether, "coarse shovels, chains of iron, and other articles."'

The confounded prisoner, who, by thus misinterpreting the superscription, had been led to take away a human life, in the hope of acquiring valuable treasures, had nothing further to say for himself. The bales were opened in court, and he there saw the paltry utensils for which he had plunged into deadly crime. Though scarcely required, their testimony was conclusive against him. He was condemned to death.

The priest who attended him in prison and on the scaffold, endeavoured to induce him to invoke the mercy of Heaven. But he was never heard to utter a sentence excepting one, and that he repeated several times: 'White-iron!—it was but white iron! With the demon's money I killed him, and I have sold myself for the demon's money!'

TRAITS OF LONGEVITY.

THERE are certain constitutions formed by nature so robust, with all the animal organs so perfect, that they endure to a great age, even in defiance of all rules of regimen. They can bear both excess and privation. A mode of living that would be too rich and stimulating for ordinary frames, only conduces to their perfect health and vigour, while out of poor materials their vigorous digestion can concoct a wholesome nourishment, on which weaker stomachs would be thrown into disease and atrophy. It does not follow from this, however, that a strict regimen is useless, or that excess to the generality of men is not highly injurious. A happily-constituted temperament may be independent of rules, and may resist the effects of their infringement; while, on the other hand, the observance of rules of sobriety and *moderation will* have a decided and wonderful effect on *those constitutions* in which there are such weaknesses

as produce the tendency to disease. Generally speaking, too, it will be found that the most perfect temperaments are less disposed to excess or irregularities than feebler ones. There is a happy condition of animal existence in which the enjoyment of health, of simple fare, and of the free air of heaven, are all the stimulants necessary, while a craving for undue excitement is too frequently the characteristic of an irregular physical as well as mental constitution.

The effect of regimen on health and longevity is no where more strikingly exhibited, than in the celebrated example of Cornaro. Previous to detailing this case, however, it must be remarked, that Cornaro's constitution appears to have been naturally of a peculiar kind, so that the strict regimen which he practised is not intended to be held up as a model for all ordinary livers; his case affords, however, an instructive example of the effects of diet and regimen, both on the body and the mind, and in this view, cannot be too frequently appealed to.

Lewis Cornaro was of a noble Venetian family, and was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. He appears originally to have been of an ardent, sanguine disposition, fond of pleasure and enjoyment, and of excitable passions. This temperament overhurried him into a career of dissipation and sensual enjoyment, which he pursued till his thirty-fifth year. About this period his constitution gave way; pains in his sides and stomach tormented him; symptoms of gout made their appearance, with irregular appetite, thirst, and a slow consuming fever. In this wretched condition he struggled on for some time, trying the effect of medicines without any benefit, while his constitution sank more and more, till at last his physicians declared, that nothing could rescue him but a total change of his mode of life, and a rigid restriction of his diet and regimen. Cornaro had sufficient strength of mind and firmness of purpose at last to adopt this advice: he restricted his diet to the simplest fare, and took of this a very moderate allowance—renounced his irregular dissipated life—avoided excess of heat, cold,

and extraordinary fatigue—took timely repose—and, in short, observed a strict and proper regimen. In a very short time he was astonished at the beneficial change which took place in his system, and in less than a year he found his health completely restored. He ever after most rigidly adhered to his spare diet, which amounted to twelve ounces in all daily, and consisted of bread, meat of the simplest kind, yolk of egg, and soup, with fourteen ounces of a mild wine. On this allowance he enjoyed perfect bodily health and vigour, and a freedom from all physical ailments. His mind, too, seemed to share in the beneficial regimen. His passions became less irritable, his spirits more buoyant, and his judgment more cool and considerate. Not only did this regimen procure him the enjoyment of excellent health, but on two trying occasions it enabled him to sustain disasters which have proved fatal to many others. While a grievous and protracted lawsuit was carried on against him by powerful rivals, by which his patrimonial estate was imminently endangered, joined to the chagrin of being deprived of his nobility through the bad conduct of some of his relations, he remained cool and undisturbed till an honourable decision at last was given in his favour, whereas his brother and some other relations sank under the persecution and died. On another occasion, he was thrown from his carriage, and besides being much bruised, had his leg and arm dislocated. The most serious apprehensions for his life were entertained by his friends and physicians, and the most active treatment was urged upon him; but confident in his own constitution, he would not even allow bleeding, or other evacuations, and by the most simple means recovered in a very short time.

'Moreover, it is known in what manner I pass my time so as not to find life a burden, seeing I can contrive to spend every hour of it with the greatest delight and pleasure, having frequent opportunities of conversing with many honourable gentlemen. Then, when I cannot enjoy their conversation, I betake myself to the reading of some good book. When I have read as much as I like, I write,

endeavouring in this as in everything else to be of service to others to the utmost of my power.

'At the same seasons every year, I revisit some of the neighbouring cities, and see such of my friends as live there, taking the greatest pleasure in their company and conversation, and by their means I also enjoy the conversation of other men of parts who live in the same place, such as architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, and husbandmen. But what delights me most in these journeys, is the contemplation of the scenery and other beauties of the places I pass through.'

At the age of seventy-eight, in compliance with the entreaties of his friends, he increased his allowance both of solid and liquid food by the addition of four ounces daily; even this slight change he found had such an effect upon him, that in eight days, from his usual cheerful active habits, he became peevish and melancholy, so that nothing could please him, and he was so strangely disposed, that he knew not what to say to others, or what to do with himself. On the twelfth day, he was attacked with a most violent pain in the side, which continued for many hours, and was succeeded by a fever, which did not leave him for a month, rendering him restless and sleepless, and reducing him to a mere skeleton. After this he attempted no further change in his usual diet, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health till his death.

Although he married early, he was pretty far advanced in years before a child was born to him. His anxious wish for a successor to his ample possessions was at last realised in the birth of a daughter. This, his only child, he lived to see become a matron, and die mother of eight sons and three daughters. It is delightful to read in the treatises which he has left to posterity the manner in which he passed his old age. He seems to have been one of those few beings especially favoured by Heaven, and by his practice so worthy of its favour, as if in order to shew to frail mortals what a beautiful thing a good life is even on this earth. Born in a genial climate, the possessor of an ample estate, of an active, firm mind and

cheerful temperament, a lover of his country, of his species, and of his God—rescued from a career of sinful folly, he had his life extended to 100 years, and spent an active existence in the improvement of his estate, in services of the community, in the pleasures of literature, and in the bosom of his family—an old man, vigorous, cheerful, and playful to the last, among a happy group of playful grandchildren.

With all the excusable garrulity of an octogenarian, he thus tells us of his habits: 'I will now give an account of my recreations, and the relish which I find at this stage of life, in order to convince the public that the state I have now attained to is by no means death, but real life; such a life as by many is deemed happy, since it abounds with all the happiness which can be enjoyed in this world. And this testimony they will give in the first place, because they see, and not without the greatest amazement, the good state of health and spirits which I enjoy—how I mount my horse without any assistance or advantage of situation, and how I not only ascend a single flight of stairs, but climb up a hill from bottom to top. Then how gay, pleasant, and good-humoured I am!—how free from every perturbation of mind, and every disagreeable thought!—the plains, the hills, the rivers, and fountains, amid which are situated many fine houses and gardens. Nor am I prevented from these enjoyments by any decay of my senses; they being all, thank God, in their highest perfection, particularly my palate, which now relishes better the simple fare I eat wherever I may be, than it formerly did the most delicate dishes when I led an irregular life.'

But his enjoyments are not all personal or selfish; he enters warmly into the agricultural improvements of his country—the draining of marshes, and the melioration of the soil; and looks with anxious solicitude to the completion of extensive improvements of the port, as likely to contribute to the commercial welfare of the state, of whose interests he speaks with all the warmth and ardour of a true patriot.

Like all benignant characters, the playful innocence of youth had peculiar charms for him. He thus introduces us into his domestic evening circle: 'That no comfort might be wanting to the fulness of my years, whereby my great age may be rendered less irksome, or rather, the number of my enjoyments increased, I have the additional comfort of seeing a kind of immortality in a succession of descendants; for as often as I return home, I find there before me, not one or two, but eleven grandchildren, the oldest of them eighteen, and the youngest two; all the offspring of one father and one mother—all blessed with the best of health—and, by what as yet appears, fond of learning, and of good parts and morals. Some of the youngest I always play with; and, indeed, children from three to five are only fit for play. Those above that age I make companions of; and as nature has bestowed very fine voices upon them, I amuse myself besides with seeing and hearing them sing and play on various instruments. Nay, I sing myself, as I have a better voice now, and a clearer and louder pipe, than at any other period of life. Such are the recreations of my old age.'

Thus the good old man continued to enjoy life till he passed his hundredth year. He slept away, without disease or pain or agony, in the spring of 1566.

The history of John Macalpin, a Highland drover, will form a good companion to that of Cornaro, as illustrative of the effects of temperance under a severer climate, and in a different station of life from that of the noble Italian.

John Macalpin was a native of Jura, one of the Hebridian Islands. He lived to the age of 119 years, and retained all his faculties till his death, which took place in the year 1745. When a boy, he was rather of slow growth, and was affected with boils and eruptions of the skin. His father died, and left him in comfortable circumstances at the age of eighteen. For some years the nature of his business led him into dissipated company, where he was accustomed to drink hard, sit up late, and *lead an* irregular life. This he continued till he was about

twenty-four years of age, when, in leaping out of a boat, he fell, and struck his foot against the ground. The contusion degenerated into an ulcer, which continued, under neglect or bad treatment, to increase for two years. During this period he paid no regard to his diet, eating salt meat, fish, or anything that came in the way, and drinking frequently to excess. The consequence was, that his constitution gave way, and the ulcer continued to increase. A medical friend to whom he applied, in order to compel him to give over his habits of life, took him to live at his house during the period of treatment; and by enforcing a strict regimen to his patient, brought about a complete cure in the course of three months. Macalpin, on his return home, was so impressed with the beneficent effects of temperance, both for his comfort and health, that he ever afterwards practised it, and in consequence enjoyed uninterrupted good health for the remainder of his long life. As illustrative of local manners, it may not be uninteresting to give a detail of his mode of living.

It was the custom at that time over all the Highlands, and especially among the common people of the isles, to take but two meals a day. They breakfasted about nine or ten in the morning, and supped about six or seven; this last being the principal meal. Macalpin followed this custom: he went to bed with the sun, and rose with the lark. If he went out as soon as he got up, and the morning appeared foggy, he generally ate a mouthful of bread, and no more till breakfast-time. His constant breakfast was bread, butter, and cheese, or eggs, with gruel made of half-water half-milk. His supper was fish or flesh, for the most part boiled. The flesh was boiled with greens or roots, the soup of which was thickened with a little oatmeal, which he drank plentifully. His fish were generally boiled in as much water as simply covered them; this water was thickened into a soup with a little meal and milk, and eaten along with all white fish. His general rule was to rise from table with an appetite to eat more, and the liquids he used were always

at least four times the quantity of the solids. If he used harder exercise at one time than another, he ate a little more than usual; but at no time did he go to excess, or eat of but one sort of food at a meal. He never drank water till it was previously boiled, and poured over a toast of bread or a little oatmeal, and afterwards allowed to cool. This he used for his constant drink between meals. His bread was for the most part made of barley-meal, but he also ate oatcake when the others could not be procured. He never indulged in fermented liquors of any kind, except on two occasions during the year, and these were at the terms of Whitsunday and Martinmas, when he went to pay his rent to the landlord, and then only very sparingly. Drams he forswore; but if obliged to be long in the cold, or exposed to wet, he took the yolk of an egg, a little honey, and a glass of whisky mixed together, and drank it off; but this was only done on very rare occasions. He used no snuff or tobacco in any shape. He took a great deal of exercise; was of an active, cheerful, and intelligent mind; free from passion, but, when roused, was by no means devoid of proper manly courage. In general, his manner was mild and forbearing, and free of the irascibility of an excited temperament.

If at any time he felt his system in the least deranged, he had recourse to abstinence, and the promotion of a free perspiration; for the latter purpose he used at bedtime a warm drink composed of thin oatmeal flummery, sweetened with honey, to which was added a little butter. He wore the usual clothing of the country—a kilt or belted plaid, with a piece of flannel over the region of his stomach. In going out in the morning, he went through the first river or pool which came in his way, and thus continued all day with wet feet, very frequently till he went to bed. He remained to the last free from physical disease; but grief for some friends who fell in the battle of Culloden, was thought to have brought on his death, which he met with Christian fortitude and resignation, at *the age of 119* years.

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, or, to be more particular, in the year 1616, a shipwreck took place on the coast of Suffolk, before the eyes of a number of the assembled inhabitants of the district where it happened. The evening on which the bark came in sight was a stormy one, and its crew struggled long to avoid the half-seen breakers, or sunken rocks, which threatened them with evident destruction. Most gallantly, indeed, did the poor mariners struggle, and so long as the light was good they were successful. But the dusk of evening came on, and then the hope of their escape was awfully lessened. By degrees, the bark and its inmates disappeared from the straining gaze of those on shore. The last glimpse which the latter had of the ill-fated vessel, shewed the deck crowded with passengers and crew, whose outstretched hands pled strongly though silently for help. Help could not be given, though the unfortunates received the warmest sympathy of those who saw them. Even after all was enveloped in gloom at sea, the people on land remained on the same spot, listening with horror to the howling of the storm, and expecting every moment to hear the sound mingled up with the 'cry of some strong swimmer in his agony.'

'Can nothing be done?' said a voice in the crowd, the first which had spoken aloud for some time. Everybody turned round to the spot whence it came, the people of the place knowing that the sounds came from a stranger's lips. 'Can nothing be done?' repeated the same person. 'I will give a reward—a large reward for every life that is saved.'

An old fisherman took it upon him to reply. 'Do you think,' said he roughly, 'we would have stood idle this half-hour, if we could have done anything to save them? No; I think I know the coast as well as any man here-

abouts, or anywhere else, and I know that no boat could have crossed the *black rocks*—unless bottom upwards.'

A murmur of assent was heard from all around.

'You think, then,' said the first speaker after a pause, 'that on these rocks the vessel will perish?'

'Too likely, your honour,' returned the fisher, whom the light yet permitted to see that his interrogator was a gentleman; 'if the ship was once *within* these rocks, something might be done. But *within* them it never will be! What between the sand and the rocks, there is hardly sea-way for a herring-barrel to pass inside.'

'But, my good friend, there *is* a chance—a slight one perhaps—and you may at least have your boats on the alert.'

'Please God,' replied the man quietly, 'I will be on the look-out. We may save some lives. But it will be a full hour ere the moon rises, and till then nothing can be done by man.'

'Thanks, thanks!' cried the stranger, gratified and assured by the firm though quiet tones of the speaker; 'I will reward all—all,' he continued more quietly, 'who will oblige me by receiving it.'

In an hour the moon began to give a glimmering light, sufficient to permit the people ashore to glance over the face of the deep to a short distance. Nothing was visible there. A blank expression passed over the faces of the assembled band. But the old fisherman roused them to exertion, and a fishing-boat was put to sea in the little cove formed inside of the rocks alluded to. The wind was not so high as formerly, yet high enough to make the short excursion proposed a matter of danger to the three or four hardy men whom the old fisherman chose to take with him. We shall not attempt to paint the anxiety which followed the starting of the boat, the whole course of which the light did not permit to be seen from land. It returned at length, and with an ominous proof of the doom which had befallen the ship. It brought the body of a man!

The exertions of the stranger already mentioned, were

instantly devoted to the resuscitation of this victim of the deep. He had the insensible body carried to the old fisherman's cottage, and there used all possible means to restore the vital spark. His attentions were rewarded with success. Ere the morning light dawned, the cast-away, a youth of noble appearance, was seated by the fire of the fisher's hut, able to converse with the stranger, and to thank him for his care. These thanks were expressed in good English, though with some peculiarities, shewing that English was not the native tongue of the speaker.

From the recovered youth it was learned that the vessel, which was an Italian merchantman, had struck soon after the night fell, and had gone to pieces in a quarter of an hour afterwards. He himself had swum for the shore, but had exhausted his powers, and lost all consciousness before being taken up. The proofs of his statement were made in part visible by the daylight. Several corpses were driven on shore, others were picked up by boats, and the remains of the little bark of Italy were cast on land by inches. The wreck had been an entire and terrible one.

Some time after this lamentable affair, the recovered youth was established as an inmate of the rectory of Hadleigh, the incumbent of which, Mr Petre, had been his preserver on the night of the wreck. The young stranger gave himself the simple name of Theodore, and seemed averse to further inquiry into his name or affairs. But he was so gentle in manners, so intelligent, and so accomplished, that he became as a beloved son to the good pastor. 'I was a lonely man,' said the rector to him repeatedly, 'but Heaven has given me a son in pity. You will not part from me, Theodore? I have enough for both.'

The young stranger replied with warmth to Mr Petre's kindness, but repeatedly mentioned, that he required no pecuniary support—that he would receive means enough to render him independent of all such aid, on corresponding with his friends in Italy.

Mr Petre introduced his new friend to all whom he

himself knew, and among others to the family of Mr Balls, one of the principal proprietors of the neighbourhood. This gentleman was of an ancient local house, and proud of his descent from a follower of the Saxon Harold at the battle of Hastings. He had a large family, the eldest of whom was his daughter Mary, a young lady possessed of great personal attractions, and a heart gentle and susceptible. The stranger, so noble in appearance and elegant in manners, made erelong a deep impression on her affections, which was fully reciprocated by the object of her regard. But he was modest and unassuming, and so well knew the difficulties which his position as an unknown castaway involved him in, that, but for an accidental peril which the young lady sustained in his presence, from the unmanageableness of her riding palfrey, the secret might have remained for ever locked up in the recess of his own heart. The danger of the mistress of his affections, however, called forth a passionate outburst of love. It was heard, and responded to, ere the parties concerned could think of aught else.

The lovers met, and met again. 'This must not be,' said Theodore at length, on one of these occasions; 'your father, dearest Mary, must be told all. And yet I fear'——

'Fear!' replied the young lady, 'what have we to fear?—you *must* be our equal in birth,' and she glanced with a look of pride on her lover's manly and dignified form.

'Birth! equal in birth!' cried he, and for the first time Mary beheld something like pride, or even haughtiness, on his countenance. But it soon passed away, and he said: 'I *am* the equal of your father in birth, but circumstances exist which compel me to be so far silent on that point. I have sworn an oath, that to none but the wife of my bosom will I reveal *my name and origin.*' Mary became thoughtful at these words, and her lover *saw a blush* gather slowly on her downcast cheeks. He *read its signification* as clearly as if it had been told in *words.* 'No, Mary,' cried he, 'the honour of my mother

was as untainted as thine own—as pure as the heaven that overlooks us! But mine has been a strange doom. The welfare of others called from me the oath I have spoken of, and it must be kept. I shall satisfy your father—for erelong I shall have the means—that I am of good and honourable birth, and of means, perhaps, equal to his own; but my name and family, I have said, must be made known to thee alone—if, indeed, I ever have the happiness to call thee mine.'

Theodore did not address himself to Mr Balls until he had communicated with his friends in Italy, and received such credentials as he trusted would remove any objections that the father of Mary might entertain. Lovers look through a magnifying-glass at all the circumstances favourable to their wish, but apply a diminishing one to all obstacles and difficulties in their way. So it was in the present case. When Mr Balls was applied to by Theodore, he started at the proposal. 'My daughter, sir!' cried he; 'my daughter is of an ancient and honourable family. The Balls family possessed this house and property, where we now are, before the conquest of England by the Normans. You must certainly be conscious, sir, of possessing an honourable pedigree to think of such a proposal as this.'

Theodore's heart sank within him as Mr Balls spoke. 'I am conscious,' he replied, 'of an honourable descent, and I do not come thus before you without the means of proving it, although I must avouch candidly and at once, that there are some things connected with myself which I cannot disclose. I will satisfy you, by the testimonials of those whose word ought not to be doubted, that my name is an honourable one, but that name it is not in my power to reveal.' Mr Balls gazed at the speaker with a look of surprise. 'I might have taken a fictitious name, and have deceived you, but I prefer to admit, that there are imperative reasons for withholding my name from all but one person.'

'*And who may* that person be?' said Mr Balls with an *ominous sneer.* Theodore observed the look, and did not

immediately reply. 'Surely the person to whom you allude,' continued Mr Balls, 'must be the head of that house with which you seek to connect yourself?'

The young stranger answered: 'No, sir; I am bound by a solemn engagement to reveal my name only to her who becomes the sharer of it with me.'

'That is to say, that my daughter is to wed with one who dare not disclose his name to the world? Can the cause of this be a creditable one? Impossible!'

Theodore's heart was too deeply interested in the matter to permit him to take offence at the words of Mr Balls, especially as his reason told him they were founded on a natural feeling. He therefore pressed the father of Mary to look at the letters from Italy, to which he had referred. The other consented, as much from curiosity as from any other motive. The letters were from two Italian noblemen, and were written evidently according to a form dictated by Theodore. The writers stated that they knew the family of Theodore to be of high distinction, and his birth to be honourable, though there were important reasons for concealing his name and family from the world at large. They also referred to his possession of considerable property, and mentioned other circumstances of a favourable nature.

We do not wish to lengthen our story. Mr Balls declared that if the register of baptism of the young stranger were presented to him along with these documents, and he were permitted to shew the whole to his family and friends, he would be satisfied. This decision he adhered to, and neither the entreaties of Theodore, nor the tears of his daughter, could move him to alter it. On the other hand, Theodore firmly though sadly declared, that such a proposal could never be acceded to by him.

The consequence was, that the young stranger's visits to the house of his mistress were peremptorily forbidden, although Mr Petre, whose confidence in his guest's *honour and integrity* was unshaken, joined his entreaties *to those of the* lovers to bring matters to a favourable

close. But all was in vain. Can we wonder at the issue? Theodore and the object of his love met in secret, and, finally, they were privately married. The direct reason of this rash step was the confident hope entertained by Mary, that, if intrusted with the secret of Theodore, she might, by the strength of her testimony, reconcile her father to their union. She *did* learn her husband's secret, and such was its nature, in her eyes at least, that it only augmented her love, and increased her pride in him a thousandfold. But this did not save her from the violent anger of her father when her marriage was disclosed.

'O believe me, dear father,' she exclaimed with tears, 'he is one of whom you ought in every respect to feel proud!'

'Proud!' cried the irritated father, 'proud of a nameless wanderer!—my family proud of a union with such as he!'

'Yes,' returned the daughter, 'you will one day be proud of Theodore, and repent of your unkindness.'

'If you desire me to do so, unfold at once this vile mystery! If not, begone from these walls, and follow the vagrant you have chosen!'

In the little village of Llandulph, in Cornwall, the pair who form the main personages of our story lived for many years after their union, beloved by all around them. They were happy in their mutual affection, though the continued anger of the lady's father threw a frequent damp over the enjoyments of the wife, who made many fruitless appeals for a reconciliation. At length Mary wrote that her husband was ill, and, to increase the evil, had been made so chiefly by the cessation of his wonted communications from Italy. She and her family were now in want. Mr Balls turned a deaf ear to this new appeal from his daughter. To a second of the same nature he proved equally cold. A third communication, after a considerable interval of time, informed him that his *daughter* was a broken-hearted widow, her husband *having sunk* under the pressure of want and its attendant

distresses. A portion of the same letter led Mr Balls to go to Cornwall.

The following inscription, engraven on a brass tablet affixed to a mural monument in the chancel of Llandulph church, and still to be seen there by visitors, will shew what Mr Balls learned on his arrival there :—

'Here lieth the body of Theodoro Paleologus, of Pesanio, in Italy, descended from the Imperial line of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the son of Camilio, the son of Prosper, the son of Theodoro, the son of John, the son of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name and last of the line that reigned in Constantinople until subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, gent.; * * * * and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January 1636.'

Persecuted by Pope Paul V., and his successor Gregory XV., who hated the Greek line, Theodoro Paleologus would have perished in Italy, had not the interference of a powerful friend procured permission for him to retire to England, upon condition of his taking an oath never to divulge his name, that those attached to the imperial house might remain ignorant of the existence of its representative.

'Father,' said the widow of the last Paleologus, 'I said you would one day repent.'

The English squire, whose ancestor had been at the battle of Hastings, did indeed think with sorrowful regret of his conduct to the last of the Cæsars of the East!

JOHN HAMPDEN AND HIS GRAVE.

JOHN HAMPDEN, one of the most venerated of English patriots, was the descendant and heir of a family of Saxon origin long settled in Buckinghamshire, and possessed of extensive property both in that and adjoining counties. He was born in the year 1594, his mother being Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to Oliver, afterwards Protector of England. In 1609, John Hampden entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and there distinguished himself highly in his studies. Ten years afterwards, he was married to Elizabeth Simeon, heiress of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire, and spent some time afterwards in the placid enjoyment of a country life, and of the society of a wife whom he dearly loved. His rank and importance, however, rendered it incumbent upon him to enter parliament in the beginning of 1621. In this new situation, he immediately attached himself to the anti-royalist or popular party; and though he never attained to the very highest eminence as a speaker, his strong good sense, cultivated mind, and resolute spirit, together with the natural influence attaching to him as one of the wealthiest commoners of the country, gave him a degree of prominence in the public eye alike honourable and perilous. In the second parliament of Charles I., when the king resorted to new modes of raising supplies, Hampden suffered a temporary imprisonment, along with others, for refusing his share of the subsidy. Getting more and more deeply embroiled, as time ran on, with his parliaments and people, the king at length attempted to revive an obsolete tax, known by the name of ship-money. On this occasion, 'John Hampden,' says Hume, 'acquired by his spirit and courage universal popularity throughout the nation, and has merited great renown with posterity, *for the bold stand* which he made in defence of the laws *and liberties* of his country.' He resisted, in his own case,

the payment of the tax. It was not the extent of the imposition, for the sum amounted to no more than a few shillings, which made this resistance memorable, but the principle which dictated it, and the fact that the nation at large viewed Hampden as a champion who had put himself forward to defend their common rights. The king nominally gained the victory in the legal struggle which followed; but the conviction of his arbitrary purposes was strengthened in the minds of the people to his ultimate ruin.

Hampden's first wife died, leaving nine children, and he married a second time: but he tasted few of the comforts of home and domestic society in his latter days, being constantly engaged in the still darkening affairs of the state. Finally, the king and his parliament came to an open rupture, and mutually took up arms. Hampden, of course, continued to side with the popular party, and in the outset of the civil war, displayed as much courage in the field as he had shewn in the senate. But he did not live to see much of this great contest. On the 18th of June 1643, a battle took place between the Royalists under Prince Rupert, and the army of the Parliament under Essex, at Chalgrove Field, and John Hampden there received a mortal wound. The circumstances attending the receipt of this injury have long been a source of doubt and dispute, and have given origin to an inquiry of a strange and peculiar kind, even in our own day.

Lord Clarendon and the majority of historians, relate that the patriot was 'shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone,' and caused his death 'three weeks' afterwards. Hume, following Sir Philip Warwick, narrates that a prisoner taken by the Royalists in the action at Chalgrove, 'said that he was confident Mr Hampden was hurt, for he saw him, contrary to his usual custom, ride off the field before the action was finished; *his head hanging* down, and his hands leaning on his *horse's neck.*' Hume also states, that he died 'some days' *after the event.* But another account of the fatal injury

differs materially from these. It is presented in the following terms in the Earl of Oxford's papers :—

'Two of the Harleys, and one of the Foleys, being at supper with Sir Robert Pye at Faringdon House, Berks, in their way to Herefordshire, Sir Robert Pye related the account of Hampden's death as follows :—"That, at the action of Chalgrove Field, his pistol burst, and shattered his hand in a terrible manner. He, however, rode off, and got to his quarters ; but finding the wound mortal, he sent for Sir Robert Pye, then a colonel in the Parliament army, and who had married his eldest daughter, and told him that he looked on him in some degree accessory to his death, as the pistols were a present from him. Sir Robert assured him that he bought them in Paris of an eminent maker, and had proved them himself. It appeared, on examining the other pistol, that it was loaded to the muzzle with several supernumerary charges, owing to the carelessness of a servant, who was ordered to see that the pistols were loaded every morning, which he did without drawing the former charge."'

In the year 1828, Lord Nugent, being then engaged in writing a memoir of Hampden, and therefore desirous of ascertaining the real cause of the patriot's death, bethought himself of having his grave opened, in the hope that his remains might yet be in a condition to throw some light upon the question. He therefore made application to the Earl of Buckinghamshire (to whom the family estates had descended) for permission to make search for the grave in Hampden church, and to open the coffin and examine the body. Leave to this purpose having been granted by his lordship, and confirmed by the rector, the search took place on the 21st July, in the presence of Lord Nugent, Counsellor (afterwards Lord) Denman, the Rev. Mr Brookes, and nearly twenty others, onlookers and assistants. The circumstances have been thus detailed by an eye-witness :—'It is remarkable that so distinguished and wealthy a family as that of Hampden should never *have possessed* a private vault for the interment of the *respective* branches of the family ; such, however, is the

case; they have, from a very early period, been buried in the chancel of the church, about four feet deep. On the morning of the 21st July, we all assembled in the church, and commenced the operation of opening the ground. After examining the initials and dates on several leaden coffins, we came to the one in question, the plate of which was so corroded, that it crumbled and broke into small pieces on touching it. It was therefore impossible to ascertain the name of the individual it contained. The coffin had originally been enclosed in wood, covered with velvet, a small portion only of which was apparent near the bottom at the left side, which was not the case with those of a later date, where the initials were very distinct, and the lead more perfect and fresher in appearance. The register stated that Hampden was interred on the 25th June 1643: an old document, still in existence, gives a curious and full account of the grand procession on the occasion; we were, therefore, pretty certain that this must be the one in question, having carefully examined all others in succession. It was lying under the western window, near the tablet erected by him, when living, to the memory of his beloved wife, whose virtues he extols in the most affectionate language. Without positive proof, it was reasonable to suppose that he would be interred near his adored partner; and this being found at her feet, it was unanimously agreed that the lid should be cut open to ascertain the fact, which proved afterwards that we were not mistaken. The parish plumber descended, and commenced cutting across the coffin, then longitudinally, until the whole was sufficiently loosened to roll back, in order to lift off the wooden lid beneath, which was found in such good preservation that it came off nearly entire. Beneath this was another lid of the same material, which was raised without materially giving way. The coffin had originally been filled up with saw-dust, which was found undisturbed, except in the centre, where the abdomen had fallen in. The saw-dust was then removed, and the process of examination com-

enced. Silence reigned. Not a whisper or breath was

heard. Each stood on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the result as to what appearance the face would present when divested of its covering. Lord Nugent descended into the grave, and first removed the outer cloth, which was firmly wrapped round the body—then a second, and a third —such care having been taken to preserve the body from the worm of corruption. Here a very singular scene presented itself. No regular features were apparent, although the face retained a deathlike whiteness, and shewed the various windings of the blood-vessels beneath the skin. The upper row of teeth was perfect, and those that remained in the under jaw, on being taken out and examined, were quite sound. A little beard remained on the lower part of the chin, and the whiskers were strong, and somewhat lighter than his hair, which was a full auburn brown. The upper part of the bridge of the nose was still elevated; the remainder had given way to the pressure of the cloths, which had been firmly bound round the head. The eyes were but slightly sunk in, and were covered with the same white film which characterised the general appearance of the face. Finding that a difference of opinion existed as to the indentation in the left shoulder, where it was supposed he had been wounded, it was unanimously agreed to raise up the coffin altogether, and place it in the centre of the church, where a more accurate examination might take place. The coffin was extremely heavy, but by elevating one end with a crowbar, two strong ropes were adjusted under each end, and it was thus drawn up by twelve men in the most careful manner possible. Being placed on a trestle, the first operation was to examine the arms, which nearly retained their original size. On lifting up the right arm, we found it was dispossessed of its hand. We might, therefore, naturally conjecture that it had been amputated, as the bone presented a perfectly flat appearance, as if sawn off by some sharp instrument. On searching under the clothes, to our no small astonishment, we found the hand, or rather a number of small bones, enclosed in a separate cloth. For about six inches up the arm the flesh had

wasted away, being evidently smaller than the lower part of the left arm, to which the hand was firmly united, and which presented no symptoms of decay, further than the two bones of the forefinger loose. Even the nails remained entire, of which we saw no appearance in the cloth containing the bones of the right hand. At this process of the investigation, we were perfectly satisfied that, independently of the result of any further examination, such a striking coincidence as the loss of the right hand would justify our belief in Sir R. Pye's statement to the Harleys, that his presentation-pistol was the innocent cause of a wound which afterwards proved mortal. It was, however, possible that at the same moment, in the heat of the action of Chalgrove, when Colonel Hampden discharged his pistol at his adversary, that his adversary's ball might wound him in the shoulder, for he was soon after observed, as stated by Sir Philip Warwick, "with his head hanging down, and his hands leaning upon his horse's neck."

'In order to corroborate or disprove the different statements relative to his having been wounded in the shoulder, a close examination of the parts took place. The clavicle of the right shoulder was firmly united to the scapula, nor did there appear any contusion or indentation that evinced symptoms of any wound ever having been inflicted. The left shoulder, on the contrary, was smaller and sunken in, as if the clavicle had been displaced. To remove all doubts, it was adjudged necessary to remove the arms, which were amputated with a penknife. The socket of the right arm was perfectly white and healthy, and the clavicle firmly united to the scapula, nor was there the least appearance of contusion or wound. The socket on the left shoulder, on the contrary, was of a brownish coat, and the clavicle being found quite loose and disunited from the scapula, proved that dislocation had taken place. The bones, however, were quite perfect. Such dislocation must therefore have arisen either from the force of a ball, or from Colonel Hampden having *fallen from* his horse when he lost the power of holding

the reins, by reason of his hand having been so dreadfully shattered. The latter, in all probability, was the case, as it would be barely possible for a ball to pass through the shoulder without some fracture either of the clavicle or scapula. In order to examine the head and hair, the body was raised up and supported with a shovel; on removing the cloths, which adhered firmly to the back of the head, we found the hair in a complete state of preservation. It was of a dark auburn colour, and, according to the custom of the times, was very long—from five to six inches. It was drawn up and tied at the top of the head with black thread or silk. The ends had the appearance of being cut off. On taking hold of the top knot, it soon gave way, and came off like a wig. . . . This was the only spot where any putrescence was apparent. . . . He was five feet nine inches in height, apparently of great muscular strength, of a vigorous and robust frame; forehead broad and high, and the skull altogether well formed—such a one as the imagination would conceive capable of great exploits.

'Here I close the narrative—one of singular interest to those who were eye-witnesses of the examination, which presented a scene so novel, so ghastly, but at the same time so full of moment, that it will ever prove a memorable event in the short era of our lives. We recalled to mind the virtuous actions of the deceased; his manly defence against the tyranny of the Star-Chamber; his abandonment of every social and domestic tie for the glorious cause of freedom; and whilst we gazed on his remains, remembered that that voice which was once raised on behalf of his country, had contributed in no small measure to prepare the way for the blessings of liberty, which, but for his warning, might to this day have been withheld from an enlightened people.'

COOKS AND COOKERY.

Some acute and discriminate philosopher has defined man to be a 'cooking animal.' The full force and accuracy of this definition may not be apparent at first sight, but a moment's consideration will satisfy any one upon the subject. We cannot call man exclusively a 'speaking' animal, for the parrot and the starling share with him the endowment of articulated talk. We cannot term him *par excellence* a 'reasoning' animal, for the elephant and the dog, not to speak of other creatures, exhibit well-marked degrees, at least, of the faculty of ratiocination. Nor can we style him a 'house-building' animal, for birds inhabit tenements of their own erection every whit as perfect as his. As little can we say that he is the only 'clothes-wearing' being, for, admitting that neither shell-fish, nor the ordinary members of the ephemeral creation, make use of what may be properly called garments, there is at least one little insect, the clothes-moth, which makes for itself a dress of wool lined with silk, as dexterously as any tailor, and wears it as gracefully as any human exquisite.* So that, after all, the definition alluded to is by no means a joke, but, in reality, the most correct that could be given. No animated creature but man, as far as we are aware, cooks its food.

This great distinctive quality has been called abundantly into exercise by mankind, at all times since the beginning of the world. It may be imagined by some people that our luxurious age is peculiarly the age of cooks, but this is very far from being the case. The Greeks and Romans carried the niceties of the culinary art to a pitch exceeding anything thought of even by the Udes or a Carême of our day. Could either of these famous moderns entertain a

* *See Kirby* and Spence, or Paley's Natural Theology (People's *Edition, page 64).*

higher sense of the duties and dignity of a master of their art than the Greek head-cook, who thus speaks in *Athenæus?* The passage is translated in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*:—

'I never enter in my kitchen, I!
But sit apart, and in the cool direct;
Observant of whate'er may pass within,
The scullions' toil. I guide the mighty whole,
Explore the causes, prophesy the dish.
'Tis thus I speak: "Leave, leave that ponderous ham;
Keep up the fire, and lively play the flame
Beneath these lobster-patties; patient here,
Fixed as a statue, skim, incessant skim.
Steep well this small glociscus in its sauce,
And boil that sea-dog in a cullender;
This eel requires more salt and marjorum;
Roast well that piece of kid on either side
Equal; that sweet-bread boil not overmuch."
'Tis thus, my friend, I make the concert play.
And then no useless dish my table crowds;
Harmonious ranged, and consonantly just!
As in a concert instruments resound,
My ordered dishes in their courses chime.'

Some of the great Greek cooks, of the cast of the preceding gentlemen, carried their art to such perfection, that they were able to serve up a whole pig, *boiled* on one side, and *roasted* on the other; and *stuffed* besides, though without visible mark of the knife upon it. The inventor of this feat was cruel enough to keep the process secret for a whole year; at length it was revealed, that he had bled the animal to death by a very small wound under the shoulder, by which he had also extracted the entrails piecemeal; that he had forced the stuffing down the throat; and that, by means of barley-paste, he had prevented the roasting on one side, having boiled it afterwards. It is said also of these Greek cooks, that by their saltings, picklings, and fryings, they could actually make a turnip pass for any kind of fish or flesh they chose!

One ancient epicure, by name Philoxenus, became famous by habituating himself to the touch and taste of water scalding hot, that he might feel the less impediment in swallowing the hottest dishes. A congenial

spirit appeared in the Roman Apicius, who made a voyage to Africa, in a time of tempest, merely because he had heard that the shrimps were larger there. Finding this to be a mistake, he turned his back on Africa with contempt.

We might greatly prolong our notices of ancient cookery and epicurism, but it is our wish to leave some space for matters of more modern date. In casting our eye downwards from antiquity, we light upon one peculiarly prominent culinary figure—the famous Vatel, cook to the great Prince of Condé. Vatel was a worthy professor of his art, and profoundly sensible of its dignity and importance. His death, as recorded by Madame de Sévigné, is one of the finest touches of the (it would be almost cruel to say *mock*) heroic, that ever was perpetuated by pen or press. Louis XIV. had gone to Chantilly to visit the Condé. Vatel—whom the acute Sévigné does not hesitate to term 'a man eminently distinguished for taste, and whose abilities were equal to the government of a *state*,' not to speak of a kitchen—Vatel was put upon his mettle. 'The king,' says Sévigné, 'arrived on Thursday night; the walk, and the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewed with jonquils, were just as they should be. Supper was served, but there was no roast-meat at one or two of the tables, on account of Vatel's having been obliged to provide several dinners more than were expected. This affected his spirits, and he was heard to say several times: "I have lost my fame! I cannot bear this disgrace!" "My head is quite bewildered," said he to Gourville. "I have not had a wink of sleep these twelve nights; I wish you would assist me in giving orders."

'Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him; but the failure of the roast-meat (which, however, did not happen at the king's table, but at some of the other twenty-five), was always uppermost with him. Gourville *mentioned it to* the prince, who went directly to Vatel's *apartment*, and said to him: "Everything is extremely

well conducted, Vatel; nothing could be more admirable than his majesty's supper."

"Your highness's goodness," replied he, "overwhelms me; I am sensible that there was a deficiency of roast-meat at two tables."

"Not at all," said the prince; "do not perplex yourself, and all will go well."

'Midnight came: the fireworks did not succeed; they were covered with a thick cloud; they cost 16,000 francs. At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel went round, and found everybody asleep; he met one of the under-purveyors, who was just come in with only two loads of fish. "What!" said he, "is this all?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, not knowing that Vatel had despatched other people to all the seaports round.

'Vatel waited for some time; the other purveyors did not arrive; his head grew distracted; he thought there was no more fish to be had; he flew to Gourville. "Sir," said he, "I cannot outlive this disgrace."

'Gourville laughed at him; Vatel, however, went to his apartment, and setting the hilt of his sword against the door, after two ineffectual attempts, succeeded in the third, in forcing the sword through his heart. At that instant, the carriers arrived with the fish; Vatel was inquired after to distribute it: they ran to his apartment, knocked at the door, but received no answer; upon which they broke it open, and found him weltering in his blood. A messenger was immediately despatched to acquaint the prince with what had happened, who was like a man in despair. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey depended upon Vatel. The prince related the whole affair to his majesty with an expression of great concern: it was considered as the consequence of too nice a sense of honour. Some blamed, others praised him for his courage. The king said he had put off this excursion for more than five years, because he was aware that it would be attended with infinite trouble, and told the prince that he ought to have had but two tables, and not have been *at the expense* of so many, and declared he would never

suffer him to do so again; but all this was too late for poor Vatel.'

Here was indeed a man fit to be a *chef de cuisine*, as the French impressively call a culinary professor of the highest order. But more recent days have not been without his equals. 'Two shall be named, pre-eminently great'—Ude and Carème. Louis Eustache Ude, a Frenchman by birth, was 'cook to the unfortunate Louis XVI. of France; subsequently to the Earl of Sefton; and, finally, steward to the Duke of York,' as he himself tells us in his great work, entitled the *French Cook*. The high value which he set upon his art may be partly gathered from the accredited story, that he left the service of the Earl of Sefton, because that nobleman's eldest son, Lord Molyneux, was said 'to have *put salt* into a soup of his [the cook's] composition.' 'Cookery is an art,' says M. Ude, 'which requires much time, intelligence, and activity, to be acquired in perfection. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under twenty years of age, whereas in the first line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs under thirty. We see daily at concerts and academies, young men and women who display the greatest abilities; but in our line nothing but the most consummate experience can elevate a man to the rank of *chief professor*. What science demands more study than cookery? Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? It is the soul of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner! How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper!' In accordance with the spirit of these remarks, M. Ude is said to have told Sir Humphry Davy one day: 'Ah, *Sromfredevi*, de Society of de Royal Institution shall not nevare be complet till dere is one chair of cookery.'

M. de Carème was a modern French cook of perhaps *still higher* celebrity. He was of a house of cooks: *one of his lineal* ancestors, the founder of the family, *having been cook* to the convivial pope, Leo X.; by

inventing a peculiar soup for whom, as a dish for Lent, he got the name of Jean de Carême (Jack-a-Lent). The descendant of Jack-a-Lent was *chef de cuisine* to the millionary Baron de Rotheschilde. As he grew up, his hereditary talents gradually developed themselves, and he became so greatly renowned over all Europe, that the emperor of Russia and various other sovereigns sought his services. He accepted an offer from George IV., then regent, but remained only eight months in the English prince's household, declaring as he left it, according to report, that 'it was a boorish establishment.' He certainly did not quit England because due honour was not paid to his talents, for the great of London did not disdain to pay immense prices for his second-hand patties after they had made their appearance at the regent's table. Employed, finally, by the Baron de Rotheschilde (brother of the great London Rotheschilde), Carême received from him an allowance greater than monarchs could afford. Lady Morgan, in her *France in* 1829–30, has become the recorder of this culinary artist's merits; and the fussy reverence, but slightly hid under a tone of exaggeration and banter, with which she speaks of him, is most amusing. The 'immortal Carême,' such 'philosophers as Carême,' a 'man at the head of his class,' this 'extraordinary and celebrated person'—such are the appropriate terms which she employs in mentioning him. She was asked to Rotheschilde's to dinner. Previously to this time, 'I had no experience,' says she, 'of the works of Carême. I had yet to judge (in his own words) of those meliorations in his art, produced by the "intellectual faculties of a renowned practitioner." I did not hear the announcement of dinner without emotion. To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served, would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in "silver dews," with chemical precision,

"On tepid clouds of rising steam,"

formed the basis of all. Every meat preserved its own

natural aroma; every vegetable its own shade of verdure. With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta or Sontag, divine as they are, never were more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême, for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilisation! On good cookery depends good health; on good health depends the permanence of a good organisation; and on these, the whole excellence in the structure of human society.

'As I was seated next to M. Rotheschilde, I took occasion to insinuate, after the soup—for who would utter a word before?—that I was not wholly unworthy of a place at a table served by Carême, as I was already well acquainted, theoretically, with his merits.

"Ah, well," said M. Rotheschilde laughing, "he, on his side, has also relished your works, and here is a proof of it."

'I really blush, like Sterne's accusing spirit, as I give in the fact; but he pointed to a column of the most ingenious confectionary architecture, on which my name was inscribed in spun sugar. *My* name written in sugar! Ye Quarterlies and Blackwoods, and thou, false and faithless Westminster! Ye who have never traced my proscribed name but in gall! think of "Lady Morgan" in sugar!

'All I could do under my triumphant emotion I did—I begged to be introduced to the celebrated and flattering artist, and promised, should I ever again trouble the public with my idleness, to devote a tributary page to his genius, and to my sense of his merits, literary and culinary. [The cook had written a work on his science.] Carême was sent for after coffee, and was presented to me in the vestibule of the château by his master. He was a well-bred gentleman, perfectly free from pedantry; and when we had mutually complimented *each other* on our various works, he bowed himself out,

and *got into his carriage*, which was waiting to take him to Paris.'

This extract forms the climax of our article. It is impossible for us, by any further remarks or quotations, to place cooks and cookery in a more elevated light than has been here done by Lady Morgan, who has shewn herself truly worthy of her great subject. So we leave the illustrious Carême to command the 'aids of his staff,' to loll in 'his carriage,' and to enjoy 'his box at the Opera,' believing him to have been, beyond question, superlatively worthy of all these luxuries. For the straggling character, generally, of these our anecdotes, the reader must pardon us, for we really had no other object in view at the outset, than to string together a few such loose illustrations of 'man as a cooking animal.' We have merely to remark, in conclusion, that that definition of man applies universally. All men cook, and enjoy cookery —the poor as well as the employers of Udes and Carêmes. We never shall forget the earnestness and gusto with which an ancient shoemaker once on a time gave utterance to the following saying. He had married a woman who had long been cook in a wealthy family, and was asked by a friend, soon after the nuptials, how he was pleased with his spouse. 'Eh, man,' says he in reply, 'she is a *prime* ane! Dashit, I believe she could make a *stew* out o' *bend-leather*, and a *hashie* out o' *insoles!*'

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

In Egypt, at the present day, and in various other Eastern countries now opened up by the increase of steam-navigation, an assimilation is rapidly taking place between the customs of the West and the East. In past times, these have remained almost entirely isolated and distinct, the intercourse between the different climes not being of such a nature as to cause an amalgamation between their habitudes, at least to any great extent. But now-a-days, commercial travellers pass as regularly between London and Alexandria as between London and Hamburg, or Glasgow and Manchester; and the consequence is, that fashions and manufactures are flowing from the West into the East in great abundance and with great rapidity, promising soon to create new and powerful ties between regions and races hitherto really little known to one another. The end of all this cannot but be for good; but long-existing prejudices cause this incipient intercourse to be sometimes attended by a degree of effervescence, such as accompanies the union of different chemical elements. From inattention to the peculiar prepossessions of their Oriental customers, commercial men from Europe, and especially those of a bustling and officious order, frequently get themselves into odd scrapes, and scrapes not unattended with danger.

A traveller from Paris, named Bonnard, a brisk stirring fellow, who rejoiced in the office of agent for a distinguished depôt of male and female fashions in dress, conveyed himself not long since to Alexandria, with a large assortment of rich articles of attire, which he proposed to dispose of to the lords and ladies of Egypt, but more particularly to the ladies. Through dint of activity and perseverance, he was successful beyond his hopes. The

Mussulman aristocracy are eminently *accessible*. The meanest water-carrier of the Alexandrian streets could present himself to Mehemet Ali in person, and make a verbal appeal, or deliver a petition, just as used to be the case in the days of Haroun Alraschid. The Eastern nobility imitate this regal fashion; and hence Bonnard, while in Alexandria, found it not very difficult to obtain a hearing from the great men of the city, and to lay before them specimens of his rich goods, which led to extensive purchases by these pachas and beys, for the decoration of the invisible ladies of their respective households.

On moving from Alexandria to Cairo, Bonnard learned that, in the latter city, there resided a certain Abdallah-Pacha, a wealthy and powerful lord, who had recently married a most beautiful lady, and one of whom he was devotedly fond. Bonnard immediately resolved to make prize of Abdallah-Pacha, and found no difficulty, accordingly, in making his way into the presence of the Eastern grandee. He found Abdallah sitting in luxurious ease upon a divan, alone, in a large saloon, and smoking with most Oriental languor and enjoyment. Servants were present, but not a whisper or footfall could be heard. All were dumbly attentive to the looks and signs that came, or might come, from their master, who was a man in the prime of life, with finely-cut features and head, a long beard of glossy black, and eyes that sparkled like carbuncles. The contrast between this grave, awe-striking personage, and the dapper lively mortal who now intruded on his luxurious repose, was most remarkable as regarded appearance and every other point. Bonnard was a thorough Frenchman, firmly impressed with the belief that all that was done at Paris was right, and that all that was done elsewhere, if done differently, must be and was indisputably wrong. He dressed precisely in the manner of the lay-figures adorning his own depôt, or the pages of the 'Journals of the Fashions,' which he carried about with him in the exercise of his calling. Such was the person, curled, essenced, strapped, and starched, in the newest Parisian mode, who now approached Abdallah

with the same graceful unembarrassed sidle which he might have displayed in accosting an old college chum. Scarcely waiting for the permissory nod of the master of the house, Bonnard, withdrawing his hat from its elegant position in front of his breast, sat down on the divan, close by Abdallah's side. The Egyptian looked on him with much the same feelings as those with which a noble stag-hound might be expected to regard the approach of a lady's lap-dog; namely, with a sort of grave and lordly surprise, but without displeasure. Indeed, it is known that the Orientals feel the easy address of Europeans as a relief, when compared with their own formal and tedious salutations. Such were the circumstances attending the meeting of the powerful Mussulman with the Parisian fancy-agent.

Bonnard was no sooner seated, than he rubbed his hands, and unfolded his sample-stores, eager for a customer. By the help of a little smattering of Turkish and Arabic, in addition to his fluent French, which is partly understood in Egypt, Bonnard could make himself pretty intelligible. He started in praise of his stock of goods; Abdallah nodded. The traveller spoke more; still Abdallah nodded. But Bonnard was anxious to bring things to a bearing, and, remembering only his Parisian politeness, he got out with the words—intended to call an important personage to the mind of the Egyptian, and so to stimulate to a purchase—'And how does madame, your lady?'

The words, simple as they were, acted like an electric shock on Abdallah-Pacha. His lately calm countenance was instantly flushed with passion, and then distorted by its subsequent workings. His hands grasped the cushions of the divan, as if he would rend them in pieces, and he commenced to pour forth a torrent of objurgations, few of which were intelligible to Bonnard, though he could not mistake their general tenor and meaning. Yet, though *he grew pale,* the Frenchman preserved his unchangeable, *indestructible smile.* When Abdallah seemed to have *nearly exhausted* himself, Bonnard observed, with a tone

in which only a slight falter was apparent: 'I have unintentionally said something wrong.'

'To ask me "how does my wife!" By the beard of the Prophet,' said the still boiling Abdallah, 'if I did not respect the claims of hospitality! How come *you* to know my wife? Unless you had acquaintance with her you would not ask for her.'

'Pardon me, my lord,' said Bonnard; 'it is the custom of my country.'

'It is a monstrous and offensive custom,' said Abdallah. The little Frenchman faltered, and simpered, and bowed, and explained; but all would not do. He had touched on the tender point in the Eastern's jealous nature; and although his inquiry would have been held as one but of common courtesy in the West, it had the effect, particularly as coming from the lips of a stranger, of jarring on all the prejudices, both national and personal, of Abdallah-Pacha. Still the latter was not an illiberal man in his way; and becoming partly convinced, perhaps, that he had made a mistake, he contented himself by dismissing Bonnard for the time only. 'I cannot examine anything to-day,' said he, passing his hand over his yet ruffled brow; 'come back to-morrow. Farewell.'

This sounded as a peremptory order for departure, and Bonnard obeyed it. As he left the house, however, he accidentally met with a female, whom he recognised as a Maltese, a person who was employed in retailing articles of dress about the households of Cairo. Anxious to get off his stock, it struck the Parisian that it would be a good scheme to give this woman one of his 'Journals of the Fashions,' that she might place it in the hands of Abdallah's beautiful lady. The thing was easily managed. A slight douceur being laid upon her palm, the Maltese took upon her at once the proposed commission.

Little did poor Bonnard imagine, as he moved off with renovated spirits to his place of lodgment—confident that the sight of the magnificent figures adorning his Journal *must* tempt Abdallah's lady into an order of *immense magnitude*—little thought the dapper Parisian

that he had prepared the way for the outburst of a storm, likely to involve not only himself, but others also, in ruin and destruction! Abdallah, after smoking himself into something like composure, went to the apartments of his beautiful spouse, whom he really loved tenderly. She was seated with her damsels, busily engaged in discussing the mysteries of the toilet. Abdallah approached. His eye lighted on a book, covered with splendid figures. He snatched it up, and turned over the leaves. One figure arrested his attention, and in an instant his brow became again black with the passionate blood of the East. Unlucky Bonnard! In the Journal given to the Maltese, there was one portraiture of the 'masculine form divine.' It was the one by which Bonnard dressed himself. In every particular he copied this great original, from the cut of the collar to the boot-straps. It is well known that these model-figures are like everybody and like nobody, or, in other words, as like one man as they are like another; but it chanced that this particular figure was very like Bonnard, as regarded colour of hair, complexion, and every other point, as well as in the dress. Abdallah-Pacha gazed at it as if he had seen a boa-constrictor in his path. His suspicions were re-awakened, and roused to a boiling torrent. He could not doubt but that the Frenchman had formed an acquaintance with his wife, and had presented her with his *portrait*. It may be guessed what an impression such a belief would make on the fiery and jealous nature of Abdallah. We shall not attempt further to describe it, but will proceed to mention the consequences to which it led. Repulsing his trembling lady, who saw that something was amiss, and who sought to soothe and to explain, Abdallah burst from the apartment where he had found the proof, as he thought it, of his wrongs, and retired to his own chamber to meditate schemes of vengeance.

After a long interval of moody reflection, during which he sat with the hated portrait before him, Abdallah called his blacks, the passive instruments of Eastern vengeance. He told them that two victims were to be sacrificed; but

when he attempted to name them, he found that the words would not pass his lips. He loved his wife, it has been said, most devotedly, and had hitherto never doubted of her constancy. All that he could say to the blacks was: 'To-morrow, I will point out the victims to you!'

Abdallah-Pacha waited restlessly next day for the appearance of Bonnard. The light-hearted little Frenchman was not long in presenting himself. He danced easily and smilingly into the saloon of the Eastern lord, little thinking of the fate that hung by a thread over his head, little dreaming of the purpose for which the blacks had taken up their station behind the divan of Abdallah. 'I hope,' said Bonnard, with a salutation half-Western half-Oriental, 'that I will be fortunate in pleasing my lord to-day. I have brought the richest patterns.'

'You have deceived me,' replied Abdallah, in a tone of assumed calmness.

'No, upon my honour,' returned Bonnard; 'all that I offer is of the best quality, and at the lowest price.'

'You have wronged me—you have written to my wife,' continued the Egyptian, grinding his teeth as if to wear down his passion.

The Frenchman had sense enough to be seriously alarmed at the symptoms presented by the bearing of his interlocutor. 'I have never written, seen, or spoken to your lady,' cried he earnestly.

'You have sent your portrait to her,' continued Abdallah. The Frenchman falteringly exclaimed: 'No—never!' Abdallah drew from his breast the Journal of Fashions. 'See here the proof of your treachery! Is not this your portrait—the image of your face, person, and dress?'

'No!' cried Bonnard; 'it is I who am the image of the dress and appearance of this engraving! I declare to you that these are figures of fancy!'

We shall not endeavour to detail the remaining particulars of this scene. It is enough to state, that Bonnard expended all his eloquence in French, Turkish, and Arabic, to prove that the engravings of the Journal were fancy-

portraits. He appealed to every European in Cairo in proof of his assertion. The light of conviction at length dawned on the mind of Abdallah-Pacha, and his affection for his wife made him happy to entertain it.

'Here,' said he at length, turning to the blacks behind him, and giving them the unlucky Journal, 'this is what you shall throw into the Nile!'

The words startled Bonnard, but Abdallah continued, addressing him: 'Bring your whole goods hither, and I will buy them at your own price.'

Bonnard received a lesson from this incident, and so may every commercial man who goes to the East: let them beware of jarring on the prejudices of those whose custom they seek.

END OF VOL. XIX.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XX.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.
1853.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A SUBALTERN'S REMINISCENCES OF A TRANSPORT,	1
A CHINESE STORY,	10
AN HOSPITAL SCENE IN PORTUGAL,	18
A STORY OF THE VENDEAN REIGN OF TERROR,	22
BOUTS RIMES,	31
INSTANCES OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN SAILORS,	39
JOHN METCALF, THE BLIND ROAD-SURVEYOR,	46
NARRATIVE OF THE PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE AVON FROM DUBLIN TO LIVERPOOL,	52
HUMOROUS TRAITS OF AN OLD HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN,	59
A ROMANCE OF REALITY,	69
HAMMERSLEY'S BANK,	76
A WHALE-CHASE IN AUSTRALIA,	82
THE TWO TRAVELLERS,	88
SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS,	95
A STORY OF SWEDEN,	104
STORY OF THE RUNAWAY SLAVE,	113
A MODERN ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE,	122
CAMILLA COLVILLE,	128
INCHROBY, A HIGHLAND CHIEF,	133
THE JEWELLER OF STRASBURG,	138
BLACK HUGH CAMPBELL,	146
STORY OF A BEAR-HUNT IN THE PYRENEES,	156
MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS,	165
AN INCIDENT IN THE QUEENSBERRY FAMILY,	173
THE FOUNDATION OF SCOTT'S GUY MANNERING,	179
JOHN OF VICENCIA,	185

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

A SUBALTERN'S REMINISCENCES OF A TRANSPORT.

Of all the situations in life that can be pictured, that of a passenger on board a Transport, crowded with 300 or 400 people, soldiers and sailors, women and children, is the most miserable, and at the same time the most ludicrous. The best illustration I can give of a transport is a hen-coop well crammed with fowl; and, generally, the conduct and behaviour of her crew, or rather her passengers, are much the same as those of the fowl in a hen-coop—by no means the most gentle, peaceable, or forbearing. So as they can in any way accommodate themselves, no matter how much they discommode their neighbours. Certainly the well-filled transport at sea is the place in which to see human nature divested of those many little disguises, which in general make it pass off so plausibly.

Here comes a draft of the —th from Chatham—a vile place, in my opinion almost as bad as a transport. A hot march it is to Gravesend. What an appropriate name this place has!—the last ground, perhaps, your foot touches until you tread on a foreign soil, which is likely to be your

final resting-place! There rides, on the bosom of Father Thames, the vile vessel, No. —, that in a few short hours is to transport those fine young fellows from their native shore. The boats are at the pier—they embark—they ascend the ship's side—the anchors are weighed—the sails unfurled—and the loud and hearty cheer proclaims she is urging her winged flight! A cheer under such circumstances, strikes more mournfully on the ear of a reflecting man than the tolling of a funeral bell. How many of these voices will be stilled ere the passage is over! How many a manly corpse, with sullen plunge, will cleave the parting waters! Many that will survive the voyage, will sleep beneath the shadow of the feathery palm! How few, alas! how few, will return to the scenes of their youth, and raise the loud cheer, as the shores of their native land break dimly on their view, over the breast of the waters!

But few such thoughts, I ween, trouble the thoughtless throng. They are depôt-men, all heart and spirits, going to join their service-companies. What do they know of care, or disease, or the sigh of the exile, on a foreign shore, for the land of the dreams of his boyhood!

The transport is destined, in the first place, for Cork, to take in detachments for other corps, and to lay in the sea stock. We will not dwell long on the squally weather that is frequently met with in the Channel—we will pass over tacking and reefing, and lying-to—and, without any more preamble, bring the ship to anchor off Spike Island, near the Cove of Cork.

All bustle again, embarking divers detachments. Facings of black and blue, buff and white, mingled together—stowing of knapsacks, haversacks, hold-alls, well supplied with pipe-clay, soap, and tobacco—slinging of hammocks—Scotch, English, and Irish, knocking up against each other—officers making choice of cabins, or berths, as the case may be—second-lieutenants disputing with ensigns about priority of rank. This reminds me of a ludicrous affair of two ensigns going out in the same ship, when the senior said to the junior: 'If you do your

duty, you will find me a very easy commanding-officer.' But here permit me, for the information of the uninitiated in the arcana of military life, to state that the seniority of date in commission is a matter of no trivial importance aboard a transport, as the junior seldom fails of getting the worst berth.

Now comes a very useful part of the community—a set of bristly, noisy Irish pigs, kicking up a dreadful row, and looking as if they by no means relished the idea of expatriation. How that big hog roars! Heu, heu! the world we live in—the ungrateful world! Poor brute, perhaps you have helped to pay the *rint*, or the tithe, and the reward of all thy merits is to be cut up to appease the appetite of strangers. How he struggles, and kicks, and roars! There is certainly nothing lamb-like about him. Another haul—he swings bravely over the gangway—lower away now—that will do—he is safe in the long-boat! quite enough to terrify the few timid sheep, that are huddled together in the further end of it, with his hideous screaming and grunting; but still there is an honest indignation in the whole of his conduct. If the brute could speak, he might exclaim with Scipio—and with the greatest possible assurance that his prediction would be fulfilled—'Ingrata patriæ, non possidibis mea ossa.'* What comes next? Gobbling turkeys; some of them regular patriarchs, and no mistake. No joke to pick one of these drumsticks! And geese and cackling ducks, firkins of Irish butter, and potatoes raised by the 'finest pisantry' on earth.

The pilot is aboard, looking 'mighty 'cute' as Paddy would say. Stand round the capstan, lads; hurra! the anchor's up. Away she goes with her studding-sails set, like a lonely bird, over the ocean. The breeze is freshening. In with the studding-sails—reef the topsails—and now for some of the delights of sailing. Hear ye those horrible sounds of pain and wo, which break from one side of the deck? Hallo! it is by no means a solitary case. Half a dozen now are with their heads over the gunwale,

* 'Ungrateful country of mine, thou shalt not possess my bones.'

looking wistfully at the gurgling waters, at the same time making sounds by no means expressive of inward satisfaction. More are rising out of the hold, the hinder pressing upon the leaders. They are staggering about the decks. And the chill foam scatters its spray over them, baptising their clammy foreheads; and the drizzly rain has commenced, and the moaning wind is rising a key higher, and the waves sound surlier, and the word is passed, loud and decided: 'All hands below but the watch.' So the languid wretches descend again into the dark and noisome gulf, groping, sick and tottering, to their hammocks.

The night drearily passes over. With the morning, the weather is clearing; but the sun shines ghastly and faintly. Nevertheless, up with the hammocks for airing —orderlies of companies attend for the rations—hark! the drum beats all hands to the grog-tub—rum diluted with water, to be drunk at the tub, in presence of the orderly-officer. Who is for the day? Ensign Muggins. Poor fellow! here he comes, looking very rueful. The smell of the rum is not likely to revive him; he has got hold of one of the ratlines; depend upon it, he will 'screw' his courage to the sticking place.

'Well, Muggins, old boy, how are you getting on?' sung out Hopkins, the captain of the day, as his head peered up from the companion-ladder, on a level with the deck—his face, the colour of saffron, assuring the beholders that his stomach was no stranger to curry and rice—in short, that he was an old stager, well backed by a tropical sun, and knowing in all the ways of voyagers.

'Very seedy, Hopkins—very seedy, indeed,' replied Muggins; 'who could ever have imagined that all this misery was attached to the army? It was running after castle guard-mounting in Dublin, and field-days, that turned my brain—only I was a fool, I should not be here —my stomach feels as if it were turned inside out.'

'Ha! ha! ha! my lad, too late—too late to be grumbling —why did you list? Why did you list, Master Muggins?' chuckled Captain Hopkins; at the same time striking a

light, he commenced smoking a cigar, as much as to say: 'I bid defiance to sea-sickness.'

'I would give fifty pounds I was well enough to smoke,' sighed out Muggins.

'All in good time,' said Hopkins; 'you cannot expect to be a sailor in a few hours; but, Muggins, my boy, sick as you are, let me give you a little good advice. There are married officers aboard, and some of them have got daughters; take care of yourself, my boy, for, ten to one, when your sea-sickness goes off, you will get love-sick. I have not crossed the line for nothing. An old bird is not caught with chaff. Observe, they will get up dancing when the nights are fair, and round games when they are wet, and get excessively intimate with each other; and before the voyage is over, the half of them will be by the ears, or my name is not Hopkins. But just take a cigar, and blow a cloud; be civil to them, and nothing more. On no account put your heels in a passion with that old paymaster's daughter; you may depend upon it, sir, they have no tin—not a piece. They may know how to draw, but not on the bank. I see they have brought a piano aboard; but I am happy there is no room to put it up. But dancing they will have, if they have nothing but the fifes. But here comes the orderly-sergeant. Well, Sergeant Pikestaff, what's the matter?'

'I have brought up Lance-corporal Rooney, sir, for fighting with private Tim Doolan of the —th, thinking it highly unbecoming conduct, and subversive of military discipline in an acting corporal.'

'Your honour,' says Tim Doolan, 'Lance-corporal Rooney fetched me a dig under my right lug, from the effects of which I am nearly deprived of my hearing; and, further, he knocked my cap clane off my head overboard—sorra the sight of it I ever saw after—and tould me I was an Orangeman, though it's quite the reverse I am; and thin he offered to box me on the forecastle, your honour.'

'Well, Corporal Rooney, what have you now to say?' asked Captain Hopkins.

'Why, sir, he aggravated me, and threw reflictions and disparagements upon our regimint. Says he: "You and the rest of your corps are a set of spalpeens. When ye marched into Mullingar, it was ye that claned out our mess tins, as if you had ate nothing for an entire week of Sundays, and never gave us in return as much as a dram, or blast of a pipe, or a mouthful of tobaccy. And as for yourself (maning me, sir), you think yourself a very fine fellow since you got that *sthripe* upon your arm. You are getting as proud as one of Paddy Wall's pigs, and in two hours I wouldn't matter much pulling your dirty nose." I couldn't stand him at all, at all, sir; I tould him he'd better keep his jaw to himself; that I was as good a mother's child as he was any day; and that it was a dirty mane thing of him to be casting up about the bit and sup that his regimint gave ours whin we came off the march. It was only jist what the likes of any regimint would do to another in similar circumstances. Upon this, your honour, he spat in my face, and thin I gave him a dig, to shew him how to obsarve politeness and manners for the futer; told him though I had a *sthripe*, that would not be the rason of privinting me giving him satisfaction; and that, if he plased, I would take a round out of him on the forecastle; and there's the story for your honour. His cap did go overboard; but I am willing to pay for it, if you will only look over the business this time, and I will promise you I will give Tim Doolan a wide berth for the futer.'

'On the promise you have made, I will pass the thing over this time. Sergeant, the prisoner is forgiven. Now, Muggins,' resumed Hopkins, 'you see how these fellows are beginning already. Wait a little, and the bickerings will break forth in the cuddy; but here comes the paymaster's wife and her darlings. Why, they look as if they were all in the measles; but I must say something to them. How do you do, Mrs Moneypenny? and you, Miss Eliza? and you, Miss Jane?'

'Oh, laws! Captain Hopkins, oh, laws!' exclaimed Mrs Moneypenny; 'what is to become of me and my poor

dear lambs—we are nearly devoured by vermin? You might sweep the bugs together, and take them up in handfuls. Oh! my dear Captain Hopkins, what is to become of us?'—and Mrs Moneypenny and daughters burst individually and collectively into tears.

'Why, it is distressing, no doubt,' replied old Hopkins, at the same time trying to repress a sardonic grin; 'but I assure you, Mrs Moneypenny, it is only a trifle in comparison to what you will suffer on your landing from the mosquitoes.' After delivering this delightful piece of information, he glided to his cabin, chuckling at the idea of having sold old Mother Moneypenny a real bargain.

'There is one comfort,' soliloquised young Muggins, aside; 'there are others uncomfortable aboard this ship besides myself; at all events, if the Misses Moneypenny do not improve in their looks before the passage is over, there is no fear of my falling in love with them. But the bell rings, and there goes the black steward. Better, again, there goes the dinner. I will try what a little soup will do for me.' And in stalks Ensign Muggins into the cuddy.

The cuddy was a long narrow cabin, not across the ship, as the general arrangement is, but running lengthways, or, nautically to express it, from fore to aft; about nineteen feet long and ten broad, with small cabins for officers on each side. In this miserable hole about twenty-five persons were crammed daily, to eat pea-soup, salt pork, junk, and, as long as the fresh provisions lasted, a portion of the same. A life of this kind, day after day, is very monotonous. Sometimes a distant sail may appear on the horizon. An attempt is made to speak her in vain; she is on the other tack. A shark perhaps has been caught, and a crowd gathers on the deck to gaze at the dying monster. One day a calm—then a storm; a lull—and then a sudden squall; but, to make the passage quick, after a certain time Madeira is made, and the Cape de Verds are passed; by this time the passengers are fulfilling Hopkins's predictions fast—going it tooth and nail. Eight weeks are past. By observation, we are in the

latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. The poor skipper is nearly driven mad by the continual dictation and interference of the passengers: one set begging him to put into the Cape; others, thinking it will only finally keep them at sea longer, are averse to his doing so; he quarrelling with his mates, and his mates with him; even the black steward, seeing how affairs are going on, has mustered courage, and given him impertinence. This is too much for the enraged skipper; he seizes the astonished nigger by the poll, and bundles him out of the cuddy.

Lieutenant Jenkins of the —th has received a challenge from Paymaster Moneypenny, some particularly good-natured person having informed the paymaster, that Lieutenant Jenkins made some highly improper remarks on Miss Moneypenny the preceding evening, while she was walking on the quarter-deck with Cornet Twaddle of the —th. Mrs Moneypenny, furious, and adjuring her better-half to have no mercy upon that odious young puppy Jenkins.

Mrs Flannigan has been in hysterics since morning, on account of some person or persons unknown having thrown her pet lapdog Fidele overboard. Brevet Major Flannigan, the senior and commanding officer aboard, outrageous at the act, swearing if he only knew who it was, he would bring the offender forthwith to a court-martial, and have him tried for disgraceful conduct. Old Hopkins is generally suspected for the vile deed. The lapdog invariably shewed a marked antipathy to him, cocking its tail, shewing its teeth, and snarling at him, whenever he made his appearance on the poop. And the skipper is in an awful humour again, having detected some of the officers' ladies sweeping the almonds and raisins by wholesale into their laps, for their squalling young brats. Great interest making to get the black steward reinstated in his office, from which he had been lately ejected. Rough weather again—in with the dead lights! The Cape is passed—weeks roll on—fresh provisions nearly finished. The old cock that crew every

morning had his neck twisted this afternoon; there he swings, suspended by the legs, from the ratlin. The hen-coops look most melancholy. They are tenantless—not even a quacking chick left, and the Isle of Ceylon is not yet reached. The old hog—the only survivor of the livestock—is to be sacrificed to-morrow; the beer is out, and the water ebbing very low; two sentries on the water-casks. This looks blue. Passengers by this time something like caged tigers. 'Land ahead'—joyful sound! 'There's Adam's Peak,' shouted out old Hopkins, as the mist cleared off, and the crags of the noble mountain glittered in the morning sun, and the tops of cocoa-nut trees, that gird the shore, looked green and fresh to eyes that had rested for months on the tossing billows. And now the canoes are approaching, with their outriggers like ploughshares—and the flag-staff is signalising—and the naked and graceful-figured Cingalese stand on the deck to sell their plantains and cocoa-nuts—and the Moormen sailors, with their shaven heads, are rowing lustily, the oars keeping time with some wild chant. The staff-officer has come on board with directions: 'The men to disembark in the evening.'

They have disembarked; what a dark ridge of cloud canopies the distant jungle! Hark to the distant growl of the pent-up thunder! What a lightning flash! Peal upon peal re-echoes through the startled hills. The shaken clouds discharge their fountains of waters—the roads are converted into rivers. 'Right shoulders forward!' Huzza! they are now marching into the fort, drenched by the pitiless shower; but any port after a trans*port*. The voyage is over; and the detachments, in their several quarters, sleep without rocking in the Fort of Colombo.

A CHINESE STORY.

[The annals of China give the following history as true, and we ought not to take it for romance. It has been translated from the Chinese into French by the late R. P. Dentrecolles. In China, it may be mentioned, that each town prints whatever occurs, of a singular character, in its district. They take especial care to collect accounts of the lives of individuals distinguished by arms or by letters, or who have sustained an integrity beyond the common standard. These memoirs are generally very instructive. They embody maxims calculated to improve the manners, and always point to the practice of some virtue. How many Christian writers might profitably imitate such a method, and propose to themselves the task of conveying instruction as the constant object of their works! Since the greatest demand of the present day is the demand for novelty, perhaps we may add, that within the limits of Europe, we shall scarcely find a greater novelty than a real Chinese story. Ours wears an air of strangeness; but for that it is all the better. It is well to bear in mind the observation of an ingenious Frenchman—that the Chinese write their histories with a simplicity unexampled in the rest of Asia.]

THERE once lived at Nankin three brothers—Lin the Diamond, Lin the Treasure, and Lin the Pearl. Lin the Diamond, who was the eldest, was enjoying a life of the purest happiness with Ouang, his wife, when compelled by the most pressing concerns to undertake a long journey. As they were many years without having news of him, they began to believe him dead; and Lin the Treasure, who thereby became the master of his house, assured Ouang of it so positively, that she allowed herself at last to be persuaded, and resorted to deep mourning.

Lin the Treasure had a bad heart; he was capable of the most unworthy actions. 'I shall doubt no more of it,' said he; 'my brother *is* dead, and I am the master. His wife is young and handsome; her parents are distant, and she cannot implore their aid. I must constrain her incessantly to marry: I shall get money out of it.'

He communicated his design to Yang, his wife, and commanded her to set about a proper negotiation for

marriage. Ouang rejected afar off all the propositions that were made her. She protested that she would remain a widow, and thereby honour the memory of her beloved husband. Lin the Pearl, her other brother-in-law, confirmed her in this resolution. Thus all the artifices that could be employed proved unsuccessful. And as it entered time after time into her mind, that it was by no means certain whether her husband were dead, she resolved on that point to inform herself. It was this that determined her to entreat Lin the Pearl to betake himself into the province of Chang-si, to ascertain if indeed she had had the misfortune to lose her husband, and in that case to fetch her his precious remains.

Lin the Treasure, on the departure of his younger brother, became more ardent in his pursuits. He was in a rage for gambling during several days, and in this had been so unlucky, that he knew not where to find the money to have his revenge. In the embarrassment in which he found himself, he accidentally encountered a merchant of Kiang-si who had lost his wife, and who was in search of another. Lin the Treasure embraced the occasion, and promised him his sister-in-law. The merchant accepted the proposition, after having taken the precaution to inform himself secretly whether the person proposed to him were young and handsome. When thus assured, he produced thirty taëls,* to conclude the bargain.

Lin the Treasure, having received this sum, said to the merchant: 'I ought to apprise you, that my sister-in-law is proud, disdainful, and extremely fastidious. She will make many obstacles when she comes to quit the house, and you will have much trouble in prevailing with her. Observe, then, what you ought to do. This evening, at nightfall, have a couch, adorned according to custom, and some good bearers: come noiselessly, and present yourself at our door. The lady who will appear, with a head-dress of mourning, is my sister-in-law; speak not a

* About six shillings sterling.

word to her, and listen not to what she would say to you; but seize on her at once, cast her into the couch, conduct her on board your bark, and make sail.'

This expedient pleased the merchant very much, and the execution appeared to him easy.

Lin the Treasure, having returned to the house, dissembled himself in presence of his sister-in-law, in order that she might suspect nothing of the project he had formed; but so soon as she had withdrawn, he imparted it in confidence to his wife; and indicating the lovely Ouang by a spiteful jest, 'It must be,' said he, 'that this two-footed merchandise go forth this night of our house. As to that, I trouble myself little. I wish not, however, to find myself present at that scene, and I shall go abroad for some moments. Towards nightfall, some people, well accompanied, will come to our gate, and carry her off in a well-closed couch'——

He would have proceeded, when he was all at once arrested by a noise which he heard. It was his sister-in-law, who was passing near the chamber-window. Lin the Treasure thereupon hurried out by another door; and the precipitation of his retreat permitted him not to add all the circumstances of the abduction, and especially the mark of the *head-dress of mourning*, by which the Lady Ouang was to have been distinguished. This happened, without doubt, by an especial providence from Heaven.

Ouang easily perceived that the noise which she had made nigh to the window, had obliged Lin the Treasure abruptly to break off the conversation; but she had heard enough of it, to be unable to doubt concerning the evil intentions of her brother-in-law. She entered the chamber, and approaching Yang-sang, to her declared her apprehensions. 'My dear sister,' said she to her, 'you behold an unhappy widow, who is knit to you by the closest ties of a friendship which was ever most sincere. It is by this friendship that I implore you to avow to me frankly, if *my brother-in-law* still persists in wishing to force me to *marriage* which will tend to my confusion?'

At this demand, Yang at first appeared disconcerted, and blushed; but speedily assuming a countenance more assured, 'What think you of, my sister?' said she; 'and what imaginations do you put into your mind? If it were proposed to re-marry you, do you believe we should be very much embarrassed by it? Eh! What good to throw one's self in the water, before the vessel is threatened with shipwreck?'

As soon as the Lady Ouang heard this proverb, *drawn from the vessel*, she better comprehended the meaning of the secret discourse of her brother-in-law. She broke out into lamentations and sighs, and abandoning herself to grief, shut herself up in her chamber, where she wept, groaned, and bewailed herself. 'Oh, I am most wretched!' cried she; 'I know not who may become my husband. Lin the Pearl, my brother-in-law and my friend, on whom I could have depended, is on a journey; my father, my mother, my friends, are far distant from this place; if this affair be precipitated, how shall I be able to apprise them? I have no aid to expect from our neighbours; Lin the Treasure is a terror to the whole district, and they know that he is capable of the greatest villainics. Unfortunate being that I am, I shall never escape his snares! If I fall not into them to-day, I shall to-morrow, or within a very short time. Everything well considered, let me close this painful existence; let me die in good time—that will be much better than enduring a thousand and a thousand deaths; and what is my life, if not one continual death?'

The trepidations of this unhappy lady lasted till night, and after much reflection, she confirmed herself in the determination to die, rather than fall into the hands of her ravishers. As soon as the sun disappeared from the horizon, and the obscurity of night supplied his place, she shut herself up, without light, in her chamber, and cried: 'Almighty Tien, avenge me, protect me!' Her distresses and desolation were so great, that she threw off her head-dress, tore her hair, and yielding to the wildest grief, she *fell, very faint* and exhausted, heavily on the floor. The

noise of this disaster caused Dame Yang to rush towards the spot, and finding the door secured, she forced it with a bar. As she was without light, in entering the chamber she entangled her feet in the dress of the Lady Ouang, and tumbled backwards. This mishap threw her head-dress to a considerable distance, and the fright with which she was seized rendered her for several moments insensible. As soon as she had regained her consciousness, she raised herself, went in search of a light, and returned to the chamber, where she found the Lady Ouang still extended immovably on the ground.

At the instant, when she would have procured assistance, she heard some one strike softly on the door of the house. She doubted not that it was the merchant of Kiang-si, who was coming in search of the wife whom he had purchased. She wished to hasten to his reception, and introduce him into the chamber of her sister-in-law. Her eagerness, and the scruple which she had against shewing herself without a head-dress, caused her to pick up the mourning one of the Lady Ouang, which she found at hand.

It was truly the merchant of Kiang-si, who had come to carry off the lady promised him. He had brought a wedding-litter, decorated with silken streamers, with festoons of flowers, and innumerable beautiful lamps. It was surrounded by domestics bearing lighted torches, and a band of musicians with flutes and hautboys. All this retinue was drawn up in the street, without the instruments being played or noise being made. The merchant himself was detached from it, and had struck gently at the gate. But having found it ajar, he entered the house, with some of those who held the flambeaux to shew the way.

As soon as the Dame Yang appeared, the merchant noticed upon her the mourning head-dress, which was the token assigned him; and being, besides, charmed with her appearance, and some glimpses of her countenance, *threw himself* upon her, like a hungry glutton upon a little *bird.* The people in his train hastened up, carried off

the lady, and enclosed her in the litter, which was all prepared for her reception. She made a good outcry that they deceived themselves, that it was not she whom they sought: the flourish of instruments was instantly heard, and drowned her voice, whilst the litter-bearers stepped out with the more good-will, in order to transport her to the bark.

During this time, the Lady Ouang had come to herself, and recovered her recollection. The great disturbance which she heard at the door of the house renewed her alarms, and caused her mortal uneasiness. But as she perceived that the sound of the instruments, and that confusion of voice and of music which had struck up all at once, wore further off every moment, she re-assured herself; and in a few minutes she regained courage, and went forth to see what was ado.

The Lady Ouang having called many times in vain for her sister-in-law, comprehended that the merchant had deceived himself, and that he had carried off her whom he did not seek; but she dreaded some troublesome vicissitude when Lin the Treasure should become aware of the mistake. She shut herself up in her chamber; gathered up the head-trimmings, the earrings, and the *black** head-dress, which lay upon the ground; and she thereupon dreamed of courting a brief repose; but it was impossible for her to close an eye all the night long.

At the break of day she arose, washed her face; and whilst she searched for her head-dress of mourning to put on, she heard a great noise at the house-door. Some one beat it rudely, and called: 'Open, now!'

It was Lin the Treasure, whose voice she recognised. Her part was speedily taken: she left him to knock there without response. He swore, he stamped, he roared enough to make himself hoarse. At length the Lady Ouang drew near to the door, and keeping behind without

* In Europe, mourning is generally black; in China and Japan it is, on the *contrary*, white, as amongst the ancient Spartan and Roman *ladies*.

opening it, 'Who is it that knocks,' said she, 'and makes such a noise?'

Lin the Treasure, who distinguished well enough the voice of his sister-in-law, was seized with extreme consternation. His confusion was unbounded, perceiving that she refused to open. He had recourse to an expedient, which succeeded with him. 'Sister-in-law,' said he, 'good and happy news! Lin the Pearl, my younger brother, is returned, and our elder brother enjoys perfect health. Open quickly!'

At this agreeable intelligence, the Lady Ouang, hastily assuming the black head-dress, which had been left by Dame Yang, opened with eagerness, expecting to find her good brother-in-law, Lin the Pearl; but in vain her eyes sought him—she perceived only Lin the Treasure. The latter proceeded to his apartment; but not finding his wife there, and remarking a black head-dress on the head of his sister-in-law, he then feared his misfortune. 'Ha! where, then, is your sister-in-law?' said he to Ouang.

'You should know better than I,' replied that lady, 'since it is you who have contrived this nice intrigue.'

'But,' replied Lin the Treasure, 'why wear you not the *white* head-dress? Have you laid aside your mourning?'

The Lady Ouang had the condescension to relate to him what had occurred in his absence.

Scarcely had she finished, when Lin the Treasure beat his breast passionately, and worked himself up to despair. Regaining his temper, at length, by slow degrees, 'I have still one expedient in misfortune,' said he to himself; 'and that is, to sell my sister-in-law. With the money she will fetch me, I will buy another wife, and none shall know I have been unhappy enough to sell my own.' He had gambled all the preceding night, and lost the thirty taëls which he had received of the merchant of Kiang-si, who was already very far away with his new spouse.

He was preparing to sally forth to go negotiating this *new bargain*, when he observed at the door four or five

individuals, who pressed for admission. These were his elder brother Lin the Diamond, his younger brother Lin the Pearl, his nephew Hieul, and two domestics who were bearing the luggage. Lin the Treasure, confounded at this sight, had not the face to endure their presence; he evaded them as quickly as he could by the back-door, and disappeared like lightning.

The Lady Ouang, transported with joy, hastened to receive her dear husband. But how incredibly lively were her emotions when she perceived a son, whom she loved with exceeding tenderness, and had long given up as lost. She scarce could recognise him, he had grown so tall and handsome. 'Ah, by what good-fortune,' cried she, 'have you recovered this dear child, whom I had believed lost?'

Lin the Diamond gave his wife a recital of his whole adventures, and she, in turn, related to him at large all the indignities to which Lin the Treasure had subjected her, and the extremities to which he had reduced her. Lin the Diamond, on this occasion, accorded to his virtuous spouse the just praises which her fidelity merited. He exclaimed, in concluding: 'If, by a blind passion for wealth, I had retained two hundred taëls which I found by chance, how should I have been able to retrace our dear son? If avarice had prevented me from devoting twenty taëls to succour those who had suffered shipwreck, my dear brother should have perished in the waves, and I have seen him no more. If, by an unexpected adventure, I had not encountered that excellent brother, how should I have timeously discovered the trouble and confusion which reigned in my house? Without that, my dear wife, we should never have seen ourselves reunited, our family should have been dismembered and plunged into affliction. This is all the effect of a particular providence of Heaven, which has brought about these several events. As for my other brother—a brother most unnatural—who unwittingly has sold his own wife, he has justly drawn on himself the evils that overwhelm him. The *mighty* Tien treats men according to their

deserts. They need not believe that they can escape his justice. We may hereby learn how profitable it is to practise virtue: it is this that renders, day by day, a house more prosperous.'

Some time thereafter, the young Hieul returned to Yangtcheu, to espouse the lovely daughter of Tchin. This marriage was celebrated with great tokens of rejoicing, and to the mutual satisfaction of both families. He conducted his wife to Vousi. Their nuptials were exceedingly happy; and Heaven blessed them with a numerous offspring. They beheld a crowd of little grandsons, many of whom ultimately advanced themselves in the path of letters, and arrived at posts of the highest trust. It is thus that this family became illustrious.

AN HOSPITAL SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

'I WISH to give you,' said a British officer, in a letter to a friend during the Peninsular war, 'some idea of a scene I witnessed at Miranda do Corvo, on the ninth day of our pursuit. Yet I fear that a sight so terrible cannot be shadowed out, except in the memory of him who beheld it. I entered the town about dusk. It had been a black, grim, and gloomy sort of a day; at one time fierce blasts of wind, and at another perfect stillness, with far-off thunder. Altogether, there was a wild adaptation of the weather and the day to the retreat of a great army. Huge masses of clouds lay motionless on the sky, and then they would break up suddenly as with a whirlwind, and roll off in the red and gloomy distance. I felt myself in a state of strange excitement. My imagination got the better of my other faculties, and I was like a man in a grand but terrific dream. Thus feeling, I passed the *great cross* in the principal street, and suddenly fell in *with* an old haggard-looking wretch—a woman, who

seemed to have in her hollow eyes an unaccountable expression of cruelty—a glance like that of madness; but her deportment was quiet and rational, and she was evidently of the middle rank of society, though her dress was faded and squalid. She told me (without my asking her), in broken English, that I should find comfortable accommodations in an old convent that stood at some distance among a grove of cork-trees; pointing to them at the same time with her long shrivelled hand and arm, and giving a sort of hysterical laugh, "You will find," said she, "nobody there to disturb you."

'I followed her advice with a kind of superstitious acquiescence. There was no reason to anticipate any adventure or danger at the convent; yet the wild eyes, and the wilder voice of the poor creature, powerfully affected me; and I went on in a sort of reverie, till I had walked up a pretty long flight of steps, and was standing at the entrance to the cloisters of the convent. I then saw something that made me speedily forget the old woman, though what it was I did see, I could not, in the first moments of my amazement and horror, very distinctly comprehend.

'Above a hundred dead bodies lay and sat before my eyes, all of them apparently in the very attitude or posture in which they had died. I looked at them for at least a minute before I knew that they were all corpses. Something in the mortal silence of the place told me that I alone was alive in this dreadful company. A desperate courage enabled me to look steadfastly at the scene before me. The bodies were mostly clothed in mats and rugs, and tattered greatcoats; some of them merely wrapped about with girdles of straw, and two or three perfectly naked. Every face had a different expression, but all painful, horrid, agonised, bloodless; many glazed eyes were wide open, and perhaps this was the most shocking thing in the whole spectacle—so many eyes that saw not, all seemingly fixed upon different objects; some cast up to heaven, some looking straight forwards, and some with the white orbs turned round, and deep sunk in the sockets.

'It was a sort of hospital. These wretched beings we mostly all either desperately or mortally wounded; a after having been stripped by their comrades, they h been left there dead and to die. Such were they who, the old woman said, would not "trouble" me.

'I had begun to view this ghastly sight with some co posure, when I saw, at the remotest part of the hospit a gigantic figure, sitting covered with blood, and almo naked, upon a rude bedstead, with his back leanin against the wall, and his eyes fixed directly on mine. thought he was alive, and shuddered, but he was sto dead. In the last agonies, he had bitten his under-l almost off, and his long black beard was drenched clotted gore, that likewise lay in large blots on h shaggy bosom. I recognised the corpse. He had been sergeant in a grenadier regiment, and was, during t retreat, distinguished for acts of savage valour. One d he killed with his own hand Henry Warburton, the righ hand man of my own company, perhaps the finest ma and most powerful man in the British army. My soldie had nicknamed him with a very coarse appellation, and really felt as if he and I were acquaintances. There he s as if frozen to death. I went up to the body, and, raisi up the giant's muscular arm, it fell down again with hollow sound against the bloody side of the corpse.

'My eyes unconsciously wandered along the wal They were covered with grotesque figures, and caric tures of the English, absolutely drawn in blood. Horr blasphemies, and the most shocking obscenities in t shape of songs, were in like manner written there; a you may guess what an effect they had upon me, wh the wretches who had transcribed them lay dead corps around me. I saw two books lying on the floor. I lift them up; one seemed to be full of the most hideo obscenity; the other was the Bible! It is impossible tell you the horror produced in me by this circumstanc The books fell from my hands; they fell upon the brea *of one of* the bodies—it was a woman's breast! A wom *had lived* and died in such a place as this! What h

been in that heart, now still, perhaps only a few hour before, I knew not. It is possible, love strong as death—love, guilty, abandoned, depraved, and linked by vice unto misery, but still love, that perished but with the last throb, and yearned in the last convulsion towards some one of these grim dead bodies. I think some such idea as this came across me at the time; or has it now only arisen?

'Near this corpse lay that of a mere boy, certainly not more than seventeen years of age. There was a little copper figure of the Virgin Mary round his neck, suspended by a chain of hair. It was of little value, else it had not been suffered to remain there. In his hand was a letter; I saw enough to know that it was from his mother—*Mon cher fils*, &c. It was a terrible place to think of mother—of home—of any social human ties. Have these ghastly things parents, brothers, sisters, lovers? Were they all once happy in peaceful homes? Did these convulsed, and bloody, and mangled bodies, once lie in undisturbed beds? Did those clutched hands once press in infancy a mother's breast? Now, all was loathsome, terrible, ghostlike. Human nature seemed here to be debased and brutified. Will such creatures, I thought, ever live again—robbers, incendiaries, murderers, suicides (for a dragoon lay with a pistol in his hand, and his skull shattered to pieces), *heroes*? The only two powers that reigned here were Agony and Death! Whatever might have been their characters when alive, all faces were now alike. I could not, in those fixed contortions, tell what was pain from what was anger—misery from wickedness.

'It was now growing dark, and the night was setting in stormier than the day. A strong flash of lightning suddenly illuminated this hold of death, and for a moment shewed me more distinctly the terrible array. A loud squall of wind came round about the dwelling, and the old window-casement gave way, and fell with a shivering crash in upon the floor. Something rose up with an angry growl from among the dead bodies. It was a huge lark-coloured wolf-dog, with a spiked collar round his

neck; and seeing me, he leaped forwards with gaunt and bony limbs. I am confident that his jaws were bloody. I had instinctively moved backwards towards the door. The surly savage returned growling to his lair, and in a state of stupefaction, I found myself in the open air. A bugle was playing, and the light infantry company of my own regiment was entering the village with loud shouts and huzzas.'

Reader, this is a fearful picture of the miseries inseparable from war. We are told that there is something noble in that unhallowed art, which teaches man to imbue his hand in his brother's blood; that there is something generous in that fine chivalric spirit which thereby *kindles* in the hour of alarm, and rushes with delight among the thickest scenes of danger and of enterprise; that man is never more proudly arrayed than when, elevated by a contempt for death, he looks serene while the arrows of destruction are flying on every side; that, expunge war, and you expunge some of the brightest names in the catalogue of human virtues, and demolish that theatre on which have been displayed some of the sublimest energies of the human character. It is thus that war has been invested with a most pernicious splendour, and the common sense of mankind been abused.

A STORY OF THE VENDEAN REIGN OF TERROR.*

WHILE residing at Nantes, I had repeatedly heard of a person, usually called the Wild Man of the Rocks, who had taken up his abode in a secluded cave, and had there passed many years, only issuing forth now and then by night to receive the means of sustaining life from the charity of the neighbouring villagers. It was well known

* This tale is abridged from a French work, entitled *The Hermit in the Provinces*, the production of M. E. Jouy, a well-known traveller in his native land.

that he had been a physician in Bretagne at the era of the first Revolution, and that he had escaped in some extraordinary manner from the proscriptions of the terrible Carrier, one of the worst of the many wretches whom the agitations of that time raised to note and power, and who made the city of Nantes the scene of calamities far exceeding those of even Paris itself. But no one knew the particulars of the history of Lormet, as the old hermit was named. I was seized with a curiosity to see him, and after some difficulty, not only accomplished my wish, but prevailed upon him to relate to me the events which had affected him so deeply as to cause his voluntary separation from the society of his fellow-creatures.

'I was thirty years old,' said Lormet, whom I found to be no maniac, as some supposed, but a calm and thoughtful old man, 'and was engaged in the exercise of my profession in that part of Bretagne called La Vendée, when the civil troubles began to desolate our unhappy province. A principal part of my employment consisted in my attendance upon the distinguished families of Josselin and Rochemaure, the existing members of which honoured me with their warmest friendship. These houses, connected by frequent former alliances, were about to be still more closely united by the projected marriage of Isidor de Josselin and Hortense de Rochemaure, the heirs of their respective families. The end of the year 1792 had been fixed upon for this union. Isidor, the eldest of three sons, was at this time only twenty-two years of age; but he had already given such indications of talent, and had exhibited so many virtues, as to be looked upon by the whole province as one destined to high distinction among his countrymen. Hortense was an orphan. She had reached the age of seventeen years, and lived with the Marquis de Rochemaure, her grandfather, by whom she was almost idolised; and if beauty and amiability of character could excuse a feeling so strong, Hortense was one well worthy of it. The betrothed pair *had been fondly* attached to one another from childhood,

and everything was full of smiling promise for their future happiness.

'Such was the state of the two families when the standard of civil war was raised in the provinces, and a proclamation addressed to the gentry of Bretagne, calling upon them to take part with the Republic. In the absence of her husband, who had gone abroad at the first outbreak of the Revolution, Madame Josselin repaired with her three sons to the Château de Rochemaure, to take counsel with the old marquis as to the steps proper for herself and her family to adopt in the existing conjuncture. I was present,' continued Lormet, 'at that consultation. The marquis advised Madame de Josselin herself to join her husband without delay. "As to your sons," said the marquis, "they should remember the Athenian law, which condemned to death every citizen who did not take *one* side or another in times of civil trouble. They held it base in any one to wait till he saw what would be his interest, before declaring what his course was to be. Your sons are now old enough to judge of their duty, and they should follow it. For me, I am too old to bear arms in any cause, or to seek an asylum in a foreign land, and it is my resolve to wait here the issue of events in quietness, so long as I am permitted to enjoy it. But the issue, I fear, will be dark and calamitous to all France."

'Madame de Josselin adopted the counsel of the marquis, and left the country with her youngest son. Her two elder children, notwithstanding the prejudices of birth, had long been alive to the wrongs inflicted on the people of France by their superiors, and they gave in their adherence accordingly to the popular cause. Isidor was immediately named commandant of a volunteer battalion of the Loire, and at the head of it was sent to Mayence, to join General Kleber. But the hope which the young man had entertained of being appointed to combat with his country's foreign enemies was suddenly *brought to* an end. The garrison of Mayence, of which *he formed* a part, was ordered to La Vendée, the very

province of his birth, and the abode of his Hortense. Against it was he to go as an enemy, and there to engage in mortal contest with his countrymen and friends. So deeply did this idea distress him, that on reaching La Vendée with General Kleber, whose favour he had completely gained, Isidor made an appeal to his commander to be permitted temporarily to quit the army. But this appeal was met by a hint of the reflections which might be thrown out against him by others, especially as a battle was hourly expected; and Isidor at once saw that, at the moment at least, he could not honourably be relieved from his painful situation. He remained, was present at the engagement of Torfou, and had the honour of being advanced to the rank of chief-of-brigade by Kleber, for his conduct on the field. But Kleber was immediately called to the Army of the North, and the subsequent disposition of things compelled Isidor to remain behind with his battalion. His entreaties procured a promise, however, that the general would send for him to the north within a month afterwards.

'The inquiries of Isidor procured him intelligence respecting Hortense and her grandfather that at once pleased and vexed him. He learned that the neutrality preserved by the marquis had not saved him from suspicion, and that he had been compelled to quit his château, but had escaped with his grand-daughter to some place not known. Trusting that they were in safety, the young soldier longed for the summons of Kleber to take him from a scene where the fulfilment of his duty was so painful. But at this time Carrier, the execrable Carrier, came to Nantes. With the eagerness of a blood-hound, this man caused the republican soldiers to scour the country incessantly in search of prey. Isidor was forced to act under his orders for a few days, and was sent with his battalion to take the castle of Clisson, where several Vendean chiefs, it was known, were accustomed to meet. When in action, Isidor forgot all but his immediate duty, and on this occasion he speedily made his way, at the *head of a few of* his men, into the castle. In a lowe

hall, he found five or six wounded Vendean officers. "Surrender, gentlemen," cried Isidor, "and I pledge my word for the safety of your lives!" His men echoed the pledge.

"You promise more than you can perform," replied an old Vendean officer calmly. "Once taken prisoners, we are in the hands of Carrier, not yours; and we must certainly perish on the scaffold. Permit us to go," continued he after a pause, "and we shall yield our arms, and engage never more to bear them against the Republic."

'This was all that Isidor desired from those whom he opposed in this civil struggle, and he consulted his comrades with the view of gaining their consent. Guided by him, they gave it at once, and the officers were told that they were at liberty to depart. Before going, however, the old officer again spoke. "I have another prayer to make," said he. "Do not burn the castle. It was the cradle of a brave man, and such an edifice should be sacred." Having said these words, he turned to Isidor, and whispered a brief sentence in his ear, after which he departed with his friends.

'That whisper affected Isidor most painfully. He became deadly pale, and staggered back, as if struck by a cannon-shot. The sound of firearms recalled him to activity, if not to composure, and he rushed out to discover the cause. Alas! the poor Vendeans had been observed by others of the investing band, and before a word of explanation could pass, had been shot on the spot. Immediately afterwards, the whole of the soldiers entered the castle, and a search commenced, in which the young commander, contrary to his usual custom, appeared to take the most active share. Under the plea of anxiety to fulfil his duty, he allowed no one to search but with himself. The task at length was finished, and then the troop, according to their usual custom, proceeded to set the place on fire. Isidor addressed them in opposition to *this design*. He called to their recollection its founder, *Oliver* de Clisson, the terror of the Flemings, and scourge

of the English; and concluded by saying that, in any case, they ought not to destroy the castle except by express orders, especially as he had proposed to occupy it as a favourable station for continuing the war. This little harangue had the desired effect. The castle was evacuated, and Isidor made all possible haste to report the issue of the expedition to the officer above him in command, who, at the young soldier's own suggestion, sent him back with a single picket of cavalry, to occupy Clisson and its neighbourhood. Isidor established his men in a building at the end of the park, and then took an opportunity of entering alone the deserted castle.

'The scene which then took place is not to be described. There Isidor, as he had been warned by the Vendean chief, found his beloved Hortense and her grandfather, concealed in the secret chamber where the family papers were kept. It may be imagined with what terror the proposal to burn the castle inspired him. The secreted pair, he found, had been prepared to fly in the garb of peasants towards Paris, just before the castle was taken. Now, the scheme was renewed. Isidor, over whose mind the remembrance of the terrible Carrier threw an inexpressible degree of alarm, counselled flight on the following day. This being arranged, he tore himself from them, to avoid raising suspicion. An awful shock awaited him on rejoining his men. A paper was handed to him, containing these words:—"By order of the representatives of the people, Carrier and Francastel, the chief-of-battalion, Josselin, will instantly arrest and conduct towards Nantes, the rebel Rochemaure, whom he will find concealed in the castle of Clisson," &c. The unhappy young officer, as soon as night fell, returned to the castle, and without being able to articulate a word, placed the order in the hands of M. de Rochemaure. "I expected it," said the old man calmly.

'Hortense saw by the looks of her lover that something alarming had occurred. "Tell me, Isidor, what has *happened? Tell* me, I conjure you!"

'The youth turned away his head, but the marquis answered for him. "It would be of no avail to conceal it. The poor boy has received orders, my child, to arrest me."

'Hortense gave a cry of poignant distress, and threw her arms around her grandsire. "We must all fly instantly," cried Isidor, starting as if from stupor; "the park adjoins a forest which I have well examined. We can find temporary safety there at least, and may afterwards reach the hamlet beyond."

"That is what I was about to propose," said the old marquis. "You have no other way, Isidor, of saving your wife—yes, your *wife;* for from this moment Hortense is yours, and you must answer for her protection before Heaven and before men!"

'Such a thought was capable of giving pleasure to the unfortunate pair, even in that hour of distress; and they kneeled down to receive the old man's blessing. Having given this with tears, the marquis continued to enjoin the necessity of flight.

"My father," exclaimed Hortense, "you do not speak of yourself."

'The marquis now pointed out the necessity of their separation. He said that his age and infirmities would but impede their flight, and render it vain; and that he himself would even be safer alone. To all this, Hortense had but one reply: "No, no, I will never quit you—never!"

'An hour was spent by the marquis in endeavouring to combat this resolve of his grandchild. The period of safety was fast passing by, for Isidor had been informed that Carrier's detestable body-guard were to come at morning, to meet him and receive his prisoners. At length, finding Hortense still resolute, the marquis arose, and saying solemnly: "Isidor, remember your duty to your wife," went into a little side-apartment. In an instant, the sound of a pistol indicated that the old man had sacri*ficed himself* to terminate the scruples of his grandchild, *and enable* her to be saved!

'It was with great difficulty, and only after a long delay, that Isidor could separate Hortense from the body of her unfortunate parent. But he finally prevailed upon her to quit the castle. The pair entered the forest, and after walking till dawn, reached the banks of the Loire at the village of Broussards. They had the hope, if they could procure a boat to convey them across the river, that they would then be in comparative safety; and they were on the point of entering one, when some soldiers, belonging to one of the roving bands of the republican army, were drawn to the spot. The extraordinary beauty of Hortense attracted the admiration of these ruffians, and they attempted to stop the embarkation. Isidor ordered them to desist, announcing himself as the commandant of Clisson; but his words only bred suspicion, and he was compelled to draw his sword and repel them by force. More of the wretches came to the spot, however, and the unhappy lovers were both seized and hurried off to Nantes, which was close by, for examination. The anxiety of any person to escape was in those times fit cause for apprehension and execution.

'On that day,' continued Lormet, 'I myself had been thrown into prison. I was seated on a bench amid a crowd of other unfortunates, not one of whom had even a hope of life, when my attention was attracted by a conversation close behind me. "We shall at least die together, Isidor!" said a low female voice.

"No, no, you shall not die, Hortense!" was the reply; "so much youth, and beauty, and innocence, must find grace even with these monsters."

"If you love me, Isidor, do not even wish such a thing. I have seen my father expire, and death awaits my husband—yes, my husband, Isidor, and no power shall prevent me sharing his fate."

'The two speakers wept for a time in each other's embrace. "But what a death, Hortense!—Oh, you know not all its horrors!"

"We may escape, Isidor," said she, in a whisper almost *of exultation;* "we are not without the means."

'I turned round as she spoke, and saw that her features bore the marks of the deepest despair.

'It was now that I spoke to the ill-fated lovers, and that the deed was consummated which has made me spend my days in solitary prayer far from the dwellings of men. Isidor and Hortense knew me instantly, and, in the contemplation of my misfortunes, forgot their own for a moment. But this forgetfulness could not last long. I told them I had overheard all, and Isidor, with indescribable eagerness, besought me, if I could, to rescue Hortense from the horrible indignities of a death such as Carrier gave his victims. I understood him too well. About my person I had a small quantity of poison—the necessity was dreadful. Why linger on the issue? Believing that I was conferring a benefit, and, indeed, feeling that I was making a great personal sacrifice, I gave it to the unhappy pair. It saved them from all sense of the barbarities that followed in a few hours, when one hundred and twenty-five unfortunates, men, women, and children, were taken on board a boat, tied together by pairs, and drowned in the Loire, in presence of Carrier and his band. The accompanying brutalities of the scene are not to be told. These were the too famous *Noyades* (drownings) of La Vendée!

'I saw,' concluded Lormet, 'the bodies of Isidor and Hortense committed to the waters of the Loire. I myself underwent the same doom, but by a train of accidental circumstances, which have no particular interest, found myself rescued from death. For all that has happened to myself, I might still be among men, but I prefer to remain in solitude, and feed my thoughts with the remembrance of the unhappy pair with whose fate I was connected—a pair such, in person and mind, as Heaven has seldom lent to earth.'

BOUTS RIMÉS.

THERE are some things in this world which severely sensible people are apt to think very silly, but which are, nevertheless, useful things enough, seeing that they enable many people to pass, in a very agreeable way, and quite harmlessly to others, time which would otherwise hang heavily on their hands. Bouts Rimés take their place amongst those things. They are of French origin and invention, as befits their light and playful character. A Parisian poet of the seventeenth century, named Dulot, one day made the strange complaint in company, that he had had three hundred sonnets stolen from him. The amount of this lot of poetical property astonished everybody. 'Oh,' said he, 'they were only blank sonnets or rhymes (*bouts rimés*) of all the sonnets I may have occasion to write.' He had, it appeared, employed himself in drawing up columns of rhyming words in the form of sonnets, with the design of filling in the lines and the ideas when he could get leisure, or when the Muse might so far favour him. The idea was too whimsical not to produce an impression, and we are told that, in consequence of Dulot's statement, all the wits in Paris immediately set about making up sonnets, on the principle of fixing the rhymes first. A quarto volume of bouts rimés was published in 1648, the first work of the kind we are aware of, but not the last. The art, or sport as it may be called, afterwards found its way to other countries, and to our own amongst the rest. Horace Walpole was not guiltless of the frivolity, for, on having prescribed to him the rhymes—

brook,
why,
crook,
I,

he instantly produced the following verse, to which he

gave the title of

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I sits with my toes in a brook,
And if any one asks me for why,
I hits 'em a rap with my crook,
And ''tis sentiment kills me,' says I.

It is of course obvious, that a party of friendly people, spending a winter evening together, may, amongst other amusements, resort to that of scribbling bouts rimés. All may not be alike quick or ingenious in filling up the prescribed rhymes; but the wits of all will be exercised, and, while some of the resulting verses will surprise and amuse by their felicity, others will perhaps occasion a still heartier burst of laughter by their very lameness and emptiness. Those nearest a match will be eager to excel each other in bringing the verse quickly out, as well as in bringing out a good verse; and those who despair of making up verses of their own, may take an interest in the proceedings of the readier wits, and find a disinterested pleasure in *backing* one clever fellow, or one smart young lady, against another. Much jocularity must evidently attend such an intellectual competition as this, and, perhaps, some little sharpening of mind may also be the consequence. At the least, the party will find that they have spent two or three hours innocently and happily, and do not like each other the worse for the drollery they have been indulging in together.

It is well, in such a case, if clever verses are produced; but this is not absolutely essential. In such private exercises of the poetical talent, people do not look for the expression, correctness, and effect, which they expect in compositions submitted to them in print. They will find themselves ready to say: 'Pretty fair,' 'Very well,' 'Ha, ha, ha; excessively good indeed,' to things which, if put coolly and typographically before them, they would be inclined to toss aside as not worthy of a moment's regard. To convince our readers of this, we shall adduce *a short* series of verses which were produced in the *course of* one evening by a merry little party, who had

fallen upon the game by chance, as a means of whiling away the time between tea and bread and cheese, and most of whom had never before heard of bouts rimés. The merit of the verses will, we expect, be considered as moderate; but that is exactly what is required to convince them of the merit of the game as a means of giving amusement, for we can assure our readers, that the production of these verses kept the party laughing for the most part of an evening.

The rhymes given out on this occasion were all of them alternate rhymes for a verse of four lines. The first set was composed of the words, *grant, ask, shan't, task;* and of the verses consequently produced, the following were the best:—

If from good nature you begin to grant
Whatever favours folks may choose to ask,
'Twill grow more difficult to say 'I shan't,'
And courtesy you'll find a heavy task!

Sweet one, I pant for what you can grant;
What is it? dost thou ask;
'Tis a kiss that I want, so don't say 'I shan't,'
When assent is an easier task.

The next rhymes given were *wave, lie, brave, die;* and of the verses written thereupon, we give three specimens—

Dark are the secrets of the gulfing wave,
Where wrapped in death so many heroes lie;
Yet glorious death's the guerdon of the brave,
And they who bravely live can bravely die!

Whenever I sail on the wave,
O'ercome with sea-sickness I lie;
I can *sing* of 'the Sea,' and look brave—
When I *feel* it, I feel like to die!

High o'er the ship came on the whelming wave—
One crash! and on her beam I saw her lie!
Shrieked loud the craven, silent stood the brave,
But hope from all had fled—'twas only left to die!

Prove, why, love, calamity, gave birth to the following stanzas:—

Of Baxter I cannot ap- prove,
And the reason is obvious why;
For the church he'd nor favour nor love,
So him I'd with Calamity.

In life we mingled joys and sorrows prove,
Confused, and none can give a reason why;
Hate quickly treads upon the heels of love,
And morning bliss quells night's calamity.

Others produced were as follow:—

What is life?
What is death?
Continued strife—
The want of breath!

Last night we viewed a lovely star,
And all admired its joyous light;
Yet to my thoughts were clearer far
The lustrous eyes of Laura bright.

Next came the following apologetic strain from the fair Laura herself:—

I am not quick as thought,
Indeed I'm dull as night;
In fact, I'm fit for nought,
But just to follow light!

One or two more, and we have done with the compositions of our evening-party—

Few things appear more sad
Than to see an old man weep;
And few make the mind more glad
Than a crying child asleep!

The purity and joy of heavenly love
For earth's dull regions is too bright a thing,
Yet may the hope of future joys above
To denizens of earth some pleasure bring!

About forty years ago, or rather less, it so happened that a set of poetical wits resided in or about the town of Anstruther, in Fife, all of whom became very much knit up in the bonds of good-fellowship together, contrary to all precedent in their proverbially irritable and mutually repulsive fraternity. Finding much pleasure in versifying, and shewing their verses to each other, they at length agreed to embody themselves into a society, and become subject to the regulations of solemn and periodic meeting. 'The brethren were accordingly,' *to quote* their own words in one of their publications, '*constituted* into an *union* of rhymsters: their code of

laws was framed and sanctioned; diplomas conveying a licence to rhyme and scribble in all shapes and manners, were worded in language fully as important and sounding as those of universities for doctors in divinity. Long strings of rhymes were no sooner issued by the Presiding Bard, to be supplied with thought, than those dry bones and clattering skeletons of Poetry stood, to our astonishment, before us, in all the fatness and bloom of completion. In short, the associated rhymsters swore eternal friendship and good-humour over the altar of that heathenish god whose fire is their brain's inheritance, and uttering a joint ejaculation for his powerful assistance, they bowed the knee before their inspiring idol.' The Muso-maniac Society, as it was fitly enough called, met and rhymed, and rhymed and met, if not to the production of much good poetry, at least to their own immense gratification; and it has been whispered, that even learned persons from Edinburgh would occasionally appear in the Fifan burgh, having performed a journey by sea and land of thirty miles, for no other purpose than to participate in the gaieties of this merry corps. At length, unable any longer to keep so much drollery to themselves, they ventured to present to the world a thin volume, entitled *Bouts Rimés, or the Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobblers round the base of Parnassus*,'* being dedicated 'to the lovers of Rhyme, Fun, and Good-fellowship throughout the British Empire.' This volume has long ceased to be seen on the counters, or even the shelves, of all ordinary booksellers; but, by the favour of a friendly Muso-maniac, we became possessed of a copy, which will enable us to make the merry doings of the corps a little better known than heretofore.

We find in this volume no fewer than fifteen distinct and independent exercises on the rhymes, *sublime, time; day, bay; dawn, lawn; moon, noon; entire, fire; lake, shake; wing, bring; few, adieu*: and all of these, we have reason from their respective signatures to believe, were the production of different rhymers. It is extremely curious

* Edinburgh: printed for A. Mackay, High Street; W. Cockburn, *Anstruther, &c.* 1815.

to observe the diverse character of the various sets of verses, some being solemn, some sentimental, and some comic, notwithstanding their all being bound to end with the same words. It is also curious to note how the various versifiers contrive to get over, by different expedients, the one awkward word in the set of rhymes—namely, the word *entire*—as also to see the same word made to tell impressively in one production, and drolly in another. Out of the fifteen, we shall select four, as different from each other as possible—

THE POET.

With eye of fire, and haughty brow — sublime,
The poet fears thee not, destructive — Time!
He toils unmindful of the passing — day,
To gain at last the never-fading — bay;
He courts the beauties of the golden — dawn,
He dwells delighted on the dewy — lawn;
But, chief at night, when the resplendent — moon
Climbs the blue heaven to gain her silent — noon,
Entranced he stands—wild fancy reigns — entire,
And his high numbers burn with more than mortal — fire!
Heedful he views the calm unruffled — lake;
Careless he feels the earth with thunders — shake:
He soars aloft on fancy's eagle — wing,
From her high halls her airy forms to — bring;
Or, snugly seated with a chosen — few,
Bids the vain world and all its pomp — adieu!

THE LAST DAY.

How dread, methinks, how awfully — sublime,
When the last trump shall stop the march of — Time!
What shall avail, on that tremendous — day,
The hero's laurel or the poet's — bay!
Methinks I see the rosy-finger'd — dawn
Shed her last ray o'er every hill and — lawn.
Never to rise hath sunk the fulgent — moon;
The sun may rise, but never reach his — noon.
From earth, from heaven, with ripen'd force — entire,
Bursts the wild sweep of all-devouring — fire,
From heaven's high arch to the infernal — lake,
Shall all creation to her centre — shake.
Its fearful flight the trembling soul shall — wing,
And to its God each vice and virtue — bring.
Oh! may there then on earth be found but — few
Not well prepared to bid the world — adieu!

Mark Tully was a clever chiel;
His fame is spread through all the nations;
He would have stunned the very deil,
And knocked him down with his orations.

Will Pit, he was a clever chiel,
He understood the laws of nations;
His eloquence would posed the deil;
Tully ne'er uttered sic orations.

In mathematic lore, dear George,
We own thou like a king dost reign;
But, haply, on Apollo's forge
Thou hammerest poetry with pain.

One would suppose a silly pen
A shabby weapon in a scuffle;
And yet the pen of critic men
A very hero's soul would ruffle.

And so here end the humours of the Muso-maniac Society of Anstruther.

INSTANCES OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN SAILORS.*

THERE are many cases on record of individuals who, even with scarcely any other education than what they contrived to give themselves while serving in subordinate and laborious situations in the camp or on shipboard, have attained to great familiarity with books, and sometimes risen to considerable literary or scientific distinction. The celebrated English navigator, Dampier, although he had been some time at school before he left his native country, yet went to sea at so early an age, that, considering he for a long time led a vagabond and lawless life, he must have very soon forgotten everything he had been taught, if he had not, in the midst of all his wild adventures, taken great pains both to retain and extend his knowledge.

* We have found this article in a printed collection of anonymous pieces, and are therefore unable to name its author.

That he must have done so, is evident from the accounts of his different voyages which he afterwards published. We have few works of the kind more vigorously or graphically written than these volumes; and they contain abundant evidences of a scientific and philosophical knowledge of no ordinary extent and exactness. Along with Dampier's, we may mention an older name—that of John Davis, the discoverer of the well-known strait leading into Baffin's Bay. Davis also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge, both of science and of the art of composition, while engaged among the duties of his profession. Yet we not only have from his pen accounts of several of his voyages, but also a treatise on the general hydrography of the earth. He was the inventor, besides, of a quadrant for taking the sun's altitude at sea. Robert Drury, too, who wrote an account of the island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, deserves to be remembered when we are making mention of authors bred at sea. Drury was only fourteen when he set out on his voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked on returning home on the island we have mentioned, where he remained in a species of captivity for fifteen years; so that, when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, set about writing an account of his life—a task which he accomplished whilst acting in the humble capacity of a porter at the India House. The work is composed in a plain but sensible style, and contains many interesting details respecting the manners of the natives of Madagascar. It is perhaps somewhat better for having been compressed by one of the friends of the author, whose original manuscript is said to have extended to 800 large folio pages.

Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, as is generally known, spent his life from childhood at sea. He was probably born in one of the small towns in the county of *Fife*, which border the Firth of Forth; but nothing is very *certainly* ascertained either as to his native place or his

parentage. Nor has any account been given of how he acquired the elements of education, with the exception of a report, that he found an instructor in a person of the name of Campbell, a man of some literary taste and acquirements, who happened to be purser in one of the vessels in which young Falconer sailed. However this may be, Falconer appeared as an author at a very early age, having been only, it is said, in his twenty-first year when he gave to the world his first production—a poem on the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. He was ten or twelve years older when he published his *Shipwreck*, which is said to be founded in a great measure on the personal adventures of the author. Falconer did not permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw him from his profession, in which, having now transferred himself from the merchant service to the navy, he continued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a man-of-war. Some time after attaining this promotion, he published the other work by which he is chiefly known —his *Universal Marine Dictionary*, which was very favourably received, and is still a standard work. He had previously to this written several other poetical pieces on temporary subjects, which have long been forgotten. Shortly after the publication of his Dictionary, he sailed for Bengal as purser of the frigate *Aurora*. This vessel, however, was never heard of after she passed the Cape of Good Hope, having in all probability foundered at sea.

Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board one of the pope's galleys. In this situation his capacity and good conduct attracted the attention of his admiral, and as a reward he was promoted to the post of purser of one of the vessels. It was his appointment to this situation which first formed his mind to study. Having accounts to keep, he soon found how necessary it was that he should know something of arithmetic, of which he was till then quite ignorant; and he determined, therefore, to teach himself the science, which it is said he did without assistance. By pursuing his studies from

this commencement, he eventually acquired considerable reputation as a mathematician; and, having published several able works, was appointed at last to a professorship in the Sapienza College at Rome. Giordani died in the year 1711.

Mr John Fransham, who died at Norwich in 1810, was altogether one of the most eccentric characters to be found in the list of self-educated persons. His name suggests itself to us here from the circumstance of his having passed part of his early life as a common soldier. He had been originally apprenticed to a cooper, with whom he remained for about two years, and it was in this situation that he taught himself mathematics. But although he obtained the situation of clerk to an attorney, his restless disposition would not allow him to remain at his desk; and after wandering for some time about the country, he enlisted in the army, where, however, they did not keep him long, finding him quite unfit for service. Indeed, it was by this time become pretty evident, that his mind was not a little deranged—a matter which he shortly after put beyond doubt by renouncing Christianity, and making a formal profession of paganism. Although he published several works, however, in support of his peculiar theology, and in other respects conducted himself with great eccentricity, he contrived to maintain himself by teaching mathematics, in which occupation he is said to have displayed very considerable ability. He resided and took pupils for some years in London. Somewhat similar to Fransham's history, is that of Mr John Oswald, who is said to have taught himself Greek, Latin, and Arabic, while holding a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of infantry in India. He afterwards returned to England, where he published a succession of poetical and political pamphlets, making himself remarkable at the same time by various singularities of behaviour and opinions, and especially by a rigid abstinence from animal food, and a professional predilection for the religious *doctrines* of the Brahmins. When the revolution broke *out in* France, Oswald went over to that country, and

entered the service of the Republic, in which he obtained the rank of colonel. He was at length killed in battle.

Columbus, one of the greatest men that ever lived—if it be grand ideas grandly realised that constitute greatness—while leading the life of a seaman, not only pursued assiduously the studies more particularly relating to his profession, rendering himself the most accomplished geographer and astronomer of his time, but kept up that acquaintance which he had begun at school with the different branches of elegant literature. We are told that he was even wont to amuse himself by the composition of Latin verses.

It was at sea, too, that Cook acquired those high scientific, and, we may even add, literary accomplishments, of which he shewed himself to be possessed. The parents of the celebrated navigator were poor peasants, and all the school education he ever had was a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, for which he was indebted to the liberality of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. He was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to a shopkeeper, in the small town of Snaith, near Newcastle; and it was while in this situation that he was first seized with a passion for the sea. After some time, he prevailed upon his master to give up his indentures, and entered as one of the crew of a coasting vessel engaged in the coal-trade. He continued in this service till he had reached his twenty-seventh year, when he exchanged it for that of the navy, in which he soon distinguished himself so greatly, that he was three or four years after appointed master of the *Mercury*, which belonged to a squadron then proceeding to attack Quebec. Here he first showed the proficiency he had already made in the scientific part of his profession, by an admirable chart which he constructed and published of the river St Lawrence. He felt, however, the disadvantages of his ignorance of mathematics; and, while still assisting in the hostile operations carrying on against the French on the coast of North America, he applied himself to the *study of Euclid's* Elements, which he soon mastered, and

then began that of astronomy. A year or two after this, while again stationed in the same quarter, he communicated to the Royal Society an account of a solar eclipse which took place on the 5th of August 1766; deducing from it, with great exactness and skill, the longitude of the place of observation; and his paper was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He had now completely established his reputation as an able and scientific seaman; and it having been determined by government, at the request of the Royal Society, to send out qualified persons to the South Sea, to observe the approaching transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disk—a phenomenon which promised several interesting results to astronomy—Cook was appointed to the command of the *Endeavour*, the vessel fitted out for that purpose. He conducted this expedition, which, in addition to the accomplishment of its principal purpose, was productive of a large accession of important geographical discoveries, with the most consummate skill and ability; and was, the year after he returned home, appointed to the command of a second vessel destined for the same regions, but having in view more particularly the determination of the question as to the existence of a southern polar continent. He was nearly three years absent upon this voyage; but so admirable were the methods he adopted for preserving the health of his seamen, that he reached home with the loss of only one man from his whole crew. Having addressed a paper to the Royal Society upon this subject, he was not only chosen a member of that learned body, but was further rewarded by having the Copley gold medal voted to him for his experiments. Of this second voyage he drew up the account himself, and it has been universally esteemed a model in that species of writing.

All our readers know the termination of Cook's distinguished career. His third voyage, undertaken for the discovery of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, *along the* north coast of America, although unsuccessful *in reference* to this object, was fertile in geographical

discoveries, and equally honourable with those by which it had been preceded, to the sagacity, good management, and scientific skill of its unfortunate commander. The death of Captain Cook took place at Owyhee, in a sudden tumult of the natives of that island, on the 14th of February 1779. The news of the event was received with general lamentation, not only in his own country, but throughout Europe. Pensions were bestowed on his widow and three sons by the government; the Royal Society ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration of him; his eulogy was pronounced in the Florentine Academy; and various other honours were paid to his memory, both by public bodies and individuals. Thus, by his own persevering efforts, did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labour and study, and virtuous activity or endurance.

To the example of Cook, if it were necessary, we might add those of others of his countrymen, who, since his time, have shewn in like manner the possibility of uniting the cultivation of literature and science to the most zealous performance of the duties of the same laborious profession. For instance, Vancouver was a sailor formed under Cook; and to him we owe an interesting and ably written account of the voyage which he made round the world in 1790, and the four following years. Lieutenant Flinders commanded the expedition sent out in 1801, to survey the coast of New Holland, and afterwards published an account of his voyage, accompanied by a volume of

charts, which are considered as placing the author in the highest rank of modern hydrographers.

Nor ought we here to forget the late Lord Collingwood, second in command to Nelson at Trafalgar, and, in all respects, a man of first-rate merit, who, although he never sent any production to the press, has been proved by his correspondence, published since his death, to have been in reality one of the best of writers. Yet he was only thirteen when he first entered the navy, and during the remainder of his life he was scarcely ever ashore—circumstances which used to make his acquaintances wonder not a little where he got his style. He had always, however, been fond of reading and the study of elegant literature; and he found that even a life at sea afforded him many opportunities of indulging his tastes for these enjoyments.

JOHN METCALF, THE BLIND ROAD-SURVEYOR.

THE wonderful extent to which nature compensates the deprivation of one important faculty, by endowing the rest with additional acuteness, has been frequently the subject of remark. The particulars related in the following memoir strikingly illustrate this point, and shew to what a degree the power of habit, and the exercise of good sense and ingenuity, are capable of overcoming seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

John Metcalf was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in the year 1717. His parents, though decent people, were not wealthy; and the greater was considered the misfortune, therefore, when, at the age of six years, while attending a district school, John was seized with small-pox, and lost his eyesight in consequence. He had *been* noticed previously to possess good natural talents, *but it* was chiefly after the loss of his vision that he *began* to be thought a remarkable boy. Within a few

months after that event, he had taught himself to walk about his father's doors nearly as well as before, and in a few succeeding years, he could readily find his way alone to any part of Knaresborough. At the same time, he was accustomed to associate freely with boys of his own age, and became noted for his skill in climbing and other juvenile amusements. He also learned to ride, and grew so fond of that exercise, that he ventured repeatedly to follow the hounds of a gentleman of the vicinity, Mr Woodburn, who was very fond of his company in the chase. Swimming was another of young Metcalf's accomplishments, and he performed feats in this department which astonished everybody. On one occasion, when two men were drowned in the Nidd, he was employed to dive for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

Music, the usual resource of the blind, was not neglected by Metcalf. Before he reached the age of sixteen, he had acquired such proficiency on the violin, as to be engaged as a performer both at Knaresborough and at Harrogate, where he was much liked and caressed. It must be admitted, that some of his favourite diversions at this period of his life were not of the most commendable kind. He became fond of cock-fighting, and kept a number of these creatures under his own care. This amusement divided his leisure time with bowling and riding. Strange to say, with the assistance of an accurate knowledge of the ground, and other helps, he grew very skilful at bowls, and could judge of distances so well as to come off frequently the winner. With his earnings as a musical performer, he bought a horse, and not only rode frequently in the hunting-field, but ran his horse for small plates at York and elsewhere. On one occasion, he engaged, for a considerable stake, to ride his own horse three times round a circular course of a mile in length, against another party. As it was believed that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course, large odds were taken against him; but by the ingenious plan of stationing persons *with bells* at different points, he not only kept

the circle, but won the race. His skill in horseflesh
phrase runs, was astonishing, considering that the
faculty which determines the judgment of others
him a blank. He actually made considerable pro
the purchase and sale of horses.

At the age of twenty-one, John Metcalf was s
one inch and a half in height, and extremely rol
person. He was so lively in spirits, and so quick
motions, that few suspected his want at a casual
Nor durst any one presume so far upon his defect
ill-use or insult him. With his opponent once witl
grasp, he could well avenge any injury offered t
He even protected his friends against aggression,
one instance acquired the thanks of everybody,
flicting severe chastisement on a noted bully wl
misused one of his associates. Nor did his defect of
prevent him from being a favourite with the fa
Between him and Miss Benson, the daughter o
spectable innkeeper at Harrogate, a mutual af
sprang up; and notwithstanding that the lady's
opposed the match so far as to get the banns pul
with another, Miss Benson remained faithful to he
lover, and they were ultimately united in private.
his marriage, he continued to perform during every
at Harrogate, increasing his income by keeping a
or two for hire. Being indefatigable in his sear
means of bettering the condition of his family, h
travelled, at intervals of professional leisure, to th
for fish, which he brought to the markets of Lee
Manchester. Such was his quickness and ing
that no accident ever happened to himself or his
on these journeys.

When the Rebellion broke out in 1745, Metcalf's s
spirit led him to join the English army as a mu
and he remained with them up till the victory
loden. He then returned home, but not until h
formed a plan of future employment from what
learned—for we can scarcely say observed—in Sc
He adopted the idea, that a number of the cott

worsted manufactures of the north would sell well in England, and accordingly he made one or two journeys back to Scotland for these stuffs, which he disposed of in Yorkshire. Among a thousand articles, he knew exactly what each cost him, from a peculiar mode of marking. Still this trafficking did not prove suitable for a permanent line of life, and in 1751, he commenced driving a stage-wagon, twice a week in summer and once in winter, between York and Knaresborough. This employment apparently drew his attention to the subject of roads, and fixed him in the pursuit which finally gained him his chief celebrity, and proved a source of no slight advantage to his country. During his leisure hours, he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself; and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, could reduce its contents to feet and inches, or could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet. In short, he had formed for himself accurate and practical modes of mensuration. At this time, it chanced that a new piece of road, about three miles long, was wanted between Fearnsby and Minskip. Being well acquainted with the locality, he proposed to contract for it, and his offer was accepted. The materials for the road were to be taken from one quarry; and there, with his wonted activity, he erected temporary houses, hired horses, fixed racks and mangers, and set the work agoing with great spirit. He completed the road much sooner than was expected by the trustees, and in every way to their satisfaction.

Thus commenced the most remarkable portion of this man's life. Metcalf soon undertook other road-contracts, and, strange to say, succeeded in laying down good lines where others were hopeless of success. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, during a period of nearly forty years, he pursued the employment of road-making and bridge-building, being by far the most noted and esteemed follower of such occupations in those parts. The large bridge at Boroughbridge, and various others, *might be* named as proofs of his abilities and success.

An anecdote is told, which will exhibit the ingenious way in which he overcame difficulties which staggered other surveyors. Among the numerous roads for which he contracted, was one on the Manchester line, between Blackmoor and Standish-Foot. The original surveyor took the new line over deep marshes, which, in the opinion of the trustees and all concerned, seemed only passable by cutting or digging the earth till a solid bottom was found. This plan appeared to Metcalf tedious and expensive, and he attempted to prove to the trustees that such was the case; but they were fixed in their original views, and only permitted the blind road-maker to follow his own way, on condition that he should afterwards execute their plan if his own failed. Metcalf began to his task. The worst part of the line was on Standish Common, where a deep bog existed, which it seemed impossible to cut a road through. Metcalf set his men to work in cutting a line, and draining off the water, as far as that was possible. So little progress, however, was at first made, that everybody laughed at the poor blind man, who, it was thought, would have given up the task in despair, had he had his eyes like other people. Nevertheless, he proceeded unweariedly until he had levelled the bog across; and he then ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were laid down close together on the cut line, and successive bundles laid over them again, after which they were covered and pressed down with stones and gravel. The issue was, that this portion of the road, when completed, was so remarkably firm and good, that it needed no repairs for twelve years, while other parts required frequent repairs. Even in winter it was perfectly dry.

It was Metcalf's custom, in making purchases of wood, hay, or stones, to span the articles with his arms, and then calculate the amount mentally. Having learned the height, he could tell with great accuracy what *number* of square yards were contained in a stack of *grain*, of any value between L.100 and L.500. His

memory was astonishing, and it was no doubt principally by this faculty that he was enabled to traverse so many towns, and ride along so many roads. While in York, on one occasion, a friend of his, the landlord of the George Inn, asked him, as a personal favour, to guide a gentleman towards Harrogate. This place lay in Metcalf's own way, and he agreed to the request, upon condition that his blindness was kept a secret from the gentleman. The pair accordingly started, both on horseback, and Metcalf taking the lead. By a little dexterity, Metcalf contrived to pass some gates without leading to a suspicion of the truth, and finally the travellers entered a forest beyond Knaresborough, where there was as yet no turnpike. Evening came on, and by asking his companion if he saw lights in particular directions, Metcalf brought the journey to a safe close, though in those days a man with all his eyes about him might well have strayed from the path. On landing at the Granby Inn, the two travellers took some warm liquor, after which Metcalf retired. Having noticed some difficulty on the part of his companion in lifting the glass, the gentleman remarked to the landlord, that his guide had surely taken drink since his arrival. 'I judge so,' added he, 'from the appearance of his eyes.'

'Eyes! bless you, sir, don't you know that he is blind?'

'Blind!' cried the traveller; 'blind! gracious Heavens!'

'Yes, sir; he is blind as a stone.'

Metcalf was called in, and his late companion, yet trembling with agitation, exclaimed: 'Had I known your condition, sir, I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds.'.

'And I,' said Metcalf, 'would not have lost my way for a thousand!'

The nicety of touch which Metcalf had acquired was very wonderful. He could play at cards with no other guide; and when persons were by on whom he could depend, he frequently played for serious stakes, and won, through the advantage of his uncommon memory. Even *when no friend* was near him, it would have been very

difficult for an opponent to have taken unfair advantage, such was his acuteness of ear and powers of observation. One occasion is mentioned where he won eighteen guineas from strangers at cards.

In the summer of 1788, Mr Metcalf lost his wife, who had brought him four children. He had before this realised a handsome sum by his road and bridge contracts, but he lost considerably in his old days by some cotton speculations into which he was led by his enterprising spirit. In 1792, he gave up his extensive engagements, and settled at Spofforth, near Wetherby, in his native county. Here, having retained as much of his fortune as to secure a comfortable independence, he spent his latter days in happy ease, in the bosom of his family. He died in the year 1802.

NARRATIVE OF THE PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE 'AVON' FROM DUBLIN TO LIVERPOOL.

BY A PASSENGER.

On Sunday evening, 6th January 1839, I started for Liverpool in H. M. mail-packet *Avon* (Captain Townley), from Kingstown pier. There were sixteen passengers besides myself on board (twelve gentlemen and four ladies), also a little daughter of Madame Dulcken [a musician, who had been performing publicly in Dublin]. When we had cleared the Dublin Lights, the evening set in rough, with an uneasy swell; but the sky was still serene, some heavy masses of black clouds, edged with copper, lying to the southward.

Being used to rough nights at sea, I did not anticipate anything unusual, but retired tranquilly to bed at ten o'clock. My berth was so situated in the state-cabin as to enable me to see every person in it, and what was going forward there. Several of the gentlemen remained

at the cabin-table long after I retired, some talking politics, some drinking brandy and water, and others playing backgammon. I had been asleep about two hours, when my head was dashed suddenly against the side of my berth, which awoke me in alarm. Upon looking out, I was surprised to see all my fellow-passengers standing in the cabin, partly undressed, and in great consternation. Some had left their berths in terror, and those who were lying upon sofas had been pitched off about the cabin floor. The hurricane had began in reality, and with such sudden violence as nearly to deprive us of expression. The vessel was now rolling and pitching at a very furious rate, but we only gazed at each other in silence, with pale faces, in which fear was strongly depicted. Three hours more wore on, during which the hurricane had been momentarily increasing, so that at about four o'clock on the following (Monday) morning, the storm was raging at its highest pitch of fury.

I did not get up with the rest, but lay still in my berth, looking out upon my frightened fellow-passengers, and listening fearfully to the wild roaring of the elements. At times, the mad whistling of the winds through the masts and rigging was like the unearthly shrieking of demons in the air; these dreadful sounds appalled me more than the constant pitching of the vessel and creaking of her timbers. About five o'clock this morning, we were aroused from our stupor of fear by a loud crash; it was one of the masts which had given way, and fallen upon the poop. A deathlike silence ensued, and the vessel began to labour in the trough of the sea, as if tired out by straining and unnatural exertion. Before the 'dreadful morrow' broke, the men who were lashed to the helm cried out: 'Captain overboard!' This news was indeed a severe blow to us, as we were depending entirely on the captain's skill to save us. Hope was for awhile completely extinguished. This, however, proved to be a false report: the captain was *not* swept overboard; he was only *carried off* the quarter-deck by a dreadful sea, and

pitched forward amongst the anchor chains, where he lay for awhile insensible, until one of the seamen stumbled over him. They wanted to carry him to his cabin, but the brave little commander would not allow it; and, although much injured, he insisted upon a rope being fastened across the quarter-deck, in the middle of which was a noose, that, whilst it held him securely, allowed him to move about the deck.

I had so much confidence in our captain's experience, as to feel assured he would be able to make his way gallantly if the darkness of night were once past. Filled with this hope, I got out of my berth, and waited anxiously for daylight; with great difficulty I made my way to the top of the cabin stairs, where I stood awhile looking out upon the most awfully grand sight my eyes ever beheld. The fury of the winds had slightly abated, but the agitation of the sea had increased to a fearful height. At the moment I looked out, the vessel had just descended the sloping side of a mountain wave, and was labouring darkly in the trough of the sea; two enormous walls of green transparent water reared themselves far, far above the vessel!

———'the mountain wave
Recumbent, with its weight of bursting waters!'

I rushed down to the cabin again, under the impression that these immense masses of water would inevitably fall in upon us, and strike her to the bottom! But I was wrong, for the next minute she emerged from that fearful gulf, and was ascending another mountain of water, only to be again plunged into a similar abyss.

The hope I encouraged during the night began to vanish; the long and anxiously-wished for daylight was there indeed, but the sea-drift prevented the crew from seeing five yards beyond the vessel. Night or day was now all the same to us, for she became completely *un*manageable. The men at the wheel declared their *labours to* be useless, as she continued drifting rapidly, *in despite* of all their efforts, towards those shelving

sands on the Welsh coast where the *Rothesay Castle* was lost.

This melancholy day, up to five o'clock in the afternoon, was spent in vainly endeavouring to turn her head out to open sea, from the certain destruction towards which she was rapidly drifting. As the cabin door had been made fast early in the day by the captain's orders, and no passenger allowed on deck, we were informed through the broken poop, that the captain had determined upon making a final experiment, in order to effect what he had been all day trying at in vain. This *dernier resort* was to put on all her canvas, place four men at the helm, and force her head round out to open sea. Such a proceeding in such a gale, we were told, might be fatal, and we were desired to be prepared for the worst consequences.

The uproar upon deck was now heard above the storm; the hoarse voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet was answered by shrill whistles, and loud 'ay, ays,' when suddenly we spun round with a report like a volley of musketry. It was the noise of the mainsail, which was blown into pieces! The success of this skilful manœuvre gave us a little hope; we were now at open sea again, but without coal, and consequently without steam, and our captain confessed himself to be ignorant of his exact situation. The second night now came on, more terrible than night ever appeared to me before.

About seven o'clock, a dreadful sea struck our bows, which made us recoil a great distance, and settle heavily in the trough of the sea. The general feeling was that she had struck, and was filling fast. Mr Lucas exclaimed loudly: 'We are gone at last! Lord, receive our souls!' A wild rush of the terror-stricken ladies into our cabin from their own, disturbed our devotions; the prospect of death banished all nice distinctions, for they clung frantically to whoever they could grasp, and cried aloud to those undressed and miserable 'lords of the creation' to save them.

As I was the only passenger that remained in berth at

this period, I looked out upon the unhappy group as *real* actors in a *real* tragedy. Poor Madame Dulcken, in attempting to reach her husband, was precipitated head foremost against the rail of my berth; she fell backwards on the cabin floor, and lay there senseless and unassisted. Her husband (Monsieur Dulcken), sat near the spot where she fell, with his little daughter crouching in his lap; but so powerless was this poor German, that he did not move; he sat shivering in his scanty dress, and looking unutterable anguish.

Things were in this state when the cabin door was hammered open, and in rolled three drenched and black-looking engine-men. The foremost laid down his lantern, and after wringing the sea-water out of his woollen cap, he raised a circular piece out of the cabin floor, and handed up some reserve lumps of resin and coal to his companions. Some of the passengers addressed these men, and begged to know if there was any hope, but their answers were brutal and reckless.

One of the gentlemen (Captain O'Grady) had a favourite mare on deck; I heard him often during this day regret his inability to go out and give her some assistance; but now that the cabin door was opened, he seized a large case-bottle of brandy, and made his way to her crib. When he reached her, she was little better than alive; the bulwarks, which formed part of her shelter, had been all carried away, consequently, every sea washed over the prostrate and stiffened form of poor Bess. This fine hearted young fellow knelt down beside his favourite, and rubbed her with the brandy, and poured some down her throat, until he restored animation: during this operation the sea was washing over both horse and master. In some time after, he returned to the cabin quite drenched but seemingly much happier. I am glad to say that the mare lived.

When these savage engine-men left the cabin, we were again fastened down, and left to bitter reflection. We *really felt* the sickness of heart which is caused by '*hope deferred*;' despair was in every countenance. The

strong and proud men I saw so happy at the cabin table only the night before, were now weeping and praying audibly, and pressing their foreheads in an agony of grief.

I lay still in my berth, and felt that *my hour was surely come*. During thirty hours I had not even tasted water. I felt exhausted, and longed to wet my lips; but I saw it was useless to ask for anything, as the steward lay upon his face on the floor in a state of stupefaction.

I tried to collect my thoughts, and prayed in simple yet fervent terms to God, to avert the death which momentarily threatened me, and to prolong my life for the sake of my wife and child.

After this I felt more calm and resigned to my fate, and scenes and incidents in my life, from my boyhood to the present, rose vividly to my mind. I wondered whether my body would be washed ashore or not; and if so, whether kind hands would bury me. Extreme exhaustion was succeeded by a slight delirium. I fancied that F—— was there dressed in mourning, holding our baby with a tiny black bough in her cap, and both so near me in the berth, that I often stretched forth my hand to touch them. After lying some time in this state, I sank into insensibility. It is said, when things come to the worst point, they change; for, on the next (Tuesday) morning, we were aroused by the voice of the captain, who had burst in the cabin door, and shouted out: 'Thank God! I have you anchored in Beaumauris at last!' This was like an electric spark to us. We started, but could not speak. 'Three cheers for our brave little captain!' cried O'Grady. The attempt to do so was made, but such a faint sound issued from our parched lips, that it could be only called the *ghost* of a cheer.

When I had recovered sufficiently to remark the objects around me, I was struck with the appearance of our captain. His face, after the last forty hours' exposure to the hurricane, was a mixture of colours, in which red and blue were predominant, and his eyes bloodshot. He

was incased in oiled linen, with a sou'-wester tied firmly under his chin. Yet he appeared to me more lovely than Adonis; I grasped his hand, and thanked him from my heart. About ten o'clock on Tuesday morning (8th January), I came upon deck, having at last left the berth I thought I should have died in.

Madame Dulcken was already there before me, inspecting the amount of injury done by the sea to her splendid piano. Captain O'Grady was also on deck, looking after the recovery of his mare. This gentleman had also two beautiful small dogs on board; they were coupled with a small chain, and placed in the caboose for warmth; notwithstanding this precaution, the sea had reached them, and the smaller one perished. I was much struck with the mute sorrow of the surviving dog, as he sat shivering and looking down upon his dead companion.

Before leaving the vessel, I sat down and wrote an address to Captain Townley, which, having been unanimously approved of, I had the pleasure of reading and presenting to him. We then made a collection for the crew, and came ashore in small boats at Bangor, after having endured and (through the mercy of Divine Providence) escaped the most awful hurricane ever remembered.

[The vessel afterwards proceeded to Liverpool, where it arrived safely, but after a passage of extreme difficulty and danger.]

HUMOROUS TRAITS OF AN OLD HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN.

FEW private persons have occasioned more amusement in their day and generation than Francis Macnab of Macnab, a gentleman of Perthshire, who died at an advanced age about thirty-seven years ago. We propose giving a short account of this eccentric personage, in the hope of communicating to a wide circle some taste of those singular personal traits and humours which caused the living man to be never alluded to in his own immediate neighbourhood without a smile.

Francis Macnab, as far as his worldly status was concerned, would have appeared to English eyes simply as the proprietor of a small and much encumbered estate in Perthshire. In Scotland, however, he had the additional and much higher honour of being the chief man of an ancient family, forming one of the Highland clans, though not one of the most numerous. He was Macnab of that Ilk, or Macnab of Macnab; or, by a more modern and less elegant style of designation, the Laird of Macnab—the personal centre of a little district peopled chiefly by men of his own name, and all of whom, from the gentleman to the cottager, looked up to him with a kind of filial veneration. His estate was situated at the head of Loch Tay, in the neighbourhood of the beautifully placed village of Killin; but it was latterly a mere shadow of what it had been a few hundred years ago, having been, in particular, much reduced in consequence of the loyalty of the Macnab of the time of Charles I., who was a zealous ally of Montrose, and fell at the battle of Worcester. The family is believed to have drawn its descent from a member of the Macgregor family, who was abbot of Dunkeld about the year 1130, Macnab being expressive of the words *Son of the Abbot*. The subject of this notice *was for nothing* more remarkable than a proud sense of

his dignity as the chief of the Macnabs. His neighbours, the Campbells and Grahams, though infinitely exceeding the Macnabs in wealth and influence, he regarded as comparatively mere mushrooms; nor was he willing to own that even his sovereign was in any respect his superior.

He was a man of gigantic stature and proportions, and vast strength, and, whether seen in the Highland garb amongst his native hills, or in the habiliments of a British gentleman of the eighteenth century upon the streets of Perth or Edinburgh, he never failed to be beheld with some degree of wonder. His mental faculties were also vigorous; but a defective education, the prejudices incidental to his position in society, and perhaps some constitutional peculiarities, had given him a strong cast of eccentricity, insomuch that almost everything he said or did was peculiar. Though possessing little book-lore, he was extensively informed; and though a humorist, he displayed on most occasions no small degree of tact and shrewdness. He had all the warmth of heart, and at the same time all the irritability and wrathfulness, of the Scottish mountaineer. It was the custom of his age to indulge much in drinking, and Macnab was eminent even in that day for his great powers as a bacchanalian. Individuals enjoying what now appears the unenviable notoriety of being able to drink three bottles, fell from the table, while Macnab appeared as fresh as if he had not tasted a glass. It was indeed wonderful how much liquor he was enabled by his great strength and generally healthy mode of life to consume. In this, and other habits, Macnab was much affected, no doubt, by the circumstance of his remaining to the end of his days unmarried. Take him for all in all, he was such a man as can scarcely ever be seen again, for he united peculiarities which are now for the most part obsolete—the flaming pride of the old Highland gentleman, the loose and rough habits of the bon-vivant of seventy years ago, and a homely mode of expression now never heard in his *grade* of society; all these being in addition to many *whimsicalities* and humours quite his own.

First, with regard to the pride of Macnab. It will doubtless surprise an English reader to be informed, that any untitled man in these islands should object to having the word *Mister* prefixed to his name. Yet such is the case with the Highland chiefs, and such was particularly the case with Macnab. A Highland chief is styled by the name of his family alone: thus, the chief of the Macintoshes is MACINTOSH, the chief of the Macnabs is MACNAB; and so on. So far did our friend the laird carry this point, that, hearing a stranger ask for him one day at his door, as *Mr* Macnab, he ordered him not to be admitted; but next day, when the gentleman, having in the meantime been tutored, inquired for MACNAB, he was not only shewn in, but met with a most cordial reception. He would remark: 'There are mony *Maister* Macnabs; but may the auld black laad hae me, if there's ony but ae MACNAB!' On this subject, a clever reporter of some of the laird's humours* has given us some curious illustrations. 'It was quite enough,' we are informed, 'to put him in a frenzy, to dignify with the title of chieftain any one, however high in title or fortune, who he thought had no claim to that super-imperial rank. It is not to be supposed that this was ever done for the pleasure of beholding the laird in one of those passions which resembled one of his mountain storms. No; he was by no means the man to hazard such a joke upon; and could he have suspected for a moment (a supposition, indeed, almost impossible) that any person whatever attempted to play upon him, miserable would have been the fate of the unhappy wight who made the experiment. The narrator of this anecdote had a narrow escape from the overwhelming indignation of this genuine Gaelic worthy. It occurred after dinner, the good laird being a little mellow—for as to being drunk, oceans of liquor would have failed to produce that effect, at least to the length of prostration. The party on whose account the chief's bile was so powerfully excited, was indeed blessed

* See *Literary Gazette*, 1827, p. 684.

with an infinitely more lofty and sonorous cognomen than himself. If it did not indisputably stamp the owner as an ancient feudal baron, an ignorant Lowlander might well be excused for thinking so. We shall suppose it to be Macloran of Dronascandlich—a name trying enough, certes, for the utterance of any common pair of jaws. Thus commenced the unlucky querist: "Macnab, are you acquainted with Macloran, who has lately purchased so many thousand acres in ——shire?" This was more than sufficient to set the laird off in furious tilt on his genealogical steed. "Ken wha?—the paddock-stool of a creature they ca' Dronascandlich, wha no far bygane daured to offer siller, sir, for an auld ancient estate, sir; an estate as auld as the flude, sir—a deal aulder, sir—siller, sir, scrapit thegither by the meeserable deevil in India, sir; not in an offisher or gentleman-like way, sir—but making cart-wheels and trams, sir, and barrows, and the like o' that wretched handywark. Ken him, sir? I ken the creature weel, and wha he comes frae, sir; and so I ken that dumb tyke, sir—a better brute by half than a score o' him! And wha was his grandfather, sir, but a puir wabster in Glasgow! That was the origin o' Dronascandlich, sir, and a bonnie origin for a Highland chief—ugh!"'

Pride being a leading element in his character, it affected all his ideas. He not only was proud of his own lineage and name, but of whatever he was connected with, from his clan or his county neighbours up to his countrymen at large. When the local militia was raised in 1808, he held rank in one of the corps raised in his county, and, soon after, being in Edinburgh, he thought proper to apply to the storekeeper in the castle for the supply of arms required by the men. Overlooking the formerly correct name, which was the Fourth Perthshire Local Militia, he asked for arms for the Breadalbane Corps, to which the storekeeper answered, that he did not know of such a corps. Hereupon Macnab, in high contempt, but with *more coolness* than might have been expected, replied: '*My fine little* storekeeper, that may be; but you may be

assured we do not think a bit the less o' oursels for *your* not knowing us.' In proportion as he thought much of his own countrymen, he thought less of some other nations; and it appears that he had in particular contracted a great contempt for the Russians. A gentleman having on one occasion spoken approvingly of Russian heroism, the laird burst forth into a frenzy. 'Haud you there, sir—haud you there, sir; ye have said a great deal mair than ye can mak amends for, were ye to live as lang as auld Methuselah. It's doonright blasphemy! What, sir, wad ye ever, in ae breath o' your unhallowed jaws, even * oor glorious lads o' the hill and the heather, whilk are a marvel to the haill warld, to the oily bastes o' Russians? A wheen cannibals, meeserable wretches, wha, till they cam west, had naething to cram their craving gude-for-naething kytes wi' but stinking stranded whales, or an orra sealgh, whilk was a perfect Godsend to them. Bonny *vivres*, ugh! I mind weel the time, about twenty year bygane, a cheeld ca'd Admiral Siniavin, or some other sic name, cam into the Firth wi' a squadron o' these monsters amang men. Dootless it was a veesitation for oor sins. Whatever they laid hand on, was momently turned into ulye.† I was ae day taking a dander alang Leith shore, when I saw ane of the loathsome brutes gang into a kanler's shop, and buy a bawbee *bap*,‡ and spying a barrel o' ulye, in he dreeps the bap, and sookit it as ye wad do a jergonel peer. Sune after, a' the lamps in Leith Walk and ither places gade out, withoot ony veesible reason. A' the folk were bumbazed§ about it, and auld wives thocht that Sathan was playing cantrips wi' the lichts. Some were knockit doon, and ithers got off wi' their pockets turned inside oot. And what was the cause o' a' this hobbleshow, think ye? What! but the oily beasts o' Russians. They were catched speeling‖ up the lamp-posts and taking oot the cruizes and drinking the ulye, wick and a'. What think ye noo o' your Russians, sir?—are they o' ony use on God's earth,

* Compare. † Oil. ‡ Half-penny roll.
§ *Astonished.* ‖ Climbing.

think ye, but to burn like tar-barrels in a general illumination?'

Reared in a little district where his word was law, and where habits of violence and private warfare were scarcely yet extinct, Macnab was not disposed to be very scrupulous in the use of his powers, whether personal or otherwise. The knowledge of his immense strength, and his recklessness in using it, in general kept him free of provocation; but on one occasion a thoughtless person, who was but slightly acquainted with him, had the misfortune to incur his wrath in a dismal manner. The laird had appeared one day at Leith Races on a small horse, which, oppressed by his great weight, fell down under him, and died on the spot, its back being literally broken! Observing him next year mounted on an animal not much bigger, this individual went up to him, and said, in a sarcastic manner: 'Macnab, is that the same horse you rode last year?' 'No, billy,' replied the laird; 'but it's the same *whup*,' and with that instrument felled the interrogator to the earth.

Macnab had an intense antipathy to excisemen, whom he looked on as a race of intruders, commissioned to suck the blood of his country: he never gave them any better name than *vermin*. One day, early in the last war, he was marching to Stirling at the head of a corps of Fencibles, of which he was commander. To continue in the words of the writer already quoted—'The pencil might, but the pen never can, adequately portray the grand, picturesque, and magnifique appearance of the glorious Celtic chief. Goliah of Gath, Alexander, Cæsar, all heroes, ancient and modern, nay, what must be an august spectacle, the grand Mogul enthroned on the back of his elephant—all dwindle into insignificance before the great Macnab. He bestrode a mighty steed of raven blackness, whose flowing mane, and long and bushy tail, had never suffered under the dilapidating operation of the ruthless shears. His ample jacket was composed of tartan, adorned with massy silver buttons. Adown his breast depended gracefully the belted plaid. On his

head was the Highland bonnet, surmounted by waving lofty plumes, which added fearfully to his gigantic height. His puissant limbs were incased in no constraining habiliment: no, gentle reader, the ancient fillibeg formed his sole nether covering. His warlike hand sustained an enormous claymore, flashing lightning to the sun's rays, and clearly indicating its owner's ardour for immediate conflict.

'About seven miles from Stirling, a numerous band of excisemen assailed the rear of the regiment, declaring to the adjutant they had positive information that in the baggage-carts was concealed a large quantity of smuggled whisky. The adjutant, knowing it would be of little use to argue the matter with them, rode hastily up to the front, and told the commandant the scrape they were in. Without saying a word, away to the rear furiously gallops the laird, brandishing his Andrea Ferrara in a most terrific style, his visage inflamed with wrath and indignation. When he came up to the aqua vitæ, "Hounds!" he roars out in a voice of thunder, "what the foul fiend want ye here, ye abortions of the human *specie*, ye unwordy, pitifu' vermin o' abomination! Wad ye daur to stop his majesty's offishers and men on their way to fight for their king and country, and, what's mair, e'en for the like o' sic wretches as you, ye unchristened whelps o' Belzebub." The laird was enough to fright Belzebub himself, and no wonder he horrified such personages almost into convulsions. After a long pause, during which he regarded them with a truly diabolical aspect, one of the boldest mustered courage enough to display his badge of office, intimating in a trembling voice, that what they did was in the line of their duty. "Line o' your duty!" vociferated the chief. "By a' that's gude, if I thocht ye worth my while, I ken ae line wad fit yo a deal better!" Then turning to the rear-rank, he cries: "My lads, this is like to be a critic business—*load wi' ball!*" The effect of this appalling order was electrical: the discomfited gaugers fled in all directions, leaving the victorious chief in undisturbed possession of the much coveted mountain-dew.

'Like many other proprietors of large but unproductive estates, the Laird of Macnab was often under the necessity of compromising his dignity by granting bills for his various purchases. These bills for many years were always discounted at the Perth Bank; and when due, he no more dreamed of putting himself in the slightest degree out of the way by honouring his scraps of paper, conformably to the established rules of trade, than of paying the national debt. In fact, it would have been a dangerous experiment to have hinted to him the propriety of what he considered a most degrading and unchieftain-like practice. The directors of the bank, knowing their money to be sure, humoured him, as being a character of no ordinary description. His acceptances were therefore never (strange to say) noted or protested; indeed such an impertinent procedure on their part might have brought down like a torrent the furious chief and a score or two of his gillies, to sack great Perth.

'Unluckily for him, one of "thae *bits o' paper*" found its way to the Stirling Bank, an establishment with which the laird had no connection. Agreeably to his *auld use and wont*, he gave himself no trouble about the matter. It was in due course noted and protested, of which proper intimation was sent to him. The laird treated these various notices with the most sovereign contempt. He was, however, effectually roused, by the alarming information that a writ of *horning and caption* had been taken out against him; and that, in consequence, a clerk belonging to the bank, accompanied by two messengers, would proceed on the following Friday to Achlyne House, for the special purpose of taking him into custody. Even this dire communication the laird received with unruffled composure.

'On that portentous morn which threatened him with durance vile, he took aside an old woman who had been long attached to the family, and who was *highly* regarded by her master for her shrewdness as *well as fidelity*. "Shanet," said he, "there are three

land-loupers, a clerk and two limbs o' Satan in the shape o' messengers, coming ower the hills the day frae Stirling, to tak me awa bodily, and to clap me within the compass o' four stane wa's; and for what, think ye?—a peetiful scart o' a guse's feather—deil cripple their soople shanks! It would ill become me to hae ony hobbleshow wi' siclike vermin; so I'll awa up to ma lord's* at Taymouth, and leave you, my bonnie woman, to gie them *their kail through the reek.*" Having thus primed the old lady, he departed.

'The transaction now recorded having occurred upwards of half a century ago, it is proper to mention, that the line of travelling between Stirling and Achlyne was of a most rugged and toilsome description, and only passable by pedestrians. The clerk and his legal myrmidons, therefore, did not reach the place where they expected their prey till it was nearly dusk. The ancient carline had been long on the outlook, and going to meet them, she invited them into the house in the most *couthy* and kindly manner. "Oh, sirs," quoth she, "ye maun be sair forfoughen wi' your langsome travel. Our Hieland hills are no for them that hae breeks on, I reckon. Sit doon, sit doon, and pit some meat in your wames, for atweel they maun be girnin' and wamling like knots o' edders. The laird's awa to see a freend, and will be back momently. What gars ye glower at that daftlike gate, sirs? There is what ye're wantin' in that muckle kist, in bonnie yellow goud, fairly counted by his honour this blessed mornin'. Wha wad hae thocht ye wad hae been sae langsome in coming up here; chields like you, that are weel kent to be greedy gleds after the siller. But bide ye till the laird comes in, and ye will get what ye want." So saying, she spread before them an abundant store of mountain delicacies, not forgetting a plentiful supply of Glenlivet; and, in short, she put them beyond the power of proceeding further in their business that night, and they were fain to stay in Janet's cottage till

* The Earl of Breadalbane.

the morning. The clerk, in respect of his gentility, was bestowed in an apartment by himself; the messengers were put in another, containing a single bed for their accommodation. One of the latter worthies, feeling towards the morning his entrails scorched with that intolerable heat consequent on mighty overnight potations, got up in quest of some friendly liquid. To aid him in his search, he opened the window-shutter—when the first object which saluted his astonished organs of vision almost petrified him into stone. The sight, indeed, was rather alarming—a human figure dangling in the winds of heaven from a branch of an ancient oak in the front of the house.

'As soon as the wretched minister of the law had recovered what small sense he possessed, he made a shift to stagger to the bedside, and roused his brother in tribulation, who, when he beheld the horrid spectacle, was assailed with the most dreadful agonies of terror and consternation. To add to their miseries, the door was locked. Bells there were none in the Highlands in those days, but they stamped and kicked on the floor with dreadful energy and clamour. After keeping the poor wretches in a state of unspeakable terror for a space of time which appeared to them an eternity, the old woman unlocked the door, and presented a visage in which were expressed all the united horrors of countenance attributed to the infernal furies. "What the foul fiend gars ye mak sic a din for?" shouted the fearful beldam. Quaking in every limb, the only words their lips could give utterance to were: "What's—what's that on the tree?" "What's that on the tree!" cried the carline, in a dismally hollow and elritch tone of voice; "it's the bit clerk body frae the Bank o' Stirling, that cam here last nicht to deave the laird for siller—we've ta'en an hangit him, *puir elf*." The effect of this appalling disclosure was electrifying. Fear added wings to their speed, and the terrified brace of messengers never looked *behind* them for the first ten miles on their road to *Stirling*.

'Now, what almost frightened into convulsions two such exquisitely sensitive personages as messengers are in general, was a bundle of straw, artificially stuffed by Janet into some ancient garments of the laird's, which she had suspended from the tree in the manner described. The innocent clerk, during all this stramash, was quietly reposing in his bed; and if he dreamed at all of suspensions, it was that of the writ of *horning and caption*. When he got up, he was surprised at the non-appearance of his companions, nor could he extract the smallest information on the subject from trusty Janet. Being therefore deprived of his legal tools, no other resource was left for him but to "plod homewards back his weary way."

'To conclude: so tremendous an account did the messengers give of their expedition, that no temptation could have induced twenty of them to venture on a similar errand, unless backed by a regiment of a thousand strong.'

Many anecdotes could be added to these, to illustrate the character of this extraordinary man; but our limits forbid. The Laird of Macnab, with all his oddities, ceased to exist on the 25th of May 1816, when he had reached the age of eighty-two.

A ROMANCE OF REALITY.

In the town of Havre-de-Grace, not many years ago, there lived an aged couple, M. and Madame Dupré. In themselves, these personages were worthy and respected, but circumstances of a remarkable and romantic nature connected with their family, rendered them objects of peculiar interest, not only to their neighbours and fellow-citizens, but to all who visited the town of Havre. One of the near relatives of this venerable *pair was* destined to a career in life such as we

shall only find a parallel to in the pages of Arabian fiction.

Aline Dupré was born at Martinique in the year 1763. Her father possessed one of the best estates on the island, and spared no pains or expense in educating his daughter, whose rare natural qualities, both of person and mind, well merited the most careful development. At the age of fourteen, when womanly charms are almost matured in that clime, Aline was the pride of her family, and the admiration of the upper circles of the colony. In private society, no one surpassed her in vivacity of spirit; in the ball-room, the graces of her person and movements were unrivalled; and she possessed musical talents well fitted to enhance and complete the impression made by her appearance and address. Such was Aline Dupré, when an unforeseen accident gave a sudden turn to her prospects and fortunes. Excited by oppression, real or imaginary, a numerous band of negroes made their escape from their masters, and spread the most serious alarm over the whole island. Profiting by the scantiness of the military force stationed there at the time, these runaways committed various outrages, and made threatening demonstrations at many different points, calling everywhere upon their fellow-slaves to join their standard. None of the negroes in the employ of M. Dupré had acceded to the insurgent band; but the station of that gentleman, and the high opinion entertained of his talents and activity, caused him to be pitched upon as the leader of the militia raised for the suppression of the mutineers. M. Dupré fulfilled with energy and success the duty intrusted to him. The fugitives were surrounded and captured, but only after a desperate struggle, in which M. Dupré received a mortal injury. He survived it long enough to permit him to receive from France the Cross of St Louis, which the governor of the colony, the Marquis de Bouillé, had requested for him. Soon after receiving this reward, M. Dupré died, recommending with his last breath his *daughter* Aline and his only son to the care of the *governor*.

The Marquis de Bouillé did not neglect the charge committed to him. It had been the purpose of the late M. Dupré to return to France, where he had a small patrimonial property, and where various members of his family were settled. This intention had been partly formed with the view of completing the education of Aline and her brother, and in the hope of seeing them well established there in life. The governor of Martinique determined to fulfil the wishes of the father in this respect. Finding the young Dupré, who was a year or two older than Aline, to have an inclination for a military life, the marquis arranged that he should go to France, and enter the regiment of Bouillon, while the sister was to be placed for a time in the seminary of St Cyr, the highest institution then existing for persons of her sex. Aline and her brother, accordingly, embarked in a vessel bound for France. That vessel, however, *never reached its destination.* Its fate remained unknown for seven years, at the end of which time a letter, containing disclosures regarding it, was received by one of the friends of the Dupré family residing in France. This individual was a young lady who had spent some years of her youth in Martinique, and had been the playmate and dear friend of the young Aline. The letter alluded to was delivered by an ambassador of a great power, and it was from his sovereign—his crowned queen. That queen was Aline Dupré! The strange vicissitudes which placed Aline in this position were detailed, in the communication to her friend, nearly as follows :—

The vessel which bore the brother and sister, intending to land on the western coast of France, reached the Straits of Gibraltar in safety. Soon afterwards, however, when the passengers, attracted by the beauty of the evening in that latitude, had assembled in a group on deck, an old negress in attendance on Aline, pointed out a dark spot on the sea at a distance. The captain was present at the moment, and was observed to grow pale as he turned his eye on the object pointed out. But he made no remark, and the passengers retired for the night. In the morning

they found nothing but bustle and alarm on board. The vessel was pursued by a swift-sailing Algerine corsair, of a size which rendered it almost hopeless for a petty merchantman to attempt any resistance. Nevertheless, the crew took to their arms, resolved to sell their liberty dearly. The pirates were not long in coming up and boarding, and, as might have been anticipated, soon overpowered all opposition. Aline had kept close by the side of her brother, determined to perish with him if he fell; and when the capture took place, she was bound with him in the same chain. This association greatly lightened their sufferings on the occasion, but it did not last long. When the corsair reached the port of Algiers, an order was issued for the conveyance of all the male prisoners ashore, and the retention of the females. The language spoken around her was unintelligible to Aline, but she soon became sensible of the intended separation. Her agony was dreadful at the moment; the past mishap seemed to her insignificant in comparison with this crowning ill. She fell on her knees before the barbarians of the vessel, and used every entreaty, by words and gestures, which might have a chance of moving them to permit her accompanying her brother. Her tears and imploring looks fully expressed the meaning which her language could not convey, but they were totally disregarded, and her brother was carried off with his companions. All hope seemed to depart with him, and Aline fell down in a swoon.

Her insensibility, at least to a partial extent, was of long continuance, every return of her powers of reflection serving only to renew her grief, and throw her back into a state of lethargy, which rendered her heedless of all around her. Zara, meanwhile, the old negress, watched over her with incessant care. When Aline regained something like composure, she found herself on board of a different vessel, and again upon the open sea. Zara informed her, that she had been purchased by an Armenian *merchant*, and was now on the way to Smyrna, whence, *after taking* on board some Circassian and Georgian

captives, Achmet, as the merchant was called, intended to proceed to Constantinople. Zara likewise added, that Achmet seemed to take a strong interest in her restoration to health. This last piece of intelligence was anything but pleasing to the poor captive, and her mind was so heavily oppressed with a foreboding dread of the fate that seemed to await her, that she resolved to escape from it at the cost of life. No other way of effecting this object was in her power save that of starving herself. For two days she maintained this determination; and was already beginning to feel her strength diminishing, when some proceedings on the part of Zara changed altogether the train of her thoughts. The old negress, like many of her race, affected a power of reading the cards, or of telling fortunes, and she artfully led her languid mistress to express a wish to know what would be her brother's fate, the subject ever uppermost in her thoughts. Zara used the opportunity given to her most dexterously. Consulting the cards, she assumed, after a time, an aspect of great joy. 'Your brother will yet be free and great! the cards declare it! And by *you*—by *you* shall he be saved!' The suggestion of such a possibility made an instantaneous and striking impression upon Aline, and raised in her a new train of thought. Finally, she resolved to desist from her course of abstinence, and to preserve her life, in the hope that, whatever might be her own fate, she might yet have it in her power to alleviate the sufferings of her beloved brother.

When the vessel arrived at Smyrna, it chanced that, while Achmet was getting on board his other captives, he met the French consul in society, and mentioned his having with him a beautiful slave of French descent. The consul immediately requested to see her, and, after some difficulty, this was accomplished. On seeing Aline, Monsieur L—— generously offered to purchase her from the Armenian, and set her at liberty.

'My brother,' said Aline; 'will you set him, too, at *liberty*?'

'Alas!' said the consul, 'that is not possible. How could he now be found out? The intervention of the sultan alone, I fear, could avail to discover his retreat, and procure his freedom.'

'The sultan!' replied Aline, and for a few moments she remained in thought. 'Well,' continued she at length, 'I cannot, and will not, since such is the case, accept of liberty for myself.' The consul pressed her to alter her resolution, but the generous girl held firmly by her purpose. The slight hope which existed of her finding in Constantinople some means of liberating the poor captive of Algiers, kept her fixed in the determination of remaining with Achmet. It seemed to her as if some secret power urged her onwards to the Turkish capital.

But, as she sailed thither, doubts and fears took possession of her mind. Her whole chance of success was founded on the vague possibility of her personally seeing the sultan Abdul-Hamed, or some great courtier, from whom she might beg the life and liberty of her brother. But she remembered, and shuddered to remember, that she might become the purchased slave of some rich but obscure Turk, and might be shut out for ever from the light of day among strangers. With these thoughts in her mind, she proceeded to the presence of Achmet, and, assuming a firm and bold tone, she said: 'Armenian, *your* fortune and *mine* are now in your hands. If I have observed aright, you do not confound me with these poor ignorant slaves, who have bodies, but no souls. Such as these subjugate the eyes, but not the heart. My character is different from theirs, and so will my destiny be. It will be a high one, and your fortunes shall rise with it. Introduce me to the presence of the sultan, and depend upon my eternal gratitude.' Achmet seemed to be struck by these words, and the confident tone in which they were uttered. His manner assumed a semblance of respect very unusual between master and slave, and he expressed his intention to gratify the wishes of Aline if *possible*. Accordingly, when the vessel entered the port of Constantinople, and the party were conveyed to the

house of Achmet, he shewed his intentions by bringing to her one of the richest dresses to be found in the city, this being a proper preliminary step, as he thought, to the execution of her design. But Aline declined assuming the garb, and contented herself with one of the most simple kind. To his surprise, the Armenian was compelled to admit that her appearance was more captivating without than with the rich attire obtained for her.

Though Achmet seemed thus desirous of fulfilling her wishes, day after day passed away without any notice of the approach of that event on which Aline rested every hope of procuring her brother's liberation. At last, however, Achmet announced, that it was impossible for himself to introduce his beautiful slave to the presence of the sultan in any way. 'But do not despond,' said he; 'I have sold you along with Zara to Isaac-Aga, son of the old chief of the royal guards. He has promised to place you in the way of seeing the sultan.' Aline at first thought that she was deceived with false promises, but such was not the case. Isaac-Aga was faithful to his word, and Aline obtained her wish. She was brought before the sultan. It is needless to linger on the issue. The skill of Aline in music was exerted to charm Abdul-Hamed, and not in vain. It was not long ere his passion for the accomplished captive grew so deep and strong, that he made her his legitimate wife; and she had also the pleasure of embracing her brother, liberated by the sultan's orders from the slave-chains of Algiers. Under the title of the Sultana Validé, Aline outlived Abdul-Hamed, to whom she bore the Sultan Mahmoud. Mahmoud did not immediately succeed his father, but lived in seclusion during the intervening reigns of Selim and Mustapha. The civilised spirit of Mahmoud may, in part, be traced to the instructions of his mother, the Sultana Validé. She discovered the retreat of her relatives in France, and, as has been said, sent them letters, which were accompanied by magnificent presents. M. and Madame Dupré, the aged pair described as *residing at Havre*-de-Grace, were her uncle and aunt,

and shared liberally of her bounty. The Sultana Validé died in 1817, at the age of fifty-four.

[We find this romantic story told as a fact by M. Jouy, in his *Hermit in the Provinces;* a work professing to detail authentic and curious matters relating to the various provinces of France. M. Jouy describes himself as receiving the present story from the lips of M. and Madame Du***, who were aided in the narration by the actual letters of Aline.* If true, the story presents a parallel to that of the poor Scottish girl who became empress of Morocco. The undeniably veracious history of the Empress Josephine, is also in several points similar to the present story.]

HAMMERSLEY'S BANK.

THE following account of Messrs Hammersley of London and their bank, which, some years ago, stopped payment, is given in the *Circular to Bankers.* The manner in which Mr T. Hammersley is described to have been led on from one speculation to another—the new scheme always to redeem the loss from that which preceded it, but always making matters worse—gives a startling insight into the higher walks of business in this commercial country:—

Some sixty or seventy years ago, the old and eminent banking-house of Herries & Co. was the only firm in England which had adopted the practice of issuing notes payable on presentation, or at a few days' sight, at various large towns throughout the continent of Europe: it was a circulation of the greatest possible convenience, safety, and utility to travellers and temporary residents in

* *The name set down* Du*** *by M. Jouy, we have called* Dupré, *for convenience of printing and reading.*

foreign countries, and it was very properly, and with much foresight as to the consequences, so arranged by the introducers of the practice, as to render the accommodation to the applicants or the public easy and economical to them, so that they always felt obliged for the opportunity of resorting to it. It was also, no doubt, a lucrative kind of business to the issuers of the notes. The amount of this circulation must have been greatly curtailed by the French revolutionary war; but still it was almost an exclusive field, and it had, as may fairly be assumed, rendered a good return to the enterprising firm with whom the practice originated. The war must terminate; and those who were in possession of the field of operation, and were acquainted with all the circumstances, places, persons, and details necessary to the conduct and management of such a business, would have great advantages on the renewal of intercourse with the continent of Europe. Few persons knew anything about the extent of the profits of this kind of banking business; but among those few would be the confidential clerks of Messrs Herries, and one of them was the late Mr Thomas Hammersley, the father of Mr Hugh Hammersley, now deceased.

Mr Hammersley quitted his position as clerk, and entered into copartnership with Messrs Morland and Ransom, under the firm of Morland, Ransom, and Hammersley. This firm did not remain united many years, and it was understood, on its dissolution, that there was a balance of loss to be borne by each of the several parties. It might not be a very large one, at least not amounting to a sum that could materially impede the operations of a great and substantial London banking firm; but supposing it to be not more than L.20,000 for Mr Hammersley's share, it was to that extent a load on that gentleman's shoulders in his subsequent struggles. He then, upwards of forty years ago, formed a copartnership under the firm of Hammersleys, Montolieu, Greenwood, Brookshank, and Drewe—a union which would seem to promise great *results in profit*, seeing that Mr Greenwood was in the

high tide of prosperity as the leading army-agent and the confidential friend of the Horse Guards, and that other members of the firm were capable, by their connections, of introducing valuable business to the new banking-office.

It happened, however, that the new firm was under the principal direction of a mind deeply imbued with the bold and confident spirit of the times—a spirit which is in perfect contrast to that which governs the conduct of almost all experienced bankers of the present day. They pushed their accommodation for the purpose of acquiring business, or they granted such accommodation on the representations of parties too readily. Among these was a bank at Honiton, in Devonshire, which failed many years since. It is said, that the accommodation granted to this bank at its highest point considerably exceeded L.230,000. It was given principally in the shape of bills, accepted by Messrs Hammersley & Co.; and it was an understood arrangement between the parties, that the sum of this kind of circulation to be constantly kept afloat should be about L.200,000. Bills of this description, drawn on purpose to obtain bank-notes by discounting them, could not at this day be made to work at all; they even then moved heavily in certain quarters, and, we believe, if it had not been for the friendly aid and co-operation of a director of the Bank of England, now deceased, the whole scheme of raising money by this kind of circulation would have broken down much sooner than it did.

Before the failure of this Devonshire bank, Messrs Hammersley & Co. reduced the balance from its highest point, which is variously stated at sums between L.280,000 and L.300,000, as well as they could, by getting available securities and otherwise. For the final balance, which, after all practicable reduction had been effected, amounted, we believe, to L.180,000, they accepted, we were many *years* since informed, 1s. or 1s. 6d. in the pound; consequently, the real loss upon this account would not be *less than* from L.160,000 to L.170,000. It would be

instructive if we could tell by what means and gradations borrowers contrived to involve Messrs Hammersley & Co. in this large and ruinous liability. The bankers at Honiton made a great show of possessions in land, upon which securities for the advances would be given; but, according to our information, these were no further available for the payment of the great debt than we have above stated. Whether the then existing partners of the firm of Hammersley & Co. took each his share of this enormous amount of loss, or it was left as an incubus on the bank, to be liquidated by the accruing profits of that establishment, we do not know. The latter seems the more probable, seeing that the firm was gradually stripped of every one of its members, except the lamented Mr Hugh Hammersley.

Whilst the firm was subject to the aforesaid influence —namely, was under the direction principally of its founder, Mr Thomas Hammersley—other losses of considerable magnitude were incurred, either by that gentleman individually, or by the house over which he presided. There was one with an office-bearer in his majesty's Treasury, amounting to a sum approaching to L.40,000. What portion of this sum may have been subsequently liquidated by the connections of the party on whom the obligation rested, we do not know. Then there was a much larger sum, which Mr Thomas Hammersley advanced to a firm for the manufacture of soap, carried on in the borough of Southwark. The loss here, we believe, was little, if anything, short of L.80,000. The history of this soap-manufacture would be interesting and instructive, if related circumstantially in detail; we must episodically advert to some of the leading facts, for they are pregnant with warning to men of property, and such as have the command of large sums of money.

An ingenious person, of the name of Phelps, professed the art of making soap of a better quality than any other manufacturer of the article could produce. The profession was not a vain one, no regard being had to the *cost, as the product* exhibited bore evidence. On this

showing, he induced men of great property to join him with capital, without careful examination; costly works were raised, and the best plant was formed that labour, materials, and money could furnish. They soon found, however, that profit did not ensue from this large outlay, and Mr Phelps then suggested, that the great profit lay in the making of alkali, and the firm consequently undertook the manufacture of that article; still there was no profit, and the adventure had at this stage absorbed too much money to admit of the consideration of retreat from the enterprise. "Go-ahead" was then the signal-flag of the times; so the firm turned merchants, and would fetch their tallow in their own ships from St Petersburg. It was during the war; the tallow-laden ships were seized, and carried into one of the Danish islands. This was a great blow to the firm; and to recover their property, they mustered a sufficient force to go and attempt to cut out and retake the ship or ships, and in this they succeeded. One large ship was on its passage home from the Danish port, with a cargo insured for more than L.40,000, when the captain and crew descried a smaller vessel, to which they gave chase, with the intention of capturing it; but which, when they came near to it, they found to be an American, with whose country we were at peace, and they dared not touch it. They then steered for London, but the ship and cargo were burned before they reached port, the crew alone escaping; and the underwriters refused to pay one shilling, because the ship had been out of the prescribed course in chase of the American. In this, and such other ways as great manufactures on novel plans are incident to, several hundred thousand pounds were lost by Messrs Phelps & Co.

We continue the recital. Mr Phelps succeeded in getting for his copartner Mr Bracebridge, proprietor of Aston Hall, near Birmingham, the park and fine old mansion of which estate is now in the occupation of Mr *Watt, the* son of the celebrated James Watt. Mr Brace*bridge set* up a bank at Warwick; but he was soon driven

out of that field from sheer unfitness to conduct so responsible an office; he paid all the creditors of the bank, and gave it up. The losses, however, from his mercantile adventures had reduced him to such straits, that he was constrained to sell his reversionary interest in those two valuable estates of Aston Hall, in Staffordshire, and Brereton Hall, in Cheshire. And we believe it to be not extravagant to say, that if this gentleman had been content to live within his income, and had not turned banker and soap-boiler, he would have been in possession of landed property worth very little short of L.1,000,000 sterling, which is for ever alienated from his family. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the different consequences flowing from providence and improvidence, than the fact that a part of that same estate of Aston Hall was purchased by Mr Whitehead, banker of Warwick; and from its proximity to Birmingham, it is likely to become a property of great value.

Why do we refer to these circumstances? Because they are, even in this naked sketch, pregnant with instruction. A great London bank has stopped payment, holding deposits which are stated to amount to L.650,000, and having promissory-notes circulating in all parts of the continent of Europe, amounting to a very considerable sum; and, as we believe, it is brought to this state, not from any misconduct on the part of the late possessor and director of the office, as far as the management of the funds intrusted to him is concerned, but from the misconduct of those who preceded him. Mr Hugh Hammersley inherited a lucrative business encumbered with dreadful losses. A long course of years might have brought about solvency, and laid a solid foundation of wealth. We are bound to explain these things, and to trace the evil to its sources. These sources are mainly—

1. A loss on Mr T. Hammersley leaving the firm of Morland, say, ... L.20,000
2. A loss with the Honiton Bank, which we put down, . 160,000
3. A loss in the soap-factory, ... 80,000

L.260,000

We believe that, under the management of the late Mr Hugh Hammersley, this large sum was in the course of gradual liquidation from regularly accruing profits. There is no doubt that a very valuable description of business had been attracted to the office, and we believe if the disaster had occurred a few years sooner, the creditors would have received a smaller dividend—the assets being, at the time this was written, stated to be equal to the payment of about 15s. in the pound. The rapid sliding away of property from opening the sluice of improvident confidence, and the slow recovery of it by care and circumspection—for a quarter of a century has elapsed since any of the losses here stated were incurred—are notable facts, worthy of the consideration of all bankers and merchants.

A WHALE-CHASE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE *South Australian Record* gives the following description of a whale-chase, from the journal of a gentleman lately returned from South Australia. The characters are Fell and Frank, two whalers at Encounter Bay; Solomon Sanguine (fictitious name), the guest of Fell and Frank, and, though a novice, a devoted sportsman; and Bob and Dick, two natives:—

In the midst of breakfast Bob entered, bawling out: 'There she clouts (spouts)! there she clouts!' Fell started up, and told his guest that it was a whale, and that he would now have an opportunity of gratifying his longing desire. The boat was instantly manned, and Mr Sanguine, by Fell's instructions, took the helm, none of the men being left out, as such boats only contain the crew and no more. The boat reached the shore, and a few strokes brought the

Sanguine laid out lustily at his oar, and was excited to the highest pitch, but ever and anon kept peeping over his shoulder for a sight of the object of pursuit, whose spoutings he could only hear. 'Come, come, Mr Sanguine,' says Fell, 'a good whaler minds only his oar, trusting to the headsman for the rest; but never mind. Stand up, Frank.' Frank was instantly on his feet, and the whale rose under the bows of the boat. 'Give it her, my lad!' says Fell; and in a moment the iron was buried in her side. 'Peak your oar, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell. Although the former did not understand the phrase, yet he was sharp enough to do as the rest did, and that correctly. The line was by this time flying out, and the fish sounding; in a trice she commenced running, and a turn being taken with the line round the lugger-head, the boat was soon skimming the water with great velocity. Solomon, rubbing his hands, hitching his shoulders, and seeming ready to jump overboard, in the height of ecstasy, exclaimed: 'This is glorious! Talk of the Manchester and Birmingham Railways! they are nothing.' But here his speech was interrupted, and his frenzy cooled, when he cast his eyes at each side of the boat, and observed the water rising high above the gunwale. It may be necessary here to state, that it is only the rapidity of the motion that prevents the water from rushing in and filling the boat on these occasions. Solomon had no time to philosophise; but seeing the water several inches above the gunwale of the boat, he did not know how soon it might be as many feet; so he inhaled a prodigious quantity of air, and invoked the whole host of Neptune to aid him in his journey to the shore, as he was no great hand at swimming. His fears were, for the present, groundless; the whale began to rise, and his attention was now engaged by the rowers hauling in the line, with their faces turned inwards. Solomon did as he saw the rest doing, and his gigantic strength was perceptible enough on the boat, for, by the time that the whale reached the surface, the bowman had hold of the harpoon shaft. The headsman, Fell, from his proximity, was enabled to have

'a set on' the fish with the lance, which had such an effect, that it sickened and sounded, so that they were obliged to slack line again.

The calf which belonged to this female, in the hurry and fright having lost its mother, mistook the boat for her, as often happens, and coming alongside, rubbed the boat with its noddle, and endeavoured to clasp it with its fins, to the great detriment of the boat's equilibrium. Solomon, not much liking this visitor, called out to Fell: 'The little creature is more plague than its mother; for any sake give it a poke and send it adrift, or it will turn us topsy-turvy.' Fell only laughed; but, to ease him of his terrors, struck it gently on the head, and down it went. The respite was but short, for the mother, which rose head first, close alongside the boat, almost touched Solomon, who viewed it with a mixture of astonishment and awe, as, like a huge black rock, covered with barnacles, it emerged from the deep. His taste for the marvellous was further gratified by observing her carrying her sick cub on her fin. His feelings were fast rising to a climax, when the whale spouted blood to a terrific height, the gurgling sound of which drew Solomon's attention that way; but he only turned his head in time to discern the falling column, which descended with great violence on his unfortunate pate, half choking him and half filling the boat. 'Sampson slaying the Philistines, or Whitechapel on a Friday, is mere shakings to this!' shouted Mr Sanguine. But, alas! his troubles were only beginning; for the irritated creature, passing under the boat, with one blow of its enormous tail sent it into the air, and the crew into the water. For a moment every one was immersed; but when Fell rose to the surface, he beheld Solomon, who had alighted on the whale's back, lying at full length there, puffing, striking out, and struggling, with all the appearance of a drowning man contending strongly

'Keep up a good heart, my b vhom
such scenes were everyday wor ' the
bottom of the boat!'

Solomon, who, from the first, seemed recalled to a state of consciousness by Fell's friendly voice, looked wildly round, and replied: 'That's all very good, but a swimmer of my capabilities had better remain where he is.'

Fell, pushing a pair of oars before him, towards Solomon, answered: 'Yes, yes; but your foundation is about as unstable as the house that was built on sand.'

'By Jupiter! that's true,' said Solomon, 'so here's for it;' and casting himself from the whale, with one or two ungainly strokes seized the blade of an oar, and was thus towed to the boat, on the keel of which he mounted, and shook his fiery locks much after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog. His first inquiry was if they were all safe; and being answered in the affirmative, asked for a quid of tobacco, as he observed all his companions busy chewing, and which he considered must be necessary under such circumstances.

A relief-boat, manned with black fellows (Bob Headsman and Dick Steersman), came up, and Fell and his crew jumping into it, left the black fellows, who were only in their element, to right the boat, while they followed after the whale, which had gone but a short distance, and having picked up the line, soon terminated its existence. Solomon, in the height of his excitement, strongly besought Fell to kill the calf also, as he considered that it had been the cause of all their troubles. But on Fell saying that nature's law hardly allowed us wantonly to destroy that which was of no utility to us, and might hereafter be of great benefit, he at once coincided with him, and asked how he behaved under the trying circumstances. Fell briefly replied: 'Like a man!' which seemed to soothe the last billow of his wrath.

The whale was towed home, and the newly-elected member ceased not for a moment on the way to expatiate with rapturous enthusiasm on the splendid sport of the day, at the same time venting his spleen on the pap-eaters at home, and picturing the benefit they had that day conferred on mankind, as well as holding forth learnedly on the happy prospects that this new world

presented to generations yet unborn. Let them clear the surface of the earth of game, still the deep would annually yield its myriads of whales, to gratify the hunting propensity of man, and supply him with many of the requisites of life.

The boats were hauled up, and the different members proceeded to their respective huts. Fell was detained on the way, but Frank and Solomon found a blazing fire awaiting them—no trifling comfort under present circumstances. They were horrid-looking creatures, particularly the latter, from the quantity of blood clotted all over them. Mr Sanguine was, however, quite unconscious of his odd plight, and was with difficulty prevailed on to strip, scrub, and put on dry clothing. It was dark when Fell entered; the dinner was just set, and Mr Sanguine was looking himself round, and extolling his whaler's dress to the skies. 'How easy it sits, how comfortable it feels, how handsome it looks!' said he; 'and all for the price of a pair of fancy-slippers. What silly folks are they in England, and the higher in life the more foolish; as poor as church mice and as proud as Lucifer—as helpless as calves, ay, ten times more so than whalers'—— But here he was interrupted by Fell, who was standing beside him, highly delighted at the happiness of his guest, as well as amused at his ideas of utility and contempt of foppery. 'Yes, Mr Sanguine,' said Fell, 'how often do we see the whale's calf, newly ushered into the world, shew considerable instinct at self-preservation. You saw one to-day sink beyond the reach of our stroke to avoid harm; how often do we see them cling to their mother's paps, or take shelter under her fins, as she bounds with them through the deep, flying from her foes. Nor does the mother ever forsake them. This day, Mr Sanguine, while you triumphantly rode on the whale's back, you owed your life to the mother's mistake—she thought you were her calf. It is, indeed, nothing uncommon for a whale to remain on the spot, and be lanced to death, *afraid of* moving her tail, with which at one stroke she *could scatter* her enemies, lest she should injure her

young, preferring present death to flying for her life and mourning her lost offspring.' Mr Sanguine here interrupted Fell by observing, that 'it is very fortunate, indeed, that they take care of their young for the sake of preserving the breed.' Fell resumed: 'How many mothers do we see of the human species who, in point of natural affection, would bear but a miserable comparison with the whale! How many mothers are there in the polite circles, who bring forth and send their children abroad to be watched by the alien and the stranger, regretting only the pains they endure, the time they are shut out of society, the inroads made on their beauty, and only looking anxiously forward to the moment when they will again be able to rush into new scenes of dissipation! But the whale's greatest delight appears to be in nourishing its young, and shielding it from danger, until her tender trust is able to shift for itself, ofttimes eighteen months and upwards.

By this time they were unconsciously seated round the dinner-table; the cook had shewn great justice to the dishes—the flavour of the soup, made of the kangaroo's tail, was beyond anything that Solomon had before tasted. The kangaroo steaks were, in his opinion, only surpassed by the fried smell, a part of the whale near the tail which is very delicate eating, to which Mr Sanguine did ample justice, and praised it as much. In the middle of his enjoyment he did not forget to deplore the degeneracy of the age, and its apathy for any great or noble enterprise, and calculated how many families could live comfortably for many days on the delicate parts of the whale they had killed. Afterwards, the tale and song went merrily round, to which Mr Sanguine contributed abundantly; and in the midst of his joy he was heard repeatedly to declare, that he never knew what happiness was before.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

At an early hour in the morning, and before railways were established, a gentleman arrived in a post-chaise-and-four at Winchester, on the road from Southampton to London. Having obtained fresh horses, he proceeded without a moment's delay; and had scarcely left the inn door when another carriage, from the same direction, with a single individual in it, drove up.

There was something in the countenance of this person, whose complexion indicated long residence in a warmer climate than that of England, which shewed anxiety and the contemplation of some important subject; nor did the waiter fail to notice in one of the pockets of his chaise, when it stopped at the inn door, from which the other traveller had just started, either a case of silver-mounted pistols, or some instruments resembling those deadly weapons.

The first traveller, who had obtained a glance at the other, appeared considerably disconcerted, and immediately desired his postboys to drive as fast as possible. He was obeyed, and reached Papinlane in a very short time: here he changed horses, and proceeded in the same rapid manner; and was congratulating himself on his progress, when, to his surprise, he perceived at a turn of the road, about a mile behind him, a chaise which he conjectured to contain the same person who had so nearly overtaken him at the first stage, and whom he supposed to be at least four miles in his rear.

'This is most vexatious,' said he; 'after all my efforts, I shall be too late! I must move faster.' But he had on this part of his journey to deal with a steady, solemn kind *of postilion* on the near wheeler, who, having terribly *overworked* his horses during the preceding month of

the Ascot Races, and justly considering that ten miles an hour was now a very fast pace for them, was deaf to the traveller's earnest solicitations for increased speed.

The gentleman threatened—that had no effect; coaxed, but in vain. Jem shook his head; grunted out that: 'The roads never vent no vorser nor 'eavier for 'orses.' The passenger shewed gold between his forefinger and thumb. The drivers both declared, like honest and humane men, such as are rarely met in similar circumstances, that 'they vouldn't hilltreat their cattle.'

The traveller inside became agitated, and doubled his offered bribe for a gallop. 'I von't kill my 'orses,' said Jem indignantly, 'for hany money.'

The gentleman threw himself backwards in despair; after a moment or two he leaned forward, put out his head, and then put it in again—seemed to labour with some oppressive secret which he was about to impart. 'Will you,' said he in a voice almost inarticulate from his earnestness—'*will you then drive to save a man's life?*'

The postboys looked back at him for an instant. He was evidently in extreme anxiety: his whole heart and soul were engaged in the object which had occasioned his journey; and now that they were informed of an adequate cause for haste, they became at once alive to its necessity. 'Yes,' pursued the gentleman, who saw at once the sensations he had happily produced; 'if I am not with the high-sheriff of the city of London this day at one o'clock, an innocent man will be hanged!'

'A man hanged!' rejoined Jem, tickling the flank of his horse with his only spur; 'a man's life against 'orse-flesh hany day. I'm blowed but ve'll make the cattle go if hits in 'em.'

And they did go at a frightful rate. Had an axle broken, a wheel come off, or any collision occurred with another vehicle, the results would probably have been most disastrous; and even the breaking of a trace, or the stumbling of a foundered horse, might have rendered all *their efforts* unavailing to save the life of the poor convict,

now poised, as the drivers had been told, in such a critical and appalling state of peril. It was altogether a half-hour of intense and absorbing interest.

As they entered on a common, Jem's hat was blown off by a gust of wind. He hastily pulled up a little, for he had a regard for the beaver, independently of its value, and looked significantly at the traveller, who was counting minutes, as if he would have said: 'May I get down and pick it up?'

'No, no,' quickly and decidedly said the other; 'here, take mine.'

Jem's head was incased in the new envelope; he was quite satisfied, and drove manfully to Basingstoke, where there was a solitary post-house.

'Turn out four posters instantly!' roared the gentleman. 'How many pair have you at home?' inquired he, breathlessly, of the head-hostler.

'Five pair, sir.'

He paused a moment. 'Let a chaise-and-four start this moment before me to Hartley Wintney; turn out another chaise-and-four for myself; and let the remaining pair go with another chaise instantly to Papinlane, and remain there until evening. Can any other horses be obtained here, or near us?'

'No, sir! replied the hostler in astonishment, thinking that the supply was already quite sufficient for any individual traveller.

'All right,' said the gentleman; who, having first seen that the chaise-and-pair was despatched in a gallop on the Papinlane road, and the two four-horse chaises ready—and all this was effected in five minutes—jumped into one of them, and, preceded by the other, dashed off at a furious rate.

The information had been passed from Jem and his comrade to the fresh postboys, that a man's life depended on their driving, and that the fees were munificent. This *stage* was run with speed accordingly. 'Out with four *horses* immediately,' was the order again issued, and *obeyed* with promptitude at Hartley. The second chaise,

however, was allowed to stop—and why that unoccupied carriage had been driven there as a pioneer to that in which the traveller sat alone, was a mystery to every one in the village who had witnessed its entrée, and especially to the postilions, who could not comprehend why the strange gentleman should have ordered it out in such a hurry, and paid them so liberally, for no apparent object —for what had the life of the condemned man to do with the movements of the empty chaise?

The mystery was not solved by the supposition, that it had been sent for a physician, surgeon, accoucheur, or eloping lady; nor did it contain even a case of duelling-pistols, nor anything that could have furnished a solution of the cause for which it had been rattled along at such a desperate rate; nay, the puzzle was increased by the information of the postboys, that a third chaise, without a passenger to occupy it, had been despatched by the same party in all haste back to Papinlane.

The door was again closed, the order to drive on repeated, and the gentleman within, amidst endless speculations, rolled away as before.

The most probable conjecture was, that the poor gentleman was deranged in his intellects, and under some hallucination had engaged the post-carriages, and driven so furiously. Yet, as he paid so very liberally for his unaccountable whim, and had sufficient cunning to detect any imposition practised to keep back any of the horses, no attempt was made to oppose his extraordinary proceedings.

The excitement of the gentleman, from whatever source originated, was rather increased than diminished when he jumped from the chaise into a cab, and approached the city along the Strand. The interposition of obstacles of every kind at Temple Bar and Ludgate Street was, in the state of his mind, intolerable, and he could have cried with vexation as his way was blocked up by rows of wagons and coaches.

Time pressed; he pulled the check-string, and before *the cabman* could look about, was running along th

flagway in old Broad Street. The cabman roared after him—the traveller ran the faster—the hue and cry after the man without the hat increased—the pursued was rather fat and thick-winded, and was soon overtaken and collared by the pursuing police. In vain he expostulated, blustered, and proffered bribes; he threw his purse to the captors, told them to pay the cabman as much as they pleased, and assured them that he was Sir Benjamin Bustle, knight, alderman, and a city magistrate.

The policemen, who were lately nominated to that district of the city, and unacquainted with his person, very naturally disbelieved his assertion; and seeing him without his hat, and hearing the cabman, who had followed in their wake, declare that 'the "gemman" was honly unscrewed in the 'ead,' were about to form the same conclusion, and conduct the prisoner to the nearest lunatic asylum, when, by one of those lucky coincidences which are not of frequent occurrence, a passer-by, known in the neighbourhood, recognised and identified the hurried and persecuted traveller as the real Sir Benjamin Bustle, and obtained his liberation.

The two gentlemen walked off arm in arm, and their first movement, through the noisy and laughing crowd, was to a hatter's shop, where Sir Benjamin—talking, however, earnestly the whole way to his friend—provided himself with a new hat, but with so much precipitation, that it was unfitted to the head for which it was purchased.

His liberator seemed now as much disposed to rapidity of motion as the other; they both entered a carriage together, gave directions to the driver to stop at one or two houses, and then dismissed him.

The clock of one of the principal public edifices of the city had just struck four, as the friend of the traveller came out of the building with the jaunty step of one who had effected an important purpose. He was immediately met by Sir Benjamin Bustle, who whispered some question in his ear, to which the answer appeared most satisfactory, the knight instantaneously exchanged his previous

air of solicitude and doubt for that of self-satisfaction and quietude; as he walked alertly along with his friend, his brightened eye, rapid enunciation, animated action, and elastic step, as he seemed to detail the circumstances of his hurried journey, shewed that he was at that moment a successful and happy man—he seemed at peace with all the world, and on especially good terms with himself.

If any close observer of the human character had marked his entire conduct and demeanour from the preceding evening at Southampton to the conclusion of his journey, and his present deportment, he would have felt certain that Sir Benjamin had been charged with an important mission of very difficult accomplishment, and that he had perfectly succeeded: he would readily have believed that the life of a fellow-creature—as intimated to the postboys—was the stake for which the indefatigable knight had run his rapid and anxious course. And the philanthropist would have honoured him for such exertions of a warm and active benevolence.

The facts, however, were these. Sir Benjamin Bustle had gone down in a stage-coach on the preceding day to Southampton, on some mercantile business: at the inn where he stopped was a gentleman who had just landed from Lisbon, and who was evidently too much debilitated by his voyage to proceed to London without a night's repose.

The travellers supped in the same room, and being both of the mercantile body, entered into conversation on commercial subjects: in the course of which an observation incautiously escaped from the Lisbon individual, which, if known on the Stock Exchange, would instantaneously produce a most influential effect upon the Portuguese funds, in which the London merchant had largely speculated, and in which the other also was deeply interested.

Sir Benjamin, being a very shrewd man, said nothing of his promptly-formed resolution of starting at daybreak the next morning for the city, in order to have a new *speculation in the* Portuguese funds completed before the

flagway in old Broad Street. The cabman roared after him—the traveller ran the faster—the hue and cry after the man without the hat increased—the pursued was rather fat and thick-winded, and was soon overtaken and collared by the pursuing police. In vain he expostulated, blustered, and proffered bribes; he threw his purse to the captors, told them to pay the cabman as much as they pleased, and assured them that he was Sir Benjamin Bustle, knight, alderman, and a city magistrate.

The policemen, who were lately nominated to that district of the city, and unacquainted with his person, very naturally disbelieved his assertion; and seeing him without his hat, and hearing the cabman, who had followed in their wake, declare that 'the "gemman" was honly unscrewed in the 'ead,' were about to form the same conclusion, and conduct the prisoner to the nearest lunatic asylum, when, by one of those lucky coincidences which are not of frequent occurrence, a passer-by, known in the neighbourhood, recognised and identified the hurried and persecuted traveller as the real Sir Benjamin Bustle, and obtained his liberation.

The two gentlemen walked off arm in arm, and their first movement, through the noisy and laughing crowd, was to a hatter's shop, where Sir Benjamin—talking, however, earnestly the whole way to his friend—provided himself with a new hat, but with so much precipitation, that it was unfitted to the head for which it was purchased.

His liberator seemed now as much disposed to rapidity of motion as the other; they both entered a carriage together, gave directions to the driver to stop at one or two houses, and then dismissed him.

The clock of one of the principal public edifices of the city had just struck four, as the friend of the traveller came out of the building with the jaunty step of one who had effected an important purpose. He was immediately met by Sir Benjamin Bustle, who whispered some question *in his ear*, to which the answer appeared most satisfactory, *for the knight* instantaneously exchanged his previous

air of solicitude and doubt for that of self-satisfaction and quietude; as he walked alertly along with his friend, his brightened eye, rapid enunciation, animated action, and elastic step, as he seemed to detail the circumstances of his hurried journey, shewed that he was at that moment a successful and happy man—he seemed at peace with all the world, and on especially good terms with himself.

If any close observer of the human character had marked his entire conduct and demeanour from the preceding evening at Southampton to the conclusion of his journey, and his present deportment, he would have felt certain that Sir Benjamin had been charged with an important mission of very difficult accomplishment, and that he had perfectly succeeded: he would readily have believed that the life of a fellow-creature—as intimated to the postboys—was the stake for which the indefatigable knight had run his rapid and anxious course. And the philanthropist would have honoured him for such exertions of a warm and active benevolence.

The facts, however, were these. Sir Benjamin Bustle had gone down in a stage-coach on the preceding day to Southampton, on some mercantile business: at the inn where he stopped was a gentleman who had just landed from Lisbon, and who was evidently too much debilitated by his voyage to proceed to London without a night's repose.

The travellers supped in the same room, and being both of the mercantile body, entered into conversation on commercial subjects: in the course of which an observation incautiously escaped from the Lisbon individual, which, if known on the Stock Exchange, would instantaneously produce a most influential effect upon the Portuguese funds, in which the London merchant had largely speculated, and in which the other also was deeply interested.

Sir Benjamin, being a very shrewd man, said nothing of his promptly-formed resolution of starting at daybreak the next morning for the city, in order to have a new *speculation in the* Portuguese funds completed before the

countenance of the gentleman himself not unfrequently appeared among them. One old and arch-looking lady was the most constant visitor, and she always wore a tartan plaid of an antique cut. These illusory appearances were rather amusing than otherwise, being, for the most part, of a pleasing character. The second case mentioned by Dr Abercrombie, was one even more remarkable than the preceding. 'A gentleman of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in active business, has all his life been the sport of spectral illusions to such an extent that, in meeting a friend on the street, he has first to appeal to the sense of touch before he can determine whether or not the appearance is real. He can call up figures at will by a steady process of mental conception, and the figure may either be something real or the composition of his own fancy.' Another member of the family was subject to the same delusive impressions.

These very curious cases indicate, we think, a defective condition of the retina, which may be held as one distinct and specific source of spectral deceptions. That defective condition seems to consist in an unusual sensitiveness, rendering the organ liable to have figures called up upon it by the stimulus of the fancy, as if impressed by actual external objects. In ordinary circumstances, on a friend being vividly called to one's remembrance, one can mentally form a complete conception of his face and figure in their minutest lineaments. 'My father!' says Hamlet, 'methinks I see him now!' 'Where, my lord?' 'In my *mind's eye*, Horatio.' In Hamlet's case, an apparition is described as having followed this delineation by the memory, and so may a vivid impression of any figure or object be transferred from the mind to the retina, where the latter organ is permanently or temporarily in a weak or peculiarly sensitive state. In this way, the spectral illusions seem to have been habitually caused in the two cases described. There the defect in the retina was the fundamental or ultimate cause of their existence; *and the* fancy of the individual, the power which regu*lated their* frequency and character. Slighter cases of

this nature are of comparatively common occurrence—cases in which the retina is for a short time so affected as to give the impression of an apparition. Every one is aware, that a peculiarly bright or shining object, if long gazed upon, does not leave the retina as soon as the eye is withdrawn from it. It remains upon the nerve for a considerable time afterwards, at least in outline, as may be observed by closing the eyelids on such occasions. This retentive power, when aided by the imagination, and perhaps by a little bodily derangement with which the senses sympathise, may be carried so far as to produce an actual and forcible spectral illusion. A gentleman, who had gazed long and earnestly on a small and beautiful portrait of the Virgin and Child, was startled immediately on turning his eye from the picture, by seeing a woman and infant at the other end of his chamber of the full size of life. A particular circumstance, however, disclosed in a moment the source of the appearance. The picture was a three-parts' length, and the apparitional figures also wanted the lower fourth of the body, thus shewing that the figures had merely been retained on the tablet of the eye. But the retina may retain an impression much longer than in this case; or rather may recall, after a considerable time, an impression that has been very vividly made at the first. A servant-girl, living in a family where there were some phrenological busts, and, among others, a conspicuous one of Curran, awoke her bed-companion one morning with the alarming information, that the ghost of Curran stood at the foot of the bed dressed in a sailor's jacket, and having on his pale face the unwonted and unbust-like ornament of an immense pair of black whiskers. The other servant could see nothing, though the apparition seemed to her companion to remain visible for some minutes. On the tale being told, a pretty strong light was thrown on the matter. The master of the house had a yacht, and its sailors at that period were frequently about the premises. Going to bed much fatigued, and having her dreaming thoughts divided between her household duties and some

gay whiskered beau of the yacht, the girl's fancy had dressed up Curran's bust, an object most familiar to her retina, in the way mentioned, giving him the sailor's person and whiskers as a fitting appendage. Had the object called up to the eye in this case, instead of being a bust of Curran, chanced to be a portrait of some wicked ancestor or ancestress of the family, as might easily have occurred from the greater comparative impression made on the mind by portraits of that cast, then should we have had a splendid instance of the preternatural appearance of a spirit stung by remorse, and haunting restlessly the scene of its mortal guilt. The girl, without imposture, might have conscientiously reiterated her conviction of the reality of the vision, and the possession of a haunted chamber would have most certainly been assigned to the mansion, inspiring such terror, that renewals of the illusion might really have taken place in consequence. Where the whole affair is not a fiction in such haunted-chamber cases, some solution of this kind may be with certainty applied.

It appears, then, from the cases described, that the eye, through defectiveness of its parts, or through the power of the retina in retaining or recalling vivid impressions, may itself be the main agent in producing spectral illusions. From one particular circumstance, we may generally tell at once whether or not the eye is the organ in fault on such occasions. In Dr Abercrombie's cases, the spectral figures *never spoke*. This is equivalent to a positive indication, that the sense of hearing was not involved in the derangement; in short, that the eye, and not the whole of the senses, or general system, constituted the seat of the defect. This is an important medical diagnostic.

Our readers have now seen, that there are various modes in which the system may be so disturbed as to produce spectral illusions, and that, in the majority of these cases, the parties subject to them might seem to *be not only* of sound mind, but in perfect bodily health. *Another* mode of explaining cases of this description

may now be indicated. Many of the apparitions which have been vouched for by those subjected to them, have certainly been neither more nor less than *vivid dreams*. Practically, the phenomena of dreams are so well known to every one, that it is needless to enlarge upon the force and impressiveness which they may occasionally assume. When they bear upon an interesting and important subject, it is peculiarly natural that they should deeply affect the mind, and perhaps leave the parties to whom they occurred, in permanent doubt as to whether they were merely dreams or supernatural visitations. We shall here quote a case remarkably in point, and one which is not mentioned in English works on this subject: it is told by the compiler of *Les Causes Célèbres*. Two young noblemen, the Marquises de Rambouillet and De Precy, belonging to two of the first families of France, made an agreement, in the warmth of their friendship, that the one who died first should return to the other with tidings of the world to come. Soon afterwards, De Rambouillet went to the wars in Flanders, while De Precy remained at Paris, stricken by a fever. Lying alone in bed, and severely ill, he one day heard a rustling of his bed-curtains, and turning round, saw his friend De Rambouillet in full military attire. The sick man sprang over the bed to welcome his friend, but the other receded, and said that he had come to fulfil his promise, having been killed on that very day. He further said, that it behoved De Precy to think more of the after-world, as all that was said of it was true, and as he himself would die in his first battle. De Precy was then left by the phantom; and it was afterwards found that De Rambouillet had fallen on that day. De Precy recovered, went to the wars, and died in his first combat.

Here, after a compact—the very conception of which argues credulousness or weakness of mind—we not only have one of the parties left in anxiety about the other, but *left in* a violent fever, and aware that his friend *was engaged in* a bloody war. That a spectral illusion

should occur in such a case, is a thing not at all to be wondered at, as little as the direction and shape that the sick man's wanderings took. The fulfilment of the prophecy is the point of interest; and regarding it we would simply use the words of Dr Hibbert in referring to the story of Lord Balcarras and Viscount Dundee. Lord Balcarras was confined as a Jacobite in the castle of Edinburgh, while Dundee was fighting for the same cause; and on one occasion the apparition of the latter came to the bedside of Balcarras, looked at him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantle-piece, and then walked away. It afterwards appeared that Dundee fell just about the time at Killiecrankie. 'With regard to this point,' says Dr Hibbert, 'it must be considered that, agreeably to the well-known doctrine of chances, the event [of Dundee's death] might as well occur then as at any other time; while a far greater proportion of other apparitions, less fortunate in such a supposed confirmation of their supernatural origin, are allowed quietly to sink into oblivion.' This observation applies equally as well to the case of De Precy as to that of Balcarras, each of whom knew that his friend was then hotly campaigning, and could most probably even guess, from the latest bulletins, on what day the hostile armies would decisively meet. We are not told whether or not Balcarras, like De Precy, was in ill health; but the Scottish lord was confined on a charge of high treason, and on Dundee's life or defeat, victory or defeat, the fate of the prisoner must have been felt by himself to rest. This was enough to give his lordship a vivid dream, and even to give him a waking portraiture of Dundee, after the fashion of the bust of Curran case.

But though explanations may thus be given of the common-run of apparition cases, it may seem to some that there are particular ones not to be so accounted for. Of this nature, such readers may say, is the well-warranted story of the Irish lady of rank, who, having married a second time, was visited in the night-time by the spirit of her first husband, from whom she received a notification

of the appointed period of her own death. The lady was at first terrified, but regained her courage. 'How shall I know to-morrow morn,' said she boldly to the spectre, 'that this is not a delusion of the senses—that I indeed am visited by a spirit?'

'Let this be a token to thee for life!' said the visitant; and grasping the arm of the lady for an instant, disappeared.

In the morning, a dark mark, as if of a fresh burn, was seen on the wrist, and the lady kept the scar covered over while she lived. She died at the time prophesied.

This story is told with great unction by some memoir writers, and the circumstances are said to have been long kept secret by the lady's family. For argument's sake, let us admit the most striking points of the case to be true. As for the circumstance of her death at the time foretold, it is well known how powerful imagination is in causing fulfilment in these cases; and, at all events, one instance of such a fulfilment is no great marvel amid hundreds of failures. But the black mark!—what of it? We confess to the reader, that if we had actually seen the scar upon the hand of the lady, we should not have been one step nearer to the admission of supernatural agency. A most respectable merchant-captain told Sir Walter Scott the following story, which will well illustrate the point under consideration:—While lying in the Tagus, a man belonging to his ship was murdered by a Portuguese, and a report soon spread, that the spirit of the deceased haunted the vessel. The captain found, on making inquiry, that one of his own mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, was the chief evidence respecting the ghost. The mate affirmed, that the spectre took him from bed every night, led him about the ship, and, in short, worried his life out. The captain knew not what to think of this, but he privately resolved to watch the mate by night. He did so, and at the hour of twelve saw the man start up with ghastly looks, and light a *candle; after* which he went to the galley, where he *stood staring* wildly for a time, as if on some horrible

object. He then lifted a can filled with water, sprinkled some of it about, and appearing much relieved, went quietly back to his bed. Next morning, on being asked if he had been annoyed in the night, he said: 'Yes; I was led by the ghost to the galley, but I got hold, in some way or other, of a jar of *holy-water*, and freed myself, by sprinkling it about, from the presence of the horrible phantom.'

The captain now told the truth as observed, and the mate, though much surprised, believed it. He was *never* visited by the ghost again—the deception of his own dreaming fancy being thus discovered.

Had the mate burned his hand with the candle, and, by the same mode of reasoning which led him to believe in the banishment of the ghost by holy-water, formed the conclusion that the spectre had touched his hand to imprint on it a perpetual mark, what would have been said of the matter by his comrades and himself in the morning, supposing no watching to have taken place? They would assuredly have held the scar as an indubitable proof of the supernatural visitation, and the story would have remained as darkly mysterious as could be desired. If the reader imagines that the pain must have awakened the somnambulist, we beg to point to a well-authenticated incident, stated to have occurred in England a few years ago. A respectable young man rose from his bed, and went out in his sleep by a high window, dislocating his shoulder by the fall he received. He afterwards contrived to place a ladder against the wall, reascended, and went to bed. For the first time did he learn the truth, when, in the morning, the open window, the ladder, and his disjointed arm, told him that the occurrences which he believed to have taken place in a dream, had been so far a reality. It is also well known with what ease and rapidity the mind can *invent* circumstances in sleep to accord with any passing *sensation*. A dream that seems *to involve* a long and complex train of events, will *sometimes* occupy not more than a single moment of *time*—the whole is a rapid shoot of a half-awakened

fancy. For instance, a pistol-report that actually awakened a sleeper, has been known to give him an instantaneous, yet seemingly extended series of adventures, including a quarrel, a challenge, and a *duel*. Metaphysicians have long been aware of these phenomena.

The reader will have no difficulty in seeing the applicability of these circumstances to those apparition cases, where such a thing as a *mark* is shewn as a proof of a supernatural visitation. The Irish lady may readily have risen in her sleep, burned her hand against the bedroom grate, and, conscious of an unpleasing sensation, though not awakened by it, her fancy may have formed the whole story of the preternatural visitation, precisely as the Irish mate invented the circumstances connected with the holy-water. When we find that such an explanation of the matter is accordant with observed and unquestionable facts, it would be irrational to overlook it, and seek a solution in a supposed breach of the laws of nature.

Besides, let us think of the apparent reasons for the majority of spectral communications, supposing them to be supernatural. Can we deem it accordant with the dignity of that great Power which orders the universe, that a spirit should be sent to warn a libertine lordling of the hour of his death, as was held to be done in the famous case of Lord Lyttleton? Or that a spiritual messenger should be commissioned to walk about an old manor-house, dressed in a white sheet, and dragging clanking chains, for no better purpose than to frighten old women and servant-girls, as said to be done in all haunted-chamber cases? Or that a supernatural being should be charged with the notable task of tapping on bed-heads, pulling down plates, and making a clatter among tea-cups, as in the case of the Stockwell ghost, and a thousand others? The supposition is monstrous. If to any one inhabitant of this earth—a petty atom, occupying a speck of a place on a ball which is itself an insignificant unit among millions of spheres—if to such a one a supernatural *communication* was deigned, certainly it would be for

some purpose worthy of the all-wise Communicator, and fraught with importance to the recipient of the message, as well, perhaps, as to his whole race. Keeping this in mind, how absurd do the majority of our apparition stories appear!

A STORY OF SWEDEN.

CHRISTINA of Sweden, only child and successor to Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and right arm, as he was called, of the Protestant Faith, ascended the throne of her ancestors at a very early age. She was a woman of considerable talents, but more remarkable for energy of character, and an indomitable will; qualities which she inherited from her father, and which her position, as the uncontrolled head of an almost absolute monarchy, nursed into more than masculine strength. Her wilfulness always displayed itself in a rash, though sometimes in a generous way; and in one of her fits of the latter kind, ere she had advanced far in life, she formally resigned her crown, for the good, as she imagined, of her people. The sacrifice was soon repented of, but too late for retrieval, and she spent her latter days in retirement. It was this extraordinary woman's leading wish, when on the throne, to be compared to Elizabeth of England, and she imitated that princess even in her cold-hearted and unworthy coquetries. Hereby hangs the tale we have now to tell.

The young queen of Sweden gave a magnificent fête or masquerade in her palace at Stockholm. This fête had a peculiar character, and one which doubled its splendour and attractions, while exhibiting, at the same time, the ruling foible of the heroine of the north. *Christina* wished, for one night, to have the pleasure of *openly* and expressly bearing the character of the English *princess*, and to resuscitate around her all that was brilliant

and distinguished at the court of her model. For this purpose she had given orders that her own courtiers should assume for the time the characters of the various men of note in Elizabeth's reign, and, in particular cases, she conferred on individuals the honour of assigning to them the parts they were to play. This was rather a delicate point, it must be remembered; for such parts as those of Essex and Leicester had a significance attached to them which could not escape remark. Any old statesman might play Burleigh, as easily as is done in Mr Puff's famous drama; but no common man durst assume the character of either of the two noblemen before mentioned. A modest aspirant for royal favour, however, might venture on the garb of a Raleigh, and more than one young courtier did appear in the guise of Sir Walter on this brilliant evening. The Swedish queen was delighted with the result of her project. A strict etiquette had been established for the regulation of costume, and in order to give a better rule of guidance in this particular, Christina had been at the pains to send for portraits of all the principal personages to be represented. Thus the verisimilitude of the scene was rendered perfect.

Among the individuals who attracted most interest on this occasion, by their appearance and manners, were a young cavalier and an elegant woman, who kept much beside one another during the evening. They were both distinguished for the high-bred ease and grace of their movements, and this circumstance alone, independently of the language in which they spoke to each other, might have served to mark them as foreigners. They were both, indeed, from France. They seemed to be on the most confidential terms; but there was one notable point of discrepancy apparent between them. The lady seemed willing and even desirous to shew herself openly in the crowd, whereas her companion evidently sought to keep himself as much as possible out of the common eye, and, in particular, to avoid the notice of the queen, as she moved from place to place in the splendid assembly. Ultimately, the young cavalier appeared to

succeed in bending his companion to his wishes on this subject, and the pair retired to the recess of one of the lofty windows, where they commenced an animated conversation, though in low tones. Young and light-hearted, and possessing the spirited temperament of their common country, with a full share of its turn for raillery, they scanned from their secluded nook the whole of the vast assembly, and subjected every one who caught their eyes to a witty but good-humoured review.

'Ah,' said the lady, 'look at that little Leicester; what think you of him?'

'Poor fellow! he does not see that the queen wished to make a caricature of him, by putting him into such a garb!' said the gentleman in return.

'Lord Burleigh's representative,' continued the lady, 'has got the *wig* at least—but nothing more.'

'And see,' rejoined her companion, 'how Sir Christopher Hatton bears himself! The English chevalier, it is said, could dance well, but his personator is pleased to make himself a walking-minuet.'

In such a style did the cavalier and the lady chat for one another's amusement in the window recess. At last, the lady with an appearance of nonchalance, but with a tone of voice that betrayed some deeper interest in the matter, said to her companion: 'Apropos—the queen herself—how do you like her?'

'The queen!' replied the cavalier in a low voice, casting around him a troubled glance.

'Yes,' continued the lady; 'do you think she resembles Elizabeth of England?'

'Between *us*—just as much as *Madame Laura resembles Maria Theresa of France!*' was the youth's answer.

As the last words left his lips, he grew deadly pale. His companion alone seemed to enjoy the remark. 'Admirable!' cried she, and signalised her sense of the *joke* which was conveyed to her by the words, by a hearty *laugh.*

But her mirth received a sudden check, as her eye fell

on the personage who now stood in front of her and her companion.

'Who is this *Madame Laura?*' said the Queen Christina, for it was she herself who now appeared before the cavalier and the lady, having overheard all that had passed.

At this question the cavalier, previously much agitated, was compelled to lean on the window. But he recovered himself sufficiently to reply, though with an altered and faltering voice, to the queen's interrogatory: 'Madame Laura, please your majesty, is a Parisian lady, who has the honour to resemble the queen of France—both in dignity of manners and beauty.'

Christina looked on the speaker with an air of doubt and indecision. 'Count d'Harcourt,' said she after a pause, biting her lips at the same time, 'this is a trait of French gallantry for which the queen of Sweden may thank you at some future period.'

Nodding slightly and haughtily to the count's fair companion, Christina then turned away, and with majestic step moved to the spot where a band of courtiers were engaged at the card-table. Meanwhile the whisper passed from tongue to tongue: 'The queen has spoken *particularly* to the young Frenchman; his fortune is made.'

The object of their remarks, on the other hand, was at that moment muttering to himself: 'I am ruined—lost!' And taking leave of his former companion, almost without a word on either side, the Count d'Harcourt left the assembly.

Christina, after speaking as has been related, went directly to the ambassador of France, whom she drew aside from the crowd. 'I have a favour to ask of your excellency,' said she, 'under the seal of secrecy.'

'Your majesty has but to speak,' said the diplomatist gravely, 'and I shall be proud to obey you to the utmost of my power.'

'I assure you,' returned the queen, 'your power will *not be* severely taxed at present. It is but a trifle—a

bagatelle—that I am interested about just now; but I think you are the only person who can gratify my wish. I desire but to know who and what a certain Parisian lady is, who bears the name of *Madame Laura?*'

'Madame Laura—Madame Laura!' rejoined the ambassador, turning his eyes on the ground.

'Yes, Madame Laura,' said the queen impatiently; 'does your excellency know her?'

'Upon the diplomatist avouching that he never in his life had heard of such a lady, Christina tapped the ground restlessly with her foot, and appeared annoyed. 'Then your excellency,' said she at length, with an imperious voice, 'will have the goodness to favour me by finding out the lady. Let an express set out for Paris this night, and return without a moment's delay with full details respecting the position and character of this Madame Laura.'

The ambassador bowed respectfully, and retired to give immediate orders to a courier to proceed on this extraordinary mission.

It has been said that the queen of Sweden imitated, or at least resembled, Elizabeth in her fashion of coquetting with some favoured noble of her court. The personage on whom, at the date of our story, the favour of Christina seemed to have fallen, was that young Frenchman, who, exiled for political reasons from his own country, had come to Sweden in the hope of obtaining military service. The queen received him with peculiar marks of distinction, gave him a commission in her life-guards, and conducted herself towards him, altogether, in such a manner as would have given even a very modest man reason to believe himself an object of marked regard. To a young man of twenty-five, bold and ambitious, such a conviction was likely to be flattering and seductive. We cannot say that it was not so in the case of Count d'Harcourt, but whatever might be his dreams of ambition, his affections had lighted on another object than the sovereign of Sweden. This was the Baroness Helena of Steinberg, a young and beautiful countrywoman of his own, and the

widow of a deceased Swedish noble. The baroness returned D'Harcourt's passion warmly, and the jealous eye of love soon advised her of the potent rival with whom she had to combat for his affection. On the occasion of the masked-ball, Christina had herself deigned to suggest the character of Essex to the young Count d'Harcourt. The baroness, when informed of the circumstance, saw its full significance, and was bold enough to venture on answering the hint of the queen by a covert allusion of the same practical kind. Finding a portrait of Lady Sydney, widow of Sir Philip, whom Essex had privately made his countess, the baroness had assumed the character of that lady at the risk of giving offence. Hence the unwillingness of D'Harcourt to attract attention at the masquerade, the baroness being then his companion. Well would it have been for the young noble had he been equally cautious with regard to his speech! But, in reality, the costume of Christina, which had called from him the mysterious remark about Madame Laura, was somewhat ridiculous. The numberless frills of Elizabeth's usual dress, with all its other stiff and stately points, were very much out of place on the restless, careless, and petulant queen of Sweden. Perhaps she was partly suspicious of this on reflection, and the more galling was the idea of being an object of ridicule to the man she favoured, and, above all, to her rival in his regard.

The impatient queen received an answer from Paris in eight days, so actively did the courier fulfil the orders given. 'Madame Laura,' said the document which he brought, 'is a court-lady who has become *mad*. Her mania consists in a belief that she is queen of France, and in her endeavour to rival the real sovereign, Maria Theresa, in all her dresses and decorations. The poor woman passes her life in this sole occupation. The queen never assumes a habit, which is not seen immediately afterwards on Madame Laura. As she is as inoffensive as ridiculous, nobody meddles with her, and she is everywhere known in Paris by the name of the queen's caricature.' This dispatch had additional details of the same

kind, and concluded by exhibiting a portraiture of poor Madame Laura, dressed as Maria Theresa, and looking inexpressibly ridiculous.

The rage of the queen of Sweden knew no bounds. She had conceived that there was some little point about D'Harcourt's comparison somewhat unfavourable, but to find that she had been compared altogether to a vain and ridiculous madwoman—she, the heroine and pride of the north—she, who had almost allowed the author of this gross insult to know that she loved him—she, to be an object of contempt to this strange youth and his Lady Sydney, the woman for whom he seemed to reject herself—such a thought was torturing to the heart of the proud and wilful princess. 'Wretches!' she exclaimed, 'this is the comparison you would have had me to believe a compliment!'

Filled with such emotions, the queen again chanced to look at the detailed account of Madame Laura. 'Innocent as the madness of the lady really is,' said one part of the paper, 'she is an austere sovereign, and by no means inclined to admit clemency among the royal virtues. She speaks ever of executing justice.' The passage tallied with the state of the queen's mind. 'Yes,' cried she, 'if I am ridiculous, like her, I will be similar to her in all things.' Then she set herself to discover a fit chastisement for D'Harcourt. None appeared to her sufficiently heavy, sharp, or sudden. In this temper passed the day on which she received this galling document from Paris.

Sleep, or the calm of night, brought a change over her feelings. She arose with an altered mind from her couch, and in place of an order for his confinement in a dungeon, she sent to D'Harcourt, on that morning, the brevet of the additional rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The count, who had been preparing himself for leaving Stockholm, was surprised and confounded on receiving this intelligence. He was the more so, as he had not the *least doubt* but that the queen must have discovered the *secret of* his allusion to Madame Laura from some of the *Frenchmen* about the court. The conduct of Christina

thus appeared to him in a most magnanimous light, and a light very dangerous to his fidelity to the Baroness de Steinberg. Still more was this the case when, after the lapse of but a few months, he was raised to the rank of colonel, and, subsequently, on the occasion of his performance of a gallant action, was honoured with the rank of general, and the key of chamberlain of the household. He was induced also to become a naturalised Swede, as a step to further greatness.

All eyes were now turned upon the rising young Frenchman, and it was thought that the premiership, if not a higher honour, was within his grasp. He was in a trying position. He was charmed with the queen's generosity of heart, and believed that she must love him, though nothing but her kindly actions, and, it may be her looks, had indicated it hitherto; and he had never dared to enter upon such a subject. Indeed, dazzled as he was by the prospect of personal favour from a young, powerful, and not unlovely princess, D'Harcourt still felt his heart to be with the Baroness de Steinberg. His fidelity to the latter, and his ambition, came at length to a direct trial —a struggle for superiority. The Baroness de Steinberg had seen, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, the elevation of her lover, but the sense of pain predominated. She saw that ambition was estranging him from her. One day, accordingly, she wrote to him, announcing her intention to leave Stockholm that evening; but plainly indicating, that if he yet loved her enough to retain her, she would not go. At the same moment, almost, the count received a letter from the queen, desiring his immediate presence at a private consultation with her council. This was equivalent to an announcement of a new honour awaiting him. The count was deeply agitated by this dilemma, but ambition, or what he would fain have called *duty*, gained the day. He neglected the invitation of the baroness, and went to the palace, seals and portfolios dancing before his mind's eye by the way.

The queen was seated in council when he was announced. *All smiled* upon the favourite; but Christina signified her

wish for the whole to retire, and D'Harcourt was left alone with her. She was pale, and he also was agitated. It seemed to him as if the moment was come when a crown was to fall on his head. After a pause, the queen lifted a portfolio, stamped with the royal arms, the symbol of supreme if not royal power, and holding it out, said: 'Do you desire it?'

The smile of the queen made the intoxicated young noble interpret this into: 'Do you love me?' and he fell on his knees, exclaiming in answer: 'Yes, I love you as much as I reverence and admire you!'

He continued in this strain for a short time, when the queen interrupted him—and what an interruption! 'Enough!' cried she in a tone that froze the blood in the count's heart—a tone resembling that of a player who casts aside a mask he has worn for a time. The dismayed count would have risen, but she imperiously signed to him to remain. 'At length,' continued she, in a tone of concentrated bitterness—'at length I see you *there*—and the hour of my revenge is come!' D'Harcourt fell back, with his head upon a *fauteuil*, dumb and motionless. 'Yes,' resumed Christina, 'I knew that you *loved* me, but I wished to hear you declare it, as I can now say, as a *woman*, what I might long since have said as a *queen*, that I—scorn and despise you!'

A groan was all the reply of the undeceived and unfortunate count.

'Yes, I have raised you,' continued the queen, 'only for the enjoyment of this hour. Elizabeth raised the Earl of Essex step by step to place and honour. So have I done by you. But there is a further step. If I cannot be Elizabeth, as Madame Laura, whom I resemble so much, and who is equally cruel as mad, I may fairly finish the similitude. You remember the end of Essex?'

'Death!' exclaimed the agitated count involuntarily.

'Yes, death on the scaffold,' said the queen. 'I have *taken* care to naturalise you in Sweden, and you are at *my* discretion. But I will conclude this affair in a manner *more* worthy of Madame Laura, and consequently of me;

added Christina bitterly. As she spoke, she summoned the counsellors to re-enter. 'This man,' said she to them, 'is insane. Let him be conveyed to the *madhouse!*'

Dumb with horror, the Count d'Harcourt was taken from the royal presence.

Insanity really attacked the unhappy man. But from the tenderness of one woman he found a partial remedy for the cruelty of another. On hearing of his doom, which was mitigated in time, the Baroness de Steinberg, forgetful of all her wrongs, flew back to Stockholm. Her future days were dedicated to the solacement of the broken-spirited Count d'Harcourt.

STORY OF THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

GEORGE ST CLAIR, the descendant of a respectable English family, succeeded in early youth to a considerable property in one of our West Indian colonial settlements. His parents resided in England; but at the age of sixteen, having been attacked by some unpleasant pulmonary symptoms, he had been sent out to try the sanatory influence of a more genial clime than that of his nativity. Three years afterwards, he became, by his father's death, proprietor of the estate upon which he was then resident, and having acquired a liking for the country, he took the resolution, although now perfectly well, of making it his permanent abode. Shortly after this determination was adopted, an incident befell him, the ultimate consequences of which, we imagine, will have some interest for our readers.

At the time to which we refer, the slave-trade existed in full vigour in the tropical colonies of Britain. Mr St Clair, though of a warm heart and generous feelings, and noted, moreover, for his kindness to those whom circumstances had made his bondsmen, acted like his neighbours

in regard to the sale and purchase of these unfortunates, when occasion required. It chanced that, about the date alluded to, he had occasion to go to the slave-market of the town adjoining his estate, being requested by his overseer to procure an additional worker. Mr St Clair was not so far seared by habit as to like the scenes which a slave-market usually exhibited; but in the present instance, there were but a few negroes to be disposed of, and nearly all of them were single men, who were comparatively cheerful, or at least resigned to their fate. Our young proprietor soon fixed upon a tall, stout, well-formed young negro, as a proper person for his purpose. On inquiry, he found that the man had been for some time in the colony, but by his side stood a young negress, more recently arrived, and who was his wife, or, it may be, but his bride. The same hard fate had brought her from her native land which had previously caused his exile. They met in the market, and received one another with tears of mingled joy and grief. Mr St Clair had not witnessed this scene, but he was informed of the particulars by others.

The two slaves belonged to different masters, and Mr St Clair became, in the first instance, the legal owner of the negro. Pitying the poor coloured pair, he immediately sought, against the counsels of his overseer, who was along with him, to purchase the negress, and prevent their separation. To this he was urged at once by his own feelings, and by the entreating looks of the unfortunate Africans. But Mr St Clair allowed his wishes to become too clearly apparent, and those persons into whose temporary possession the young negress had fallen, took advantage of the circumstance to ask an exorbitant price. The overseer, a man familiarised to the ways of the country, remonstrated with his master against such a payment. Mr St Clair hesitated, and while he did so, the female slave became the property of another.

It is disagreeable to have even to mention such a *thing* as the *sale* of human beings, but it is essential to *our story* that the particulars of this event should be

understood. Mr St Clair, to use a common expression, never repented of not completing this bargain but *once* —and that was always. More particularly did he feel disposed to regret his indecision, when his new negro worker fell under his eye on the estate. He had given especial orders that the poor African should be well treated every way. The man proved an excellent worker, and was most diligent in his duties, but he associated little with his companions, and always exhibited a degree of sadness and reserve, which either indicated a mind above his condition, or evinced his sorrow for the loss of the mistress of his affections. Mr St Clair, when he looked at the man, could not help imagining that both causes operated on his mind, and at last began to take so deep an interest in him, as to resolve upon purchasing his wife at any cost, and reuniting the two. The female slave had been taken to the neighbouring estate of Mr Lightburn, and thither Mr St Clair betook himself, with a view of sounding his neighbour proprietor upon the subject of a purchase or exchange. He found his friend, Mr Lightburn, not unwilling, for a sufficient price, to part with the negress, and that price Mr St Clair was willing to give. The matter was not finally settled on that occasion, but our young and generous colonist held the compact to be perfectly understood, and rode home with feelings of great satisfaction, anticipating the pleasure of bringing the separated pair together on the morrow.

His views were doomed to be frustrated. On that very night Gomez, as the negro had been named, disappeared from the St Clair estate, and at the same time the female slave also fled from the adjoining one of Mr Lightburn. Of the latter circumstance Mr St Clair soon heard, for his neighbour held by the bargain as a thing virtually completed; and the other, not being able conscientiously to deny this, found himself bound to make his engagement good. A search was ordered for the fugitives, but *it proved fruitless*; and all that came out on inquiry was, *that the other* negroes on the two estates suspected two

or three secret meetings to have taken place between the missing parties, notwithstanding all the intervening obstacles.

Considering the purposes which he had had in view, it was natural for Mr St Clair to regret this event; and he did so the more, as the interminable woods and wilds of the interior, which must have given shelter for the time, he thought, to the fugitives, were but too likely to prove their grave. It was not that starvation could readily overtake them, for in that rich clime the earth produced fruits of itself in abundance, as fabled to do in the golden age, and even clothing was a work requiring little labour or skill; but then the greater part of the country was infested by animals deadly to man. These reflections increased Mr St Clair's regret at the flight of Gomez. But time, that throws its pall over all mortal things and feelings, banished erelong the remembrance of the fugitive. Mr St Clair saw many summers and winters pass away after the date of this event. He married, had children, and became a widower. Of his children, one daughter alone survived to mature years. She, however, was a creature fitted to supply the place of many children, being singular alike for her beauty and excellence of disposition. It was the more fortunate for her father that such was the case, as in his advanced years, or, at least, when he had reached the age of fifty, misfortunes began to fall thick and sore upon him, and he greatly needed a domestic comforter. His mishaps were partly to be ascribed to the weather and climate, and partly to the law. A litigious neighbour—one of the severest pests that can befall a little community—involved Mr St Clair in contests which his open and unsuspecting character but little fitted him to conduct with success, or even to escape from without great disadvantage. It is needless to enter into the details, however, of Mr St Clair's misfortunes. It is enough to mention, that his patrimonial property dwindled away very considerably in his hands, and even the portion which remained became comparatively valueless to him. His slaves, being pro-

perty of a peculiarly available kind in these countries, were parted with by degrees, to an extent that materially impaired the productiveness of the small landed estate saved from the wreck. Mr St Clair bitterly lamented the separation, as much from kind feeling towards his people as from a regard to his own diminishing fortunes; nor was the regret less on their part, for to him they had been bondsmen only in name. In short, the latter years of Mr St Clair were full of new and painful privations. He was reckoned by his neighbours a falling man, and many prophesied that his all would go from him, and his final days be penniless.

'My poor Helen,' said he one day to his daughter, 'I can scarcely bear to see you so cheerful. Do you know what you have lost? I fear you cannot comprehend it, or you would be more downcast.'

'I know—I comprehend it well, dear father,' was the daughter's reply; 'but I can look it all in the face, and yet be cheerful. Besides, I know that much of your care and vexation is about me, and I wish to shew you that it is uncalled for. I do not vex and fret myself because I am no longer an heiress. If we have but enough to live upon, and while you are with me, I am contented and happy—yes, happy.'

The father was silent for a moment, and then continued the conversation. 'Ah, I question if we shall even have enough long, my poor girl. The remnant of our property is falling to wreck for want of proper cultivation, and more of it must be sold, I fear, to save the rest. But, Helen, my love,' proceeded he after a pause, 'have you thought how this must affect you otherwise? Can you bear up against the cruel blow which must come upon you in another way than by pecuniary losses—though caused by them?'

'You allude to my engagement with Captain Lightburn, father,' said Miss St Clair, with a light and flitting blush, yet such a one as is called to the cheek of youthful maiden by one subject alone.

'*Yes I do*, my dear,' replied the father. 'My poor

Helen, be prepared for the worst. Mr Lightburn, too, has at length become cold, or rather inimical to your sinking father; the son will do the same, or will not, at least, be permitted to do otherwise.'

'No, no, you wrong *him*,' said the young lady hastily. 'Captain Lightburn has written to me; he is to be home in a few days, and he has pressed me to consent to the immediate fulfilment of our engagement, though his father, by letter, had requested him to break it off at once, as he best may. Do him justice, dear father; such is the purport of his letter. I received it yesterday, but did not wish to vex you by disclosing it.'

'And have you answered it, Helen?' asked Mr St Clair.

'I have, sir,' said the young lady; 'I fulfilled his father's wish by setting him formally at liberty, and expressed my intention never to consent to any step of which his father was not cognizant.'

'That is my own, my good Helen,' exclaimed Mr St Clair, folding her in his arms. 'And can you bear up against this shock, my sweet child?'

Miss St Clair was silent for a few moments, and her tears fell fast in the meanwhile. 'Yes, dear father, I will try. And fear not,' continued she more cheerfully; 'it is my duty, and I will be supported in the struggle!'

The partial sale of Mr St Clair's properties, and his generally declining condition, could not fail to be widely known. He had ever been well liked, and his misfortunes were the subject of general talk and general commiseration. The latter feeling was greatly strengthened, when it became known that the marriage of two young people who had loved one another from their infancy—namely, Captain Lightburn and Miss St Clair—was decisively broken up from the same cause, the father of the lover having forbidden the union. Mr Lightburn, it was known, was not a bad man, but he was avaricious, and had formed the hope, it was supposed, of getting a great bargain of the remaining St Clair property through his

neighbour's necessities. This expectation had led him to break his promise.

The very negroes of the neighbourhood were enraged at this conduct of Mr Lightburn. A group of them were standing in the street of the district village one day, and shewing teeth at a great rate against him, when one of them suddenly said: 'Massa Sanclare nebber do berry well after him no buy Gomez' wife. Ah, you no mind Gomez. Nebber mind, me am old. Me mind dem well.'

One of the others present, also an old negro, turned upon the speaker at these words, and exclaimed: 'What you say? Massa Sanclare berry good man—dat is, good for white man. Him buy Gomez' wife dat indontickle night Gomez run away, and him nebber know noting at all about it.'

Here a second interruption took place. Unnoticed to any of the others, this conversation, with all that had preceded it, had been overheard by an elderly stranger negro, a wild-looking being, with a head of white wool, and a garment of the rudest and scantiest description even for the tropics. This man called on the talkers to repeat their words. They did so, and having listened to it with an air of suppressed eagerness, he turned away and disappeared.

Scarcely a week afterwards, a strange scene took place at Mr St Clair's dwelling. The proprietor was seated along with his daughter in the cool of the evening at an open balcony, the father more depressed in spirits than ever, and the daughter labouring with the tenderest patience to soothe and cheer her parent. 'All will be well yet, dear father,' said she repeatedly; 'all will be well. Do not give way. Something will occur to befriend us, if you will but be cheerful and active.'

The duteousness of the speaker deserved such befriending, and at that very moment it was not far off. Great was the surprise of the father and child to behold, soon afterwards, a string of negroes, more than twenty *in number, troop* in before them, headed by one old

negro, and a female advanced also in years. The group was an extraordinary one, and a very slight observation was necessary to discover that the younger portion of it presented the appearance of a regular gradation in age, from thirty downwards, and was composed of individuals of both sexes, all members of one family, the heads of which were the two old negroes alluded to. All of them were scantily clad, but evidently redundant in health and animation. They knelt before the surprised St Clairs, and all followed the example of the elder ones in exclaiming: 'Pardon, massa! pardon, massa!'

A light broke suddenly on Mr St Clair's mind. He came down to the group, and exclaimed: 'You are Gomez!'

'Yes, massa! pardon!'

We shall not weary the reader with the explanation of Gomez in his own words. On the occasion of his flight with his wife, he had gone far inland, and, when almost despairing of life, had alighted on a small colony of blacks, runaways like himself, who had fixed themselves in a secluded spot, and who there kept themselves in existence, for many years, by mutual aid. Of this settlement Gomez became a member, and continued so for many years. During all that time, he had only once or twice, and with great caution, visited the frequented districts of the colony. On the last occasion, he had heard tidings about Mr St Clair which made a deep impression on him. The runaway negro had a warm and generous heart, and he never had forgotten the kindness of his old master, to whom, moreover, he was intelligent enough to know, he was regularly bound by a legal payment, or outlay of money, on the other's part. As his family grew up, their outlawed and precarious condition, as a runaway race, had often inclined him to give himself up; and after hearing of Mr St Clair's distresses, he went *back* to his colony with a fixed resolution to return to *his master*, and relieve his wants by the hands of himself and *his family*, which numbered twenty-one members. Even

these formed still but a part of his family, for two or three of his elder children had united their fortunes with those of other young persons of the original colony, and a few young, merry-eyed, white-teethed, grinning creatures, slung at the backs of the stronger members of the party, had a right to call old Gomez grandfather.

Such was the story that Gomez told, and which he closed by the reiterated cry of 'Pardon, massa! pardon!' Mr St Clair, for many reasons, was deeply affected by this event. But his first answering exclamation was: 'No, no; I can never hold myself entitled to a right over this family.'

The simple creatures, however, cried at his refusal, and laughed when they gained his permission that they should at least serve and work for him. And upon these terms of voluntary servitude did the healthy and happy race of Gomez enter upon the St Clair estate. The proprietor of it, however, insisted upon formally manumitting the parents, and the young ones remained as hired servants ever afterwards.

Need we say what was the consequence of this new horde of cultivators upon the estate of Mr St Clair? Under the government of Gomez, the fields soon resumed their former aspect, and the proprietor became a 'comfortable' man, if not quite so rich as before. Mr Lightburn speedily lost all hope also of getting a bargain of the property, and was content to let it come into his family in a more pleasant and respectable way—namely, by the marriage of his son with the beautiful and dutiful heiress.

And so ends this TRUE STORY.

A MODERN ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

In explanation of the subjoined narrative, which is translated from a foreign newspaper, it is necessary to remind the reader that the island of Mauritius, appertaining at this day to the English, was originally colonised by the French, and that the population yet consists, in a great measure, of persons of that nation, to whom, by a formal treaty between the powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without any material alterations.

About fourteen years ago, the Sieur Clodomir Frenois, a rich merchant of the island, was found dead and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with the head and face mutilated by means of a pistol, and all doubt as to the cause of the catastrophe was dispelled by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse, and also of a paper in the handwriting of the deceased. This paper contained the following words: 'I am ruined!—a villain has robbed me of twenty-five thousand livres sterling; dishonour must be my portion, and I cannot await or survive it. I leave to my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remain to us, and I pray that God, my friends, and my enemies, may pardon my self-destruction! Yet another minute, and I shall be in eternity! (Signed) Clodomir Frenois.'

Great was the consternation caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected, as the loss alluded to in the note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony as a man of strict honour and probity, and was universally lamented. His attached widow, after endeavouring faithfully to fulfil his last wishes, found her grief too overpowering to permit her to mingle longer with the world, and took the resolution of consecrating her remaining

days to the services of religion. Two months after the sad end of her husband, she entered a convent, leaving to a nephew of the late merchant, a physician, the charge of completing the distribution of the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the defunct, led to the discovery of the period at which the unfortunate merchant had been robbed; and this period was found to correspond with the date of the disappearance of a man named John Moon, long in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could be learned on inquiry; but, shortly after the division of the late merchant's property, Moon re-appeared in the colony. When taken up and examined respecting the cause of his flight, he stated that he had been sent by his master to France to recover certain sums due to the merchant there, in which mission he had been unsuccessful; and he further averred, that if Clodomir Frenois, in his existing correspondence, had thrown any injurious suspicions upon him (Moon), the whole was but a pretext to account for deficiencies of which the merchant himself was the sole cause and author. This declaration, made by a man who seemed to fear no inquiry, and whose worldly circumstances remained to appearance the same as they had ever been, had the effect of silencing, if it did not satisfy, the examinators, and the affair soon fell in a great measure out of the public recollection.

Things remained for a short time in this condition, when, one morning, Mr William Burnett, principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois, heard a knocking at his gate at a very early hour. He called up one of his servants, who went down and opened the door, and immediately returned with the intelligence that a stranger, who seemed desirous of keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with Mr Burnett in private. Mr Burnett rose, threw on his dressing-gown, and descended to the parlour. He saw there a stranger, of tall person, seated in an easy and familiar attitude upon a sofa, with a

number of the *Morning Post* in his hand. The back of the visitor was turned to Mr Burnett as he entered. Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct himself so like an old friend of the house, Mr Burnett said aloud: 'Sir, may I beg to know your business with me?'

The stranger turned round, and advanced to salute his host warmly and courteously. Mr Burnett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and alarm. Well he might; for before his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he had beheld, nearly a year before, a mutilated corpse, and whom he himself had followed to the grave!

What passed at that interview between Mr Burnett and his strange visitor, remained for the time a secret. Mr Burnett was observed to issue several times, pale and agitated, from his dwelling, and to visit the magistrate charged with the conduct of the criminal processes of the colony. In the course of that day, while John Moon was regaling himself with tea under the palm-trees of his garden, along with a Circassian female whom he had bought some time previously, he was arrested and taken to prison by the officers of justice. On the following day, he was brought before the criminal court, accused of robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crime being conjoined with breach of trust and violence. Moon smiled at the charge with all the confidence of a man who had nothing to fear. The judge having demanded of him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied, that the charge was altogether absurd; that clear testimony was necessary to fix such a delict upon him; and that, so far from there being any such evidence producible, neither the widow of the deceased, nor any one person in his service, had ever heard the pretended robbery even once mentioned by Frenois during his life.

'Do you then affirm your innocence?' repeated the judge gravely, after hearing all that the other had to say.

'I will avouch my innocence,' replied Moon, 'even before the body of my late master, if that be necessary.'

[Such a thing often took place under the old colonial law.]

'John Moon,' said the judge in a voice broken by some peculiar emotion, '*it is before your late master* that you will have now to assert your innocence, and may God make the truth appear!'

A signal from the judge accompanied these words, and immediately a door opened, and Clodomir Frenois, the supposed suicide, entered the court. He advanced to the bar with a slow and deliberate step, having his eye calmly but sternly fixed on the prisoner, his late servant. A great sensation was caused in the court by his appearance. Uttering shrieks of alarm and horror, the females present fled from the spot. The accused fell on his knees in abject terror, and shudderingly confessed his guilt. For a time, no voice was heard but his. However, as it became apparent that a living man stood before the court, the advocate for the prisoner gained courage to speak. He demanded that the identity of the merchant be established, and the mystery of his existence explained. He said that the court should not be biased by what might prove to be a mere accidental likeness between a person living and one deceased; and that such an avowal as that of the prisoner, extracted in a moment of extraordinary terror, was not to be held of much weight. 'Before being admitted here as accuser or witness,' continued the advocate, addressing the resuscitated merchant, 'prove who and what you are, and disclose by what chance the tomb, which so lately received your body, mangled by bullets, has given up its tenant, and restored you to the world in life and health!'

This firm appeal of the advocate, who continued steadfast to his duty under circumstances that would have closed the lips of most men, called forth the following narrative from Clodomir Frenois:—'My story may be soon told, and it will suffice to establish my identity. When I discovered the robbery committed by the accused, he had *then fled* from the island, and I speedily saw that *all attempts* to retake him would prove fruitless. I saw

ruin and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution of terminating my life before the evil day came. On the night on which this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and had loaded my pistol. This done, I prayed forgiveness from my Maker for the act of despair I was about to commit. The end of the pistol was at my head, and my finger on the trigger, when a knock at the outer-door of the house startled me. I concealed the weapon, and went to the door. A man entered, whom I recognised to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders, and in it the body of a man newly buried, which was destined for my nephew, the physician, then living with me. The scarcity of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, compels those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed at having met me. "Did my nephew request you to bring this body?" said I. "No," replied the man; "but I know his anxiety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me to come and offer him this body. For mercy's sake," continued the sexton, "do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my situation and my family's bread."

'While the man was speaking, a strange idea entered my mind, and brought to my despairing bosom hopes of continued life and recovered honour. I stood for a few minutes absorbed in thought, and then, recollecting myself, I gave two pieces of gold to the resurrectionist, the sum which he had expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away, and carried the body to my cabinet. The whole of the household had previously been sent out of the way on purpose, and I had time to carry into execution the plan which had struck me. The body was fortunately of the same *stature* as myself, and like me in complexion. I knew the *man*; he had been a poor offender, abandoned by his *family*. "Poor relic of mortality!" said I, with tears in *my eyes*, "nothing which man may do can now injure

thee; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy lifeless substance. It is to prevent the ruin of not one, but twenty families! And should success attend my attempt, I swear that thy children shall be my children, and, when my own hour comes, we shall rest together in the tomb to which thou shalt be borne before me!"'

At this portion of the merchant's narrative the most lively interest was excited in the court, and testified even by tears from many of the audience. Frenois thus proceeded:—'I then stripped off my clothes, and dressed the body in them. This accomplished, I took up the pistol, and with a hand more reluctant than when I had applied it to my own person, I fired it close to the head of the deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the keenest eye to detect the substitution which had been made.

Choosing the plainest habit I could get, I then dressed myself anew, shaved off the whiskers which I was accustomed to wear, and took other means to alter and disguise my appearance, in case of being subjected by any accident to the risk of betrayal. Next morning saw me on board a French vessel on my way to a distant land—the native country of my ancestors. The expectations which had led me to the execution of this scheme were not disappointed. I knew that John Moon, the man who had robbed me, and who now stands at the bar of this court, had formed connections in this island, which would in all probability bring him back to it as soon as the intelligence of my death gave him the promise of security. In this I have not been disappointed. I have been equally fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy servant remained here in imaginary safety, I have been successful in discovering the quarter in which, not daring at first to betray here the appearance of wealth, he had lodged the whole of the stolen money. I have brought it with me, and also sufficient proofs, supposing his confession of this day to be set aside altogether, to convict him *of the crime with* which he stands charged. By the same *means,' continued* Clodomir Frenois, with a degree of

honourable pride, in which all who heard him sympathised, 'will I be enabled to restore my family to their place in society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which no blot was left by those who bore it before me, and which, please God, I shall transmit unstained to my children, and my children's children.'

John Moon, whose guilt was thus suddenly and strangely laid bare to the world, did not retract the confession which he had made in the extremity of his terror, and without separating, the court sentenced him to confinement for life in the prisons of the colony.

The news of Clodomir Frenois's reappearance spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character was held led to a universal rejoicing on the occasion. He was accompanied from the court to his home by a dense multitude, who welcomed him with prolonged shouts. It would be vain to attempt any description of the feelings of the wife, who thus saw restored to her the beloved being for whose sake she had quitted the world. She was released from her ecclesiastical vows, and rejoined her husband, no more to part till the grave really claimed one or other of them as its due.

CAMILLA COLVILLE:

A TRADITION OF THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

In the early part of the last century, Edward Colville, who had realised a competency as a butcher and grazier, resided in a mansion called the White House, which may still be seen in the vicinity of Gateshead. The respectability of his character, and the style in which he lived, were such as to admit of his daughter Camilla attending *the assize* balls in Newcastle, though these were then fully *as exclusive* as they are at present. Gifted by nature *with* an elegant person, and with some advantages of

education, Camilla was a young lady eminently qualified to grace those assemblages. It is not, therefore, surprising, that at one of them she had the good fortune to attract the attention of a young nobleman, Lord Ossulton, the eldest son of the Earl of Tankerville. It occasioned no small flutter in the room, when this gentleman, after the proper formalities, requested of Miss Colville the honour of being allowed to walk a minuet with her. She blushingly consented, and rarely had the ball-room of Newcastle exhibited a more striking display of graceful movement than what was displayed while this stately dance was in the course of being performed. Lord Ossulton was charmed beyond all measure by the beauty of his partner, and, as he handed her to her carriage, or whatever other conveyance her father's fortune allowed of, he inly vowed that the first should not be the last night of their acquaintance.

The next day beheld the heir of the house of Tankerville, at an hour which would now be considered preposterously early, calling at the White House, to pay his respects to its fair tenant. Next day, and the next again, he renewed his visits; and, in short, his attentions became so conspicuous, that the young lady's father, from being simply flattered by the notice of a person of rank, began to fear that feelings might arise between the parties which would only lead to disappointment. Perhaps he had even graver fears, which any one acquainted with the maxims of the gentlemen of that age will not deem to have been at all unreasonable. It was only in the immediately ensuing age that Richardson drew the character of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He therefore made some efforts to keep Lord Ossulton out of the company of his daughter, but with no great success. Denied admittance to the house, the young noble still could beset her when she went abroad, seat himself near her at church, and get insinuated into any little social party where she was expected. Mr Colville at *length* saw it to be necessary to take very *decided measures*, and he resolved to place the young

lady for some time in a new and distant home. A relation of his had been long settled as a merchant in Holland. In the hands of that gentleman he thought she would be quite safe from Lord Ossulton's addresses. He had also very opportunely a friend who conducted a vessel of his own regularly between South Shields and the ports of Holland and the north of France. By means of this friend, it was comparatively an easy matter to get the young lady conveyed to her new home. It may here be remarked, that the ship-owners, who in those days navigated their own vessels from South Shields, were a highly respectable class of men, generally possessing good education and manners, and living, when at home, in a style of considerable dignity. Amongst the descendants of more than one of them, might be found members of both Houses of parliament. They took the name of captain, and had, we believe, some solid grounds for doing so, as trading beyond certain latitudes and longitudes specified by Queen Elizabeth, gave masters of merchant vessels a modified permission to assume that title. Captain Aubane readily entered into the views of his friend Colville, and undertook to convey the young lady in safety to her relative in Rotterdam. She was, accordingly, conducted in the most private manner to South Shields, and put on board his vessel. How she felt on the occasion has not been remembered by tradition; but if, as is likely, she regarded her lover with affection, and deemed the voyage a compulsory exile, the authority of parents was in those days too awful and inflexible to admit of her making anything like effectual remonstrance.

The voyage passed in safety; Camilla was consigned to her father's Dutch friend; and Captain Aubane returned with the pleasing intelligence that all was safe. If Mr Colville, however, believed that Lord Ossulton had been 'thrown out,' he was mistaken; for before many weeks had elapsed, his lordship made his appearance in Rotterdam, and became as troublesome to the family who had charge of his mistress, as he had formerly been to her father. The Linden Walks lent their shade to certain

meetings of the lovers, and, when such meetings were denied, his lordship made signals of affection from the street, which Camilla could furtively read in the friendly mirror projecting from the parlour window. The Dutch friend now became more distressingly alarmed than ever the father had been, in as far as a responsibility for the interests of another is more harassing than responsibility for interests of one's own. He therefore resolved to get quit as soon as possible of his fair but perilous charge. Captain Aubane, erelong, returned to Rotterdam for another cargo, and when he was about to sail, Camilla was once more put on board his vessel.

Behold the belle of Newcastle again at sea. But now it was with very different feelings that she crossed the German Ocean; and for this change there was no doubt good cause. The Dutch coast had for a day been lost in the blue distance; sea and sky were the boundaries of the sailors' sight; and honest Aubane was congratulating himself on the prospect of soon committing Miss Colville in safety to her father's keeping, when, descending into the cabin, how was he astonished to behold, kneeling at her feet, that very Lord Ossulton who was the cause of all his apprehensions, and whom he supposed to have been left lamenting on the quay of Rotterdam! He soon learned that the lover had contrived, by the connivance of a sailor, and, doubtless, with the concurrence of his mistress, to secrete himself on board the vessel a little while before it sailed. It was too late to think of returning to the Dutch harbour to put Lord Ossulton ashore; but, in allowing him to proceed on the voyage, Aubane resolved to make him as little the better of his contrivance as possible. Exerting the authority which his position gave him, he commanded the young lord to withdraw from the cabin, and not to appear there again, unless in his company, and by his express permission. He also stipulated that, while he was himself on deck upon duty, Lord Ossulton, to make sure of obedience to the rules, *should remain* beside him, at whatever time of day or *night*, and under whatever circumstances of weather

The lover found himself compelled to submit to all these restrictions; but the privilege of seeing his mistress once a day, even in the presence of a third party, served in no small degree to reconcile him to their strictness.

In the course of the voyage, which was not a short one, the heir of Tankerville made a more favourable impression on the mind of Aubane than he had done on the less enlightened and more jealous nature of the young lady's father. Aubane became convinced that, however frivolous or otherwise objectionable might have been the feelings with which he at first regarded Camilla, he was now inspired by an honourable affection. He was also induced to believe the young man when he protested, in the most earnest manner, that the future happiness of his life depended on his obtaining the hand of Miss Colville. The South Shields ship-owner did not, indeed, like the idea of encouraging a young nobleman in an object which must be regarded with dislike by his father and other relations; but on this point also his scruples were at length overcome, doubtless by persuasives strictly honourable. The consequence was, that on arriving at South Shields, he allowed Lord Ossulton to become an inmate of his house, in company with Camilla, until the consent of her father was obtained, and the necessary preparations were made for their marriage. With respect to the feelings of the lover's family, tradition is silent. We may well believe that they were not favourable, for the union of the pair is known to have taken place at Jarrow church, the ancient seat of the venerable Bede; a place of worship which, from some local prepossession, has been for ages the resort of young couples seeking to enter the bonds of wedlock without the consent of parents.

After the ceremony, the pair took up their residence with the lady's father at Gateshead, where they resided for some years. At length the death of his father made Lord Ossulton Earl of Tankerville, the second of the title; and Camilla Colville, as countess, became entitled to the chief seat in the splendid halls of Chillingham Castle. Our heroine was afterwards one of the ladies of the bed-

chamber to Queen Caroline, the consort of George II. She played her part as a peeress with a due portion of dignity and spirit, and continued, long after being the mother of three children, to be one of the most beautiful women at the English court. She survived her husband in a long dowagerhood, and died in 1775, at the age, it has been said, of 105; but this is probably a mistake, though it is likely that her term of years much exceeded that ordinarily allotted to the children of Adam.

INCHRORY, A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

THE following sketch of the manners of Inchrory, a proud Highland chief of the old school, is given by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in his *Traditionary Tales of the Highlands*:—

'It happened one day that the Earl of Fife was travelling up this glen, on his way over to his house of Mar Lodge, in Braemar, and having stopped at Caochan-Seirceag, he sent one of his people across the meadow here, to tell Inchrory that he meant to honour him with a visit. The gentleman knocked at the door, was admitted by the goodwife, and ushered into Inchrory's presence. He found him seated in his arm-chair, in the position which he always occupied—that is, on the most comfortable side of the fire.

"Good-day to you, Inchrory," said the gentleman, bowing.

"The same to you, sir," said Inchrory, bowing his head very grandly and ceremoniously, but without stirring.

"My Lord the Earl of Fife, who is halting at Caochan-Seirceag, on his road to Braemar, has sent me over to *tell you, that* he means to step aside from his way to visit *you," said the* gentleman.

"Well, sir," said Inchrory proudly, "what of that? Tell him he is welcome."

'The gentleman, astonished with his reception, bowed and retired, as an ambassador might have done from a royal presence.

"Well, sir," said Lord Fife to him, after he had rejoined him, "is Inchrory at home?"

"He is at home, my lord," replied the gentleman; "but he is the surliest churl I ever came across."

"As how?" demanded the earl.

"Why, my lord, the little wretch never rose from his chair," replied the gentleman; and then he repeated the conversation he had had with Inchrory. "If your lordship would take my counsel, you would e'en continue your journey, and leave the bear to suck his own paws in his own den."

"Why do you not flit that insolent fellow?" said Lord Fife to James Macgrigor of Pitiveach, his factor, who happened to be with him; "you are tacksman of this farm, and so you have it in your power to turn him out."

"Why, my lord," replied Macgrigor, "he and his forbears have been there for generations; and though he certainly is a great original, he is no bad fellow for all that."

"So, so," replied the earl laughing; "the fellow is an original, is he? Then I must see him. It is something to discover so great a potentate, holding his undisputed reign in wilds like these, so many miles from any other human dwelling. I must visit him directly."

'The fact was, that the earl had but recently become possessed of these Highland estates, and Inchrory looked upon him as a new man, a Lowlander, whom it was his duty, as it was very much his inclination, to despise; whilst the earl, for his part, knowing that such was a feeling which naturally enough pervaded the minds of the Highlanders, even on his own newly-acquired lands, was determined to do it away, by using all manner of courtesy to every one with whom he might come into *contact*. Above all things, he felt that the opportunity

which he now had of overcoming the prejudice of such a man as Inchrory, was by no means to be lost. To Inchrory, therefore, he went, without a moment's delay; was admitted into the house; and ushered into the presence. "Good-day to you, Inchrory," said the earl, bowing.

"Good-day to you, Lord Fife," replied Inchrory, bowing with the same formality as formerly, but still keeping his seat. "Sit down, my lord—sit down. Here is a chair beside me, for I always keep the *benmost* seat in my own house."

"Very right, Inchrory," said the earl smiling, and seating himself accordingly beside his host; "and a very comfortable seat it seems to be."

"Very comfortable," said Inchrory, setting himself more firmly into it; "and I hope that one is easy for your lordship."

"Very easy, indeed," said Lord Fife. "A long ride, such as I have had, would make a hard stone feel easy, and much more this chair beneath your hospitable roof of Inchrory, and before your good fire, in this bitter cold day."

"Well, well, my lord," replied Inchrory, for the first time shaking the earl heartily by the hand, and very much pleased with the familiar manner in which his visitor had so unexpectedly comported himself—"well, all I can say is, that you are heartily welcome to it. Here, gudewife! bring out the bottle. Lord Fife must taste Inchrory's bottle; and bestir yourself, do you hear, and see what you can give his lordship to eat."

'The whisky bottle was brought, and Inchrory drunk the earl's health, who, without any ceremony, hobernobbed with him in turn. Mutton, ham, cheese, broiled kipper salmon, bannocks and butter, were produced and put down promiscuously. The earl ate like a hill-farmer, and partook moderately of the whisky, which Inchrory swallowed in large and repeated bumpers to his lordship's good health. He talked loud and joyously, and the earl familiarly humoured him to his full bent.

They were the greatest friends in the world. The earl particularly delighted Inchrory by praising, caressing, and feeding a great rough deer-hound, which, roused from his lair in front of the fire by the entrance of the eatables, put his long snout and cold nose into his lordship's hand, and craved his attention. But this dog had very nearly ruined all; for the earl was so much taken with the animal, that having left the house after a very warm parting with Inchrory, he sent back his factor to him, to offer to purchase the animal at any price.

"What!" cried Inchrory, drawing himself up in his chair, and looking thunderbolts—"what! does Lord Fife take me for a dog-dealer? I would not sell my dog to any lord in the land. I would not sell my dog to the king on the throne. Tell his lordship, I would as soon sell him my wife!"

"What a stupid fellow I am, Inchrory!" said the factor. "Did I say that it was the earl that sent me? If I did, I was quite wrong. No, no; his lordship did no such thing. He only admired the dog so much, that he could speak of nothing else as he crossed the meadow to join his people. It was my mistake altogether. Hearing him admire your dog so much, I thought it would be a kind act for me to you, my old friend, just to ride back quietly, and give you a hint of it. 'I thought I had the best dogs in all Scotland,' said the earl; 'but that dog of Inchrory's beats them all clean. He is worth them all put together. He is a prince among dogs, as his master is a prince among men. Where could you find a master worthy of such a dog but Inchrory himself—the best fellow I have met with in all this country!'"

"Did the Earl of Fife say that?" cried Inchrory. "Here, bring me a leash. Now," added he, after having fastened it about the hound's neck, "take hold of that, and lead the dog with you to the earl, and tell him that Inchrory *begs* he will accept of him as a present."'

'I have yet one more anecdote of Inchrory, which brings *out* his character more than all the others. 'His wife, *Ealsach*, was one morning occupied in tending the cattle

at the *shieling* at Altanarroch. Lonely as this place of Inchrory is known to be, its loneliness was nothing when compared to that of the shieling of Altanarroch, where even the cattle themselves could only exist for a month or two during the finest part of the year. Now it happened that Ealsach, being in the family-way, became extremely anxious and unhappy as her time of confinement approached; and her anxiety went on increasing daily, till at last she began to think it very expedient to go home to Inchrory. The distance was considerable, and the way rough enough in all conscience. But having the spirit of a Highland woman within her, she set out boldly on foot, and arrived at Inchrory at an early hour in the morning. Her husband met her at the door of the house, where she looked for a kind welcome from him, and modestly signified the cause of her coming.

"Ha!" exclaimed he proudly, and with anger in his eye; "how is this that you come on foot? How dared you to come home till I sent a horse for you, that you might travel as Inchrory's wife ought to do."

"No one saw how I came," replied his wife meekly. "I met nothing but the moorcocks and the peaseweeps on the hill."

"No matter," said Inchrory; "even the moorcocks and the peaseweeps should not have it to say, that they saw the wife of Inchrory tramping home afoot through the heather. Get thee back this moment every foot of the way to Altanarroch, that I may send for thee as Inchrory's wife ought to be sent for."

'The poor woman knew that argument with him was useless. Without entering the house, therefore, she was compelled to turn her weary steps back to Altanarroch; and she was no sooner there, than a servant appeared, leading by the bridle a horse, having a saddle on its back covered with a green cloth, on which she was compelled to mount forthwith, in order to ride home over the barren and desert moors and mosses, in such style as might *satisfy the moorcocks and the peaseweeps that she was the wife of* Inchrory!'

THE JEWELLER OF STRASBURG.

In the ancient city of Strasburg lived Stephen Lenoir and his family. That family was small—so small, indeed, as scarcely to deserve a collective appellation—its whole members consisting of Stephen Lenoir and his daughter Manon. Lenoir was a man of middle age, and by profession a working-jeweller. He had learned his trade in Paris, which was his native place, and bore so high a character for skill, attention, and industry, as to receive more employment than he could well accomplish. Of course, so far as his work was concerned, Stephen was brought into frequent contact with various classes of the community, as he executed tasks both for professional and private employers. Otherwise, he dwelt with his daughter in perfect solitude. In the midst of fellow-creatures, they associated with none. They had not only no friends, but even no acquaintances. Since Stephen Lenoir had arrived with his infant girl in his widowed arms, for fifteen long years, scarcely a human being, excepting the two settled inmates, had been seen within the walls of their little dwelling. What was the cause of this? Was it unsociableness of temperament on the part of the jeweller? Partly so, perhaps; but it arose still more from the sufficiency of what he possessed within to satisfy all his wishes, and occupy his thoughts. Manon and his business were to him all in all. Not a thought had he beyond these, at least after the loss of his wife, who had been the sun of his existence, and whose death cast a partial gloom over his whole remaining days. To Manon he was the kindest of fathers, and did for her in childhood a thousand kind offices, such as man seldom fulfils, being at once *nurse*, companion, and teacher. As she grew up to *womanhood*, she repaid him by becoming in turn the *guardian* of his comforts, as well as by the gentleness and *affectionate* docility of her nature. Her comeliness, too,

was remarkable, and endeared her the more to her father, from recalling to him the memory of his wife, of whom she was the very image.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, Manon tripped up and down her paternal habitation, or sat by her low court-window, caroling gaily, like a happy though a prisoned bird. The floors, the tables, the walls, the ceiling, and, in truth, every spot and corner of the apartment, which, with the exception of a little garret and a small room with a bed-closet, formed nearly their whole house, were clean in the extreme; and the few table utensils that were arranged on the walls, glittered like a river in the sun. Oft, indeed, did Manon cleanse and scour what was never soiled. Then her bird in the window occupied a portion of her time, for she not only fed her starling duly, but taught it to repeat the airs which she had caught from poor street minstrels, and tamed it so, that it spent much of its time close by her side. Manon had her knitting and her sewing to attend to, moreover, these being the only arts which she had been compelled to learn out of doors; and duly as the cathedral bell tolled the morning and mid-day hours, her round and smooth brow, with the brown tresses clustering about it, and the blue eyes sparkling beneath, full of affection and cheerfulness, would be protruded within her father's workroom, and the announcement made, that she had the meal of the hour in readiness. Absorbed in these simple duties did Manon pass the years of her girlhood, having scarcely a thought beyond her own limited sphere.

She was seventeen years old, when an event of some moment marked the career of her sire and herself. Stephen Lenoir was compelled, in a case of peculiar emergency, to take an assistant into his workshop. He was very averse to this proceeding, but a piece of elaborate work required from him could not be executed otherwise in due time. The task, too, could only be performed under his own eye, and, if not executed at all, a *considerable* loss would be the consequence. Now, money *had become* insensibly dear to Stephen—how dear, he had

as yet no perfect conception. He had laid by a pretty large sum, and, having few legitimate objects to expend it upon, such as most men have for the most part in plenty, it had become prized by him for *itself*. This growing passion had produced no perceptible change in his affection for his daughter, and perhaps it was with a view to her future comforts that he had at first taken pleasure in accumulating. However this may be, Stephen on the present occasion felt such a pang at the thought of losing the large sum to be gained by the execution of the required work, that he mastered his reluctance to the admission of any one to the privacy of his house, and engaged an assistant for the term of a few weeks.

This assistant chanced to be a young countryman of his own, travelling for the better acquirement of skill in his trade. Bertrand Lafont was not a youth of very striking appearance, but still he was comely; and his modesty and intelligence were calculated to win by degrees the affections of those around him. For several weeks he was daily in company with Manon at meals, and at other times also for brief periods; and a mutual attraction between the two was the consequence. One day, when the absence of Stephen unexpectedly left them alone at dinner, Bertrand took courage almost to avow his affection, and did not find himself discouraged by its simple and innocent object. However, no further opportunity for an understanding between them happened, until particular circumstances occurred, of a nature calculated to draw Manon's attention entirely to another subject.

Since the entry of Bertrand into the house, a change had been observed by her to come gradually over her father's conduct and temper. When he rose in the morning, it seemed as if his night's rest had done him no good. He looked pale and exhausted, and in the evening he would sit for hours in silence, as if brooding on some unpleasant subject. He was late in retiring to rest, and Manon even thought that she could occasionally hear him stirring late in the night, when her own first slumbers were over. She at first thought that an unusually

important task had brought with it unusual care and toil, and that he might be ill in body; and she affectionately pressed him to attend to his health, and take additional repose. To her great pain, her advice was repulsed with peevishness, almost with harshness. This was the first time in her life that she had found herself so spoken to by her father, and the gentle Manon dropped many a secret tear in consequence. Her grief was the greater, as her father grew worse day by day. When he was obliged to go out, she observed him, though covertly, to cast uneasy and even suspicious looks both at Bertrand and herself. The cause Manon could not guess at, or if she did guess at any cause, it seemed one quite inadequate to produce such effects.

One morning all the symptoms of her father's distemperament appeared to be aggravated. He sent out Bertrand upon some errand or other of business, and immediately afterwards called Manon to him. She went, and found him in visible agitation.

'Oh, Manon,' said he, taking her hand in his, 'my own Manon, daughter of my poor Louise, would you, could you deceive your father?'

'Not for worlds,' returned the daughter, into whose eyes the sight of her father's distress called immediate tears; 'not for worlds would I deceive you!' Stephen looked earnestly at her.

'I cannot doubt you,' said he at length; 'when I gaze at those innocent eyes, and think that they have ever beamed on me with duty and love. And yet, by night—and when you are away from my sight—oh, Manon, I have terrible thoughts!' The daughter was greatly shocked at this open avowal of distrust on her father's part towards her.

'Father, what have I done to incur suspicion from you?' said she, with swimming eyes. 'Oh, dear father, some evil spirit suggests these thoughts! If you have seen aught amiss, tell me, and believe that your Manon will *obey you before* all the world, and that she never could *or can do anything* to vex the parent she so loves.'

Stephen was again silent for a moment. He then kissed his daughter's brow, and said: 'I *believe* you, Manon. Something has occurred to fret me. Go, my dear child, and think of this no more.'

However, matters were not mended subsequently. Stephen altered his strange conduct but for a short time, and then relapsed, and grew daily worse; so much so, as to treat Manon with habitual harshness. Her consciousness of Bertrand's affection could not make up to the poor daughter for this alteration in her father's behaviour—a change wrought in but a few short weeks. An open avowal of his love was finally made by Bertrand. It was made one day when he found Manon in tears, after her father's temporary departure from the house. The simple girl made no attempt to deny that the young man possessed her affections, but said at the same time that she would never quit her father.

'We may live with him, or at least *beside* him, Manon,' replied the lover. The young maiden sighed.

'Once I could have dreamed of such a thing, but not now, not now,' said she; 'and you, too, Bertrand, you have friends and a home elsewhere.'

'I can have no home henceforth, no place worthy to be called a home, Manon, where you are not,' returned the youth warmly. He took Manon's hand; it was not withdrawn from his grasp, and he proceeded to draw such a picture of possible felicity for them, as made the poor girl's heart full almost to overflowing. The discourse of the pair, however, was suddenly interrupted by the sound of an approaching footstep. They separated from each other's side with a degree of confusion inseparable from the nature of their late converse. Stephen almost started when he saw them. For the first time he seemed to have been struck with the possibility of an attachment springing up between them. On that evening he was more thoughtful and gloomy than usual.

The next morning witnessed an unexpected and melancholy scene. Stephen Lenoir rose from breakfast, as he was in the habit of doing, and entered his workshop,

fastening the door behind him. Immediately afterwards, however, he uttered a loud cry, and issued, exclaiming wildly: 'I am robbed again—robbed of all! I am a beggar!' He sprung upon Bertrand at the same time, and accused him fiercely of the robbery.

'Father! dear father!' cried the agitated Manon, clinging to her parent, 'he is innocent! he is innocent!'

Stephen Lenoir turned upon his daughter, and shook her off violently. 'Be silent, shameless and unnatural girl! You are his accomplice—yes, I am robbed by my own flesh and blood! But I will have it back, or, by the heaven above us, both of you shall die on the scaffold!' The excited tones of Stephen had by this time caused some of the neighbours to hurry to the door. The jeweller called to them to bring the street police, which they were ready and active enough in doing. In the meantime, Bertrand allowed himself to be held by Stephen, but at the same time calmly declared his innocence. He also addressed a word of solace to poor Manon, telling her that 'her father would soon discover his error.' Perhaps this appearance of mutual intelligence only served to irritate the jeweller more deeply. When the police came, he declared his conviction that he had been partially robbed several times by Bertrand, and at last had been stripped by him of all his earnings. In a voice husky from contending emotions, he also declared his belief that his own daughter was an accomplice in the crime. A shudder ran through the frames of all present at the charge. The solitary life of Manon had prevented any one from acquiring a perfect knowledge of her character, but her youth, beauty, and distress, would have moved the coldest heart to pity. However, Stephen Lenoir reiterated his accusation, and the final issue was, that Bertrand and Manon were taken into custody, and conducted to prison.

The examination of Lenoir brought out the following statement:—The fruits of his savings were kept by him *in a small strong*-box in his workshop. Soon after he had *taken Bertrand* Lafont as his assistant, he had missed a

portion of his money. At this he was surprised beyond measure, being unable to conceive in what way it had disappeared. He at the very first suspected Bertrand; but on a second robbery taking place, which must have been effected between night and morning, he could not but conclude, that if Bertrand was the plunderer he must be assisted, as he did not sleep in the house, by one who *did* sleep there. The idea of Manon being concerned, however (Stephen said), had been originally rejected by him with horror, until a third robbery by night forced the suspicion strongly upon him. Yet he could not make up his mind to the belief that his child would injure him in thought or deed. At length, his strong-box was plundered between night and morning of all that remained in it; and having discovered on the previous evening that a private correspondence existed between Manon and Bertrand, he had been driven to the conviction of the truth. Hence the exposure of the pair. In answer to questions from the magistrate, Stephen stated that the box had always been opened without violence, though he had regularly kept the key in security in his bedroom.

The magistrate admitted that the circumstantial evidence seemed strong against Bertrand and poor Manon. With what conflicting emotions Stephen Lenoir's breast was agitated on that night, when he returned *alone* to his home, we shall not attempt to describe. Sometimes his wrath and avarice were in the ascendant, and at other times he wept bitterly, and was on the point of rushing out to bring his child back to her home, and beseeching her pardon. At length, he felt the necessity of sleep, and thought to secure it by a draught of spirits. He took a large one, and in replacing the glass, the tremulous state of his nerves was shewn by his allowing it to fall and be shivered to pieces. He then went to bed, and slept. It was broad morning when he awoke to a consciousness of *what* had passed. Slowly and sadly he was in the act of *rising*, when he became conscious of stiffness and pain in *one* of his feet. Throwing off the bed-clothes, he beheld

it covered with clotted blood. A large wound was the cause. Reflecting with surprise and alarm upon this accident, he remembered the fall of the glass. But at that time his foot had been covered by a thick shoe. The shoe was by the bedside; he took it up, and found not the slightest mark upon it. Stephen lay back on his couch in thought. Suddenly a strange idea occurred to him. He started hurriedly from his bed, and rushed to the small retired closet whence he had taken the spirits on the night before. On the floor of it he saw the broken glass. The largest piece had blood upon it. He *must* have been there in the night, and necessarily in his sleep! Wildly Stephen looked about him, and grasped a board which covered a small recess in the wall. The board came away in his hands, and there he beheld his hoarded money lying—the stores of which he had been deprived! Well he knew those coins; he required not to count them. 'My Manon! my innocent Manon!' cried Stephen, striking his forehead; 'the boy! the guiltless boy! My own base and sleepless avarice has been the plunderer of my hoards!'

Whoever saw and knew Stephen Lenoir on that morning, as he rushed through the streets to the office of the magistracy, believed that they saw a man rendered insane by his misfortunes. But soon the story of the somnambulist—who, from an unhappy and diseased passion of avarice, had actually robbed himself—was noised abroad, and all were glad at the surprising and almost accidental exculpation of the young pair. It would be vain for us to attempt to describe how Stephen Lenoir's gray hairs pressed the ground that morning at the feet of his own child, and how the gentle Manon embraced his neck, and besought him to take comfort. Nor shall we endeavour to paint how beautifully Manon blushed through her tears, when her penitent father placed her hand in that of Bertrand, and said: 'My son, if you truly forgive me, we shall part no more!'

This, gentle reader, is a story as true as the Proverbs *of Solomon.*

BLACK HUGH CAMPBELL:

AN ANECDOTE.

GENERAL STEWART, in his work on the Highland]
ments, presents a pleasing picture of the relation w
existed in those corps between the officers and :
The former being generally the sons and other
relatives of the chiefs, and the latter the sons of
clansmen and tenantry, matters remained much or
same footing between the parties as while the w
resided in their native glens. Regimental discipline
comparatively little regarded, being in fact supersed
rendered unnecessary by the devoted attachment o
soldiers to the officers, and their genuine anxiety t
a brave and honourable part in their military ca
Animated by high feelings of affection and duty
Highlanders made excellent though somewhat irre
soldiers. It is lamentable to have to relate, that
government did not sufficiently appreciate the char
of these men, and often violated the engagements u
which they had entered the militia and volunteer ser
by draughting them into the line, and sending the
foreign stations. It was with reference to this cus
that the late Sir Ewen Cameron, head of the Came
broke one day in upon the Duke of York with the st
defiance: 'You may tell your faither to send us to [
he mentioned a very terrible place] if he likes—and
gang tu—but he daurna dhraft us!'—a defiance not
gether without some serious meaning, when we remer
that Ewen's uncle was one of a few who, not many y
before, had shook the British throne. With all the
sentiment which existed between the officers and me
could not, nevertheless, be but that sometimes most u
litary-like proceedings would take place in the Hig
corps; and one of these it is now our purpose to r

Old Campbell of G——, in Argyllshire, had sent so many sons as captains into the army, each attended by a company of his clansmen, that his territory had become almost depopulated. Under these circumstances, when his youngest son came from college, he thought of devoting him to some peaceful profession; but just at this juncture the American war broke out; a fresh call was made upon the Highlands; and the laird, making a desperate effort, was able to raise one other company, which he sent with the young man to take its place in a fencible corps posted in a town upon the borders of the low country.

The raising and constitution of this company, which gave so much joy to the old heart of the father, hurled a corresponding mass of confusion on the young head of the son. The latter discovered, when rather late, that even at home, in those stirring times, there was something more intricate in the study of the art of war than the pleasant dream of love and idleness, which he had fancied to form the 'be all' and the 'end all' of a military life. The mysteries of fortification and tactics were hard indeed in the initiation. But these were trivial to the perplexities arising from the Highland habits of his men. Being naturally looked upon as responsible for their conduct, some of the notions on which they acted proved equally prejudicial to his peace and patience. Amongst other things, their contempt for strict discipline was only paralleled by their dislike to strict attendance. They seemed to have entered the service on the single understanding of obtaining 'leave of absence' whenever they pleased; and 'leave of absence' they would have. Shamus o' ta' muckle mouth, for instance, had suddenly got notice that divers of his wedders had gone a woolgathering for themselves, 'And, to be shurely, how could he stay?' Evan Mohr had 'Ta pit up ta sheillin' for her nainsell's wife, and her wife's bhairns, and it was impossible *she* could bhide!' After this fashion, the young *laird soon* found it a moral impossibility to get more *than a tithe* of his Highlanders to render his majesty

simultaneous service. Erelong, therefore, he was fain to issue, through his favourite sergeant, positive injunctions against even the making of applications for furlough, except on great emergencies. The men then, we believe, resorted to the simple expedient termed 'French leave.'

Another source of the young chief's distractions, but one which he conveniently devolved on his subordinates, arose from the difficulty of distinguishing amongst the Campbells those whose Christian names chanced to correspond. Without some device, the predominant patronymic 'Hugh,' which amongst the men themselves (who could have specified to the splinter of a hairsbreadth the relationship of each to the other) was no source of inconvenience, would have led, in the muster-roll, to unutterable confusion. Every day, therefore, as the drill-sergeant arrived at the many Hugh Campbells, of all shapes and dimensions, arranged on parade, he simply supplied an affix or prefix, with the tacit assent of the parties concerned. The most obvious epithets came first—such as '*Muckle* Hugh Cammel' and '*Little* Hugh Cammel,' '*Red* Hugh Cammel,' '*Black* Hugh Cammel,' and '*Brown* Hugh Cammel,' and so on through every *hue* in creation, until the wit of man could name no more; and then the indefatigable sergeant would sink his sonorous voice as he entered on the more common-place soubriquets of 'Hugh Cammell, *nummer wan*,' 'Hugh Cammell, *nummer twa*,' till the end of the chapter. These refinements were utterly lost on the captain, who deemed the precious distinctions to be distinctions without a difference. Some people were malicious enough, however, to attribute his perplexities, his obtuseness, and a certain air of apathy in his demeanour, to an innocent young lady dwelling near the barracks.

In consequence of the interdict laid on the demands for furlough, a keen competition arose amongst the men for the favour of their superiors. They hoped that, by standing well there, they might possibly have the order occasionally relaxed in their behalf, or at least have their

irregularities more lightly considered. Amongst those who adopted this policy, none was more zealous in practising it than the individual who has been specified as *Little* Hugh Campbell. The light active figure of this man had drawn, on more than one occasion, an encomium from the lips of the captain, whose mind was probably resting on a subject for softer praise. The rule against applying for furlough was not only suspended in favour of this person, known to the captain, in his indifference to the distinctions of the muster-roll, simply as Hugh Campbell; but he was to have his reasonable desires in that respect as soon as asked.

Little Hugh Campbell was not long master of the knowledge of this favour, when he availed himself of it. Inspired by the conviction of its being the proud reward of merit, he was returning one evening, in eager haste to be once more at his post, from a hay-cutting, the scene whereof lay in the immediate vicinity of quarters. Unhappy man that he was!—whom should he encounter but his lawful superior, the captain, in full regimentals, with a dashing young lady hanging on either arm! The captain had just been vaunting of the distinguished appearance of his corps, especially of that section of it that owed fealty to his lofty house. Now, Little Hugh was in all respects, at this moment, the *beau-ideal* of a tatterdemalion. He was habited in a worn-out fillibeg, whose longitudinal dimensions alone rendered it unfit for its office; an old military-coat, which looked only the more miserable from the gaiety of its original colour; and he was, moreover, most admirably besmeared with the accumulated traces of many a hot day's haymaking, during which his person had never tasted of ablution. However much Little Hugh might dread to face his captain in this atrocious plight, there was nothing for it but to offer the passing salute. *It was not returned!* The circumstance was one so unusual to Little Hugh, that it frightened him into a forgetfulness of his condition; *and reflecting* only on the possibility of the captain's *conceiving him* to have passed without the customary

ceremony, he judged it expedient to overtake him without delay; which done, he made no scruple of rendering assurance doubly sure, by tapping his superior's shoulder. The captain turned abruptly at the intrusion, and Hugh, upon the instant, bent his wretched body before him. The captain had not been unmindful of his previous obeisance in passing, with which he could, under the circumstances, have gladly dispensed. His conviction now was, that the fellow before him, whom he fully recognised, intended a deliberate insult. He raised his foot in vengeance for a kick; but of this movement Little Hugh knew nothing. His duty (as he conceived it to be) discharged, he had turned quickly away, impressed with the reasonable belief that enough of him at that season might be quite as good as a feast.

'Bless me, Captain Campbell!' exclaimed the ladies in a breath, 'surely *that* was not one of *your* men?' It was enough to drive the young hero mad. Disposing, therefore, of the fair ones as fast as etiquette would permit, and burning with indignation, he sought the barracks. Instantly on reaching his apartments, he commanded the attendance of Sergeant Campbell. With accustomed promptitude, that athletic dignitary of the drill presented his muscular self before his officer.

'Sergeant!' began the captain in a rage, 'Hugh Campbell was out of barracks to-day?'

'To be shurely,' assented the sergeant—for many of the name had, to his certain knowledge, been strolling off duty, and, aware that the individual identity of the precise person indicated would not be so easily settled with the captain, he took refuge in this general acquiescence.

'Then,' responded the captain with vehemence, 'send him to the guard-house immediately!'

To hear was to obey with the sergeant, when he knew how. In this instance he had avoided Scylla, and fallen on Charybdis. He had avowed his knowledge of a fact of which he was ignorant, and now he was called upon to act on his avowal.

'*Please* yer honour'—— stammered the sergeant; but

he stopped short, with a clear notion of being fairly detected, as his eye caught the look of mingled astonishment and anger turned on him by Captain Campbell.

'Well, sir!' growled the captain.

'An' it please you, your worship,' inquired the sergeant deprecatingly, '*which* of them?'

'Which of them?' echoed the captain in a pet; and then summoning the entire force of his lungs, he vociferated: 'Idiot! did I not tell you—Hugh Campbell!'

'But, please your honour,' persisted the sergeant, taking up the wrong end of the muster-roll first, on a very shrewd surmise of the truth, 'was it Hugh Cammel, *nummer wan*—or Hugh Cammel, *nummer twa*—or Hugh Cammel, *nummer three*—or Hugh Cammel, *nummer fower;* or was it *Muckle* Hugh Cammel, yer honour, or *Little* Hugh Cammel, or *Red* Hugh Cammel, or *Black* Hugh Ca'——

'Stop!—stop there!' cried the captain, rising and pacing the apartment to soothe his ire, as the full recollection of his dingy bowing acquaintance rushed back on him with the cognomen 'black'—'stop there!—*that's* the very man! The *black-hole*, I think, will just suit the black rascal.'

The sergeant wondered; but it was none of his business; he had played long enough with the lightning already. So, accompanied by a file of the guard, he entered the barrack dormitory, for it was now late, with what dispatch he could; and, sword in hand, he thundered forth the name of '*Black* Hugh Cammel.' A second summons was necessary ere he was answered by the brief acknowledgment, 'She 's here,' vented in tones betokening both chagrin and surprise.

'*Black* Hugh Cammel,' said the sergeant peremptorily, 'you're ordhered to the gaard-hous!'

'Faat ta teevil for wad she du wi' me at ta gaard-hous at sic a time o' night?' remonstrated Hugh.

'*Black* Hugh Cammel,' reiterated the sergeant, with mounting dignity, 'you are ordhered to the gaard-hous; *and you most shust* go to the black-hole, because you are *ordhered!*'

Remonstrance being fruitless, Black Hugh was lugged unwillingly away, and, half awake, and scarcely half dressed, was instantly immured in the adjoining hermitage, familiarly known as the black-hole. It was not without abundance of Highland ejaculations, expressive of rage, that the honest fellow submitted to his unmerited fate.

Days passed gloomily away, and Black Hugh Campbell appeared not amidst his comrades. No charge of any kind had been preferred against him; but such was the awe with which the simple mountaineers regarded the commands of the son of their chief, that scarce a murmur arose in which the prisoner's name was whispered. In fact, the captain, resolved upon punishment, but disinclined, for reasons of his own, to prefer a regular charge, had made up his mind that the matter should rest where it was during his good-will and pleasure; and there it probably would have rested while the captain's pique endured, had not an accident disclosed the situation of the prisoner.

An officious gentleman, from the mess-room, having taken a fancy to visit the guard unseasonably, and purely for the pleasure of making the men turn out to salute him, caught them napping, as he expected. As certain dolorous sounds, however, were emanating from the prison hard by, curiosity induced him, before beginning to exercise his authority, to listen to the voice of lamentation. This, as the reader may well conjecture, was the disconsolate wail of his friend *Black* Hugh Campbell, who was mournfully haranguing the walls of his dungeon. As the officer listened, he thus proceeded with his soliloquy:—

'Hoogh! ta teevil o' this can pe porn; tare was ta first week tat ta captain pegan to ca' her *Muckle* Hugh Cammel, she was shust hawled awa tu ta ospital! An' syne anither week, be't reason be't nane, an' he ca'at her Hugh Cammel *nummer wan*, an' sent her tu ta awkward squad! An' syne she's ordhered oot on gaard, wi' a' her paggage, for Hugh Cammel *nummer twa!* an''——

'Who's there?' inquired the officer.

'Tare!' cried the Celt, starting to his feet with surprise, and using the privilege of his country by answering one question with another: 'Ay, to be surely, wha's *tare?*'

'I say, who's there?' repeated the officer.

'An' wha'd pe speirin'?' rejoined Hugh.

'I ask you, sir—who are you?' insisted the officer.

'Her nainsell—Plack Hugh Cammel,' answered the prisoner subduedly, distinguishing the tones of authority.

The officer knew the speaker very well. 'Why, Hugh, my lad,' said he, 'you used to be a well-behaved soldier. How came you here?'

'She couldna shust say; ye see, she wasna shust telt.'

'Told!' exclaimed the interrogator; 'not told! You surely know what you have been about?'

'Hoot,' cried the soldier, 'fa'at cud her nainsell peen apoot—teevil a thing; they shust clappit her here for shust naething!'

'But—you had committed some offence. You had forgot yourself in some way or other. How long have you been here?'

'Maybe twa days, maybe three; unless she could tell, she cudna shust say; there's nae day frae nicht here.'

'This is very strange,' said the officer. 'I must inquire into it.' At his back, aroused by the altercation, stood the guard as stiff as a row of lamp-posts. He did not stay to rebuke them, for Black Hugh Campbell, although he subsequently became the narrator of this story, was, it may be stated, a general favourite. The officer, forthwith, sought the retreat of Sergeant Campbell, and roused that functionary from his blest repose.

'Sergeant! you've got a man in the guard-house.'

'Shurely—to be shurely,' said the sergeant dryly.

'Black Hugh Campbell,' said the officer.

'Yes, and shurely,' said the sergeant.

'Now, I should like to know the charge on which he is confined,' observed the officer.

'Sharge!' ejaculated the sergeant with Highland sarcasm; 'by ordhers of Captain Cammel.'

'Very well,' replied the major (for such was the officer's

rank), catching fire at the insolence of Captain Campbell's *factotum* the sergeant; 'Captain Campbell certainly arrests his men upon public grounds. Shew me to the captain; this affair appears mysterious.'

Marshalled by the sturdy sergeant, and arrived in presence of Captain Campbell, the major began by apologising for the untimely nature of his visit, and ended by detailing the circumstances that had occasioned it.

The captain perceived that the hour for concealment of the offence for which he intended Campbell should suffer was over. He therefore recited, not without acrimony, the insulting part played towards him by the supposed offender. But, as often happens, his anger evaporated, with a consciousness of the irregularities into which he had fallen in seeking his revenge. And he added with a smile, which the major accepted as a signal to relieve himself of an immoderate fit of hitherto suppressed laughter, that he believed *Black* Hugh Campbell had already suffered sufficient punishment, and might be liberated without delay.

Our dark Celt thus regained his liberty; and here our tale might have come to a close, for, with the equanimity of a Turk, Hugh would have been satisfied with any confinement, directed by the sovereign authority of his captain. Neither would the major have said more upon the point, much as he respected the rights of a good soldier, and Black Hugh was certainly a promising one. But there was another concerned in the business, whose brains just entertained the conception, that his commander had been insulted egregiously by Black Hugh Campbell. This was the worthy sergeant. The tornado of native abuse and incoherent threats with which Black Hugh was consequently assailed by his liberator, would certainly have ended in 'trial by battle,' had he not eloquently demonstrated to the sergeant 'tat it cudna' pe her!'

The result, however, provided Captain Campbell with a morning salutation from *Black* Hugh, as, in spite of every opposition on the part of the captain's servant, he made good his way into his private quarters. The

captain entertained enough of alarm, on ascertaining who was the intruder, to have his pistols at hand as Black Hugh entered the room. But what was the surprise of the former when, in place of the dirty little varlet who had done him such foul disgrace, the fine figure of *Black* Hugh Campbell met his gaze! It needed no eloquence to convince the captain 'tat it cudna' pe her,' although much breath was spent on the subject by his visitor.

Sergeant Campbell was again in requisition; but as he was proceeding to recount the distinguishing characteristics of those rejoicing in the common name of Hugh Campbell, the captain became doubtful of his ability to appreciate the sergeant's descriptions any more. Many of the parties were put to the question, and still the general point established was, 'tat it cudna' pe her.' The sergeant was ultimately saddled with the responsibility of detecting the real Simon *im*pure. But as the nature of the offence by no means thoroughly transpired, whilst *Little* Hugh, with a profundity of native cunning, kept his own secret, suspicion settled down on no individual, although it alighted on many. It was known, however, that the captain had been insulted—the Highland blood was roused—impeachments were showered around like gages at a tilt. In short, within the lapse of half an hour, the whole fraternity of the Campbells were engaged in a general *mêlée* in the barrack-yard, with dirk, claymore, and bayonet. To quell the fray, the regiment was beat to arms; the combatants were disarmed; and, in the sequel, never did that or any other guard-house contain an equal number of the name of Hugh Campbell. It was observed that, from that day forth, the captain was infinitely better acquainted with the muster-roll. If, however, his studies ever suggested to him the real style and title of the author of the imaginary insult, to use the emphatic language of Black Hugh Campbell, he kept it 'under her thumb.'

STORY OF A BEAR-HUNT IN THE PYRENEES.

At the distance of a league from Bagnères-de-Luchon, on the declivity of the hill, stands a small building called the hospital, which serves as a halt or station for travellers journeying to Spain. In October 18—, a little higher up than the hospital, a small temporary-looking hut was to be seen, supported and sheltered by a huge rock. It was covered with branches and dry leaves, and built with loose rough stones, constituting a rude but welcome refuge for the highland hunters. It was but the habitation of a day, being regularly destroyed and carried off by every winter's storm. The approaches of autumn are terrible in the Pyrenees; and at the time mentioned, a fearful storm was bursting over the mountain. It was evening; every object was buried in darkness; but through the chinks of the door of the hut darted at times a few glimpses of light. This door was also occasionally opened; a man's head would then appear through the lightened aperture, and be immediately withdrawn. The appearance of the inside was rather picturesque. In the middle of the hut, on a roughly-made table, were promiscuously placed a large basin of milk, some smoked bacon, a piece of goat's cheese, and some maize-bread; on the right was an opening made in the rock, which served as a chimney. In this chimney lay, almost in one blaze of fire, the best part of a tree, with its branches and leaves, which brightly illuminated the centre of the hut, and glittered on the long polished barrels of the rifles, placed upright against the opposite wall. Before the fire, a deer's haunch was comfortably roasting; and around were stretched five highland hunters, with their caps of brown worsted, their knee-breeches of coarse brown cloth, and their long gray stockings. They had fled to the hut to save themselves from the storm, and were now awaiting the supper which was preparing.

At the furthest extremity sat, reading attentively by the light of a wick saturated with resin, a man who appeared not to be dressed like the rest of the hunters: his occupation, the expression of his countenance, and the respectful distance preserved towards him by the highlanders, sufficiently testified his superiority over them. At the other side was suspended the open and reeking carcass of a deer recently killed.

The crackling of the roasting meat, the hissing of the snow as it fell on the inflamed wood, the loud rumbling sounds of the frequent thunder-claps, repeated and increased by the echoes of the mountain, alone interrupted the silence which prevailed in the hut. There seemed some weight on the minds of the men; but at length one of them spoke aloud.

'So, Janote, it was by the same bear which killed one of our friends before that Baptiste was worried yesterday?'

'Yes.'

'I will kill him, Janote, or die. Where was he seen yesterday?'

'Near the glacier of La Maladetta.'

'I will go to-morrow morning and encounter him; it shall not be said that this black-skin has frightened us all like a herd of chamois.'

'Peter,' said Janote, 'the snow has fallen for these two days, the hill is very dangerous, and Baptiste was surprised by the bear merely in consequence of his being caught by the cold; you had better not go to-morrow.'

'I will go!' was the answer.

A gloomy pause now took place, after which the man seated at the extremity of the hut rose and came close to Peter. 'Peter,' said he, 'how many children have you?'

'Five.'

'You shall not go to-morrow!'

'But'——

'You shall not go!' These words were pronounced with *so much authority*, that Peter held down his head and *remained silent*.

'Well, then,' said another, 'I shall have the shot, for I have neither wife nor children.'

'Friend,' replied the man, 'who lives at the village, in the smith's house?'

'My mother.'

'You shall not go!'

'But,' rejoined Peter, 'now that we have found out the villain's den, we ought to take advantage of the discovery.'

'He shall be killed!'

'And by whom? by whom?'

'By myself, my friends.'

'You! reverend sir!' they all exclaimed.

'Yes, my friends; by myself. I am but a peasant, a highlander like yourselves. I spent twenty years among the rocks of Catalonia before becoming a minister of God; and the man you now name in the village the Reverend Curate Riego, was once called Riego the Bear-hunter.' As he pronounced these words, the clergyman's countenance was animated with a singular expression of courage and energy. 'I had come to the hill,' continued he, 'to admire the storm; Heaven, no doubt, has directed me to this hut to hear your regrets; and although I have not touched a rifle for fifteen years'——

'Fifteen years!' said Peter.

'Yes, my friends; for blood, even an insect's blood, should never stain the hands of a minister of God; but what I intend to do to-morrow, is merely to destroy what is hurtful and dangerous; and as I have neither children, wife, nor mother, I will go, and fear not but I shall kill the beast.'

'Be careful, Monsieur Riego,' said Janote.

'Fear not, my friend; I shall remember the days of my youth.'

A young man, about twenty-two years of age, called Stephano, then approached the priest, and said to him: 'But I, brother, shall I not go with you?'

'You, Stephano!' replied the curate, 'my mother's son! —no; you shall not come.'

'We shall all follow you together!' cried the hunters.

'I do not want you, my friends; and as the night is advancing, you had better take your supper and go to rest.'

Young Stephano did not repeat his request to his brother. The hunters instantly began their meal; for there was in M. Riego's voice an irresistible accent of command.

Half an hour afterwards, each man began to settle himself in some corner of the hut, wrapped up in a sheep or goat's skin; Stephano stretched himself nearest to the door: and very soon all was silence.

At the first dawn of day, Riego, fearing the hunters would insist on accompanying him, gently got up, and, choosing one of the rifles, stepped out without being heard. He had put on a dress borrowed from one of the highlanders. On his head he wore the small, flat blue *béret;* over his legs, the long leather-gaiters usually worn by these hardy mountaineers; round his waist, a strong scarlet belt, in which he placed a knife, the thick sharp blade of which was eight or nine inches long. He was not the same man. His step was at all times firm and erect, but slow; on this day, however, his energy amounted even to impatience. As soon as he was out of the hut, he examined the rifle with all the scrupulous attention of an experienced hunter; tried the lock, burned some of the powder to ascertain its quality and dryness, loaded carefully with three balls, and was just starting, when, at ten yards before him, he perceived his young brother, Stephano, ready equipped as a hunter.

'What are you doing there?' said he.

'I am waiting for you, brother.'

'Why?'

'Because I want to go with you; and I must go.'

The curate answered not till after a moment's reflection —'Well, let it be so. Is your rifle loaded?'

'Yes, brother.'

'Here are twelve balls, then; take them, and let us go.'

The brothers started on their perilous adventure. *After an hour's* march, they passed the short rocky defil

which separates France from Spain; and while threading its recesses, Riego would ever and anon raise his rifle to his shoulder, following steadily the course of some eagle, which was already abroad in the keen clear morning air. But he fired not; for he deemed that there was no call upon him to shed any blood but that of the grizzly bear. At the termination of the defile, they found themselves in front of La Maladetta (*The Accursed*), the finest glacier of the Pyrenees, but the most dangerous also, as its not inappropriate name implies. When the glacier appeared, here a mass of glittering ice, and there deadened in hue by flakes of dun snow, Riego felt the enthusiasm of former days return upon him, and he could not help exclaiming joyfully: 'The snow! the hills!' Turning to Stephano, the priest then exclaimed: 'If Janote be right, the bear must be in that fir-wood to the left. We must climb the Maladetta, Stephano. Have you the iron hooks and the ropes?'

'Yes, brother.'

'Come, then, get ready,' said Riego.

In a few minutes they had buckled the iron hooks to their hands, and had united their bodies by a rope about eight feet long, the purpose of which was, that one of them might sustain the other in case of a slip. Thus secured, the brothers resumed their route. For half an hour they toiled silently up the precarious ascent, and were near the place of their destination, when, all at once, the ice gave way beneath Stephano's feet, and he sunk downwards into a deep crevice. Dragged back by his companion's weight, the priest slid rapidly to the very edge of the same gulf; a second more, and he also would have been over! Both must have perished; but, gathering his whole strength, Riego dashed his iron grasper into the ice with such force, that he stopped suddenly. To loosen one of his hands, and turn the rope *round* his arm, for the purpose of shortening it, was the *work* of an instant. He then exerted his strength in *raising* Stephano. Soon the young man's hands could *grasp* the edge of the hole; by and by his whole chest

appeared. 'Courage! courage!' cried Riego, putting forth his whole powers upon a final effort, which, being aided by the youth's pressure on his own elbows, was successful. Stephano was freed from his danger; but he fell almost in a fainting state upon the snow. A mouthful of spirits, from the small store of provisions which the hunters had brought with them, restored Stephano to the power of motion; and the priest said to him in a cheerful voice: 'Courage, brother!—you are all right again; let us move on!'

Stephano replied: 'Yes, brother,' and resumed the march; but a great change had come over the young man. The narrow escape which he had made had overthrown his resolution. He walked on, pale, tottering, and exhausted—a different being altogether from what he had been a few moments before. Riego, who moved foremost, was too much occupied with the outlook for the bear, and with the difficulties of the path, to be fully sensible how much his brother was changed by the late accident. The bear was not to be seen at Maladetta when they reached it. The hunters then turned into the Spanish Pyrenees, which they entered by La Picada. Scarcely had they gone a few yards in this direction, when Riego stopped short, and, without turning round, made a sign to his companion to stand still also. The priest then laid his ear to the ground, and heard a low growling sound, which he immediately pronounced to be the snarl of the bear. 'He is not far off,' said Riego in a whisper. 'Let us mount this platform, and we are sure to see him. Follow me.' The brothers ascended the platform in question by a narrow ridge, flanked on the right and left by a steep precipice. On the side opposite to where the hunters were, there was another precipitous pass. Having completed the ascent, the brothers looked round, and in a few moments saw an enormous bear moving slowly down the dry rocky bed of a torrent.

'Here he is!' cried the curate. 'Stephano! make *ready; he will* immediately pass the corner before us, *close to that* fir-tree; fire at him there. Mark for the

left shoulder—a little behind it! If you miss him, I will then shoot!'

Just as Riego concluded his directions, the bear came to the point mentioned. 'Now, Stephano!' cried the curate. The young man fired; but whether from agitation or the distance, he missed the animal, as appeared from the splinters of ice broken off by the side of the brute, which at once turned round, saw the hunters, and advanced towards them. He was at first little more than twenty yards distant, but fortunately the path took some turns, which made the space to be passed greater. At a favourable instant, calmly and steadily raising his gun, Riego fired. The brute, however, chanced to slip aside at the moment, and of the three balls, one only struck him in the flank. A terrific growl was the only reply to the shot, which was totally ineffective in retarding his course.

'Some balls!' said Riego quietly, without turning his eye from the bear. Stephano spoke not. 'Balls, Stephano!—in three minutes he will be upon us!' The young man had been feeling his pouch.

'We are lost!' cried he with a groan of despair; 'the bag has been buried in the snow at Maladetta!'

The growls of the bear became more and more vivid. 'We have no balls!' repeated the young man in tones of agony; 'let us fly!—oh, let us fly, brother!'

'Fly!' said the priest; 'no, we cannot! In twenty seconds the monster would be up with us, were we to go down-hill!'

'Oh, blessed Virgin!' cried Stephano, falling on his knees in desperation.

'Come, no faint-heartedness, brother!' exclaimed the priest, speaking very quickly, but in his usual intrepid tones; 'there is one resource. Shew me your knife!—yes, it is long and sharp. Mark me!—in one minute the bear will be on this platform! I will walk up to him—he will rush on me. I will hold him tight; and do you *stab* him till he drops, in the left side, Stephano!'

'Yes, brother,' was the young man's reply.

'*Now*, he comes!' cried the undaunted priest; 'no

unsteadiness, Stephano! strike hard and true! Ha! the bears have felt Riego before now, and they shall not conquer me yet!'

The priest seemed almost happy in his fearlessness. But, alas! deplorably different was the condition of the poor young brother. The bear appeared. 'To work! to work, Stephano!' cried the priest, as he stepped forward with open arms. The monster, rising on its hind-legs, seized Riego with a suffocating grasp. A terrible struggle began between them. 'Help, brother, help!' cried the priest in a voice of thunder. Alas! Stephano had lost all presence of mind. His legs shook under him; a film passed over his eyes; he could neither advance nor retreat. The agonies of helpless terror were upon him.

'Strike, brother, strike!' cried the priest in weaker tones. The bear howled in a terrific manner, its hideous head projected over the curate's shoulder, its eyes red as fire, and its paws tearing Riego's back, while they at the same time crushed him between them. The struggle had lasted a few seconds. Stephano, wild, insane almost, could not stir. 'Help me, brother! save me!' cried the priest, his voice failing. At this last call, the young man seemed partly to recover his powers of action. He ran forward, and struck his knife against the side of the monster. But the blow came from a hand too unsteady to do any execution. The knife scarcely scratched the skin. The failure, and the near spectacle of the brute's open mouth and fierce eyes, overthrew Stephano's resolution utterly, and, dropping the knife from his nerveless grasp, he turned and fled from the spot.

'Brother! brother!' cried Riego in a choked voice, but Stephano was away. Alone with his enemy, the priest tried to draw his own knife from his belt, but the brute held him too tight. Gathering vigour from despair, the priest resolved that, if he perished, the monster should perish with him, and, step by step, he pushed the bear to the edge of the precipice.

At this very instant a powerful voice was heard from *above the platform*, exclaiming: 'Courage! courage!'

and a man bounded down the rocks with fearful rapidity. But it was too late! The priest and his grizzly foe had reached the brink of the abyss; the bear's feet slipped, and both of them rolled down the steep locked in that mortal embrace. The eyes of the new-comer could not follow them into the gulf.

The day following that on which this scene took place, was the epoch of a festival in the village of which Riego was curate. The people were assembled in their public room, and the generous daring of their pastor was the theme of every tongue. They lamented him deeply—for this much they had learned from Stephano, that the priest had perished in encountering the bear. The young man, however, would tell no more; he kept a moody silence, and the people ascribed it to sorrow for the loss of a brother whom he was known to respect and love deeply. Things stood thus, when a young peasant from a neighbouring village entered the public room. He was the man who had witnessed Riego's fall, and he had also seen Stephano's flight and desertion. He told his tale, and in an instant cries of indignation burst from every tongue. 'Away with him! drive him from the village!' were the exclamations of all. The unfortunate youth seemed in a condition of despair, which nothing could add to; and he was moving mutely away, when a man covered with bloody rags made his appearance. 'Riego!' cried the astonished villagers. It was indeed the priest. Stephano fell on his knees before his brother in a state of speechless rapture, and, with looks of imploring entreaty, kissed his feet and knees. The priest looked on him with an aspect of affection and mild forgiveness.

'Did you not fall over the precipice with the bear!' cried one of the people.

'I did,' said Riego; 'but Heaven protected me. My belt was caught by a sharp rock; the bear was forced to quit its hold, and perished alone at the bottom of the gulf.'

Exclamations of joy now rung from every quarter.

Stephano continued sobbing aloud. 'My brother! oh, my brother!' was all he could say.

'What meant those cries as I entered?' said the priest in a severe tone; 'why would you send away the boy?'

'Because the coward'——

'Coward! he is no coward!' cried Riego. 'His presence of mind was destroyed by his having narrowly escaped death a few minutes before. Are you sure that the same effect would not have been produced on any one of yourselves? Surely none will blame him when I forgive and embrace him! And now, let us return thanks to God, and let the festival proceed.'

Riego's wounds were soon healed. As for Stephano, by many a brave feat the young man has since wiped away the reproach which was drawn upon him by his want of firmness at the death-scene of the great bear.

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS:

STORY FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.

MADEMOISELLE D'AUBRAY, daughter of a respectable and wealthy gentleman, who held the rank of civil-lieutenant in France, was married in the year 1651 to the Marquis de Brinvilliers, a man of rank and fortune. She brought to him a dowry of 200,000 livres, and he enjoyed an annual income of 30,000 livres. The pair were thus amply provided with the means of enjoying, not only the necessaries and comforts, but also the luxuries of life; and every thing seemed to promise to them a long career of wedded happiness. The marchioness was remarkable for the sprightliness of her mind and the graces of her person. Her figure was slight, but well formed, and her features regular *and beautiful*; while the mildness of her manners, *and the tranquillity* that sat on her brow, gave indications

of a spirit unruffled by any of the stormier passions of humanity. But as the beautiful description of the castle of Glamis in *Macbeth*, with the allusion to the quiet sweetness of the air, and the peaceful labours of the 'temple-haunting martlet' under the eaves, gives a more startling effect to the bloody horrors acted immediately thereafter within the walls, so did the opening promise of this woman's life contrast, in a fearfully vivid manner, with the after-scenes in which she bore a part, and, indeed, in which she was the principal actor.

The Marquis de Brinvilliers was a colonel of cavalry in the regiment of Normandy, and had seen actual service in the wars. While so engaged, he had become acquainted with a captain of horse named Saint-Croix, or rather one who had assumed that name, being an illegitimate member of a noble French family. The marquis, subsequently to his marriage, met Saint-Croix, and renewed acquaintanceship with him. The captain was soon received as a domesticated visitant in the house of the marquis and marchioness, and hence flows the unhappy tale that is to be told. M. de Brinvilliers was a dissipated man, and much abroad, by which means his wife was left in the dangerous society of Saint-Croix, and formed a strong and criminal attachment to him. He was one but too ready to encourage and profit by such an aberration from rectitude, and, urged by him, the marchioness took advantage of her husband's conduct to sue for a separate maintenance, which she obtained. After this period, the connection between her and Saint-Croix grew closer; so much so as to attract general notice. Her father, M. d'Aubray, became aware of the circumstances; and perceiving the marquis to be seemingly indifferent on the subject, thought that he would best consult his daughter's good by getting Saint-Croix imprisoned. A lettre-de-cachet, or order for arrest, was a thing too easily procured in those days in France, by any one who had interest at court; and the young captain of horse was taken from the carriage of the marchioness, and thrown into the Bastile.

This step had a most unfortunate and unforeseen issue.

While in confinement, Saint-Croix became acquainted with an Italian named Exili, a man who followed the mystery of compounding poisons—one extensively studied in that age, and turned largely to profit and account. Exili initiated his fellow-captive into the secrets of the art, and, when both of them were liberated, at the end of a year, the diabolical instructions were continued, until the pupil became as great an adept as his teacher. On his release, Saint-Croix had not failed to renew his intercourse with the marchioness, but with so much circumspection, that even the father was deceived, and kept up a friendly footing with his daughter. When they met in private, Saint-Croix communicated to the marchioness the secrets taught him by Exili, and his lessons were not thrown away. Animated by cupidity and a desire of vengeance, this wretched and guilty pair concerted a scheme of cutting off M. d'Aubray and his whole family—the *father*, *brothers*, and *sister* of the marchioness! The horrible aspect of such a crime daunted not these two beings, rare in their wickedness, and worthy associates for one another. The object of the scheme, of course, was to put the marchioness in possession of all the property of her family; and Saint-Croix, imagining himself secure of her affections, did not doubt but that he would be master of all which owned her as mistress.

The first measures taken by Madame de Brinvilliers towards the execution of her design, are perhaps more frightful to think of than any other part of her conduct. With an inconceivable degree of coolness, this woman, young, well-educated, and seemingly of mild and gentle temperament, deliberately set about the trial of her mortal poisons upon living human beings, preparatorily to the use of them upon her own family. She introduced poison into biscuits, and gave them to poor persons, watching the effects they produced. Her experience in this way did not seem to her ample enough, however, and, according to a custom not uncommon among benevolent *females in France*, she went to the Hospital of the Hôtel-*Dieu, to administer* in person her drugs on a large scale.

Though this fact afterwards came to light, the extent of the mischief done by her could not be decisively ascertained. Anxious apparently to witness still more fully the course of action of the poison, the marchioness also administered a dose to her waiting-maid, Frances Roussel, who became very ill in consequence, but ultimately recovered. Whilst working so much among these fatal drugs, the marchioness, by mistake, allowed a whole company to partake of a pigeon-pie, into which she had introduced her poisons. 'Several of them died,' Madame de Sévigné tells us; 'and the Chevalier du Guet, one of the party, lived on in agony for two or three years.' The poison being slow of operation, no suspicion was aroused in these cases.

Having satisfied herself in this fearful manner of the kind and quantity of poison suited for her purpose, Madame de Brinvilliers committed the first of her previously purposed crimes. Her father went to his country-seat at Ossement, attended at his request by this unprincipled daughter. She put poison into a broth intended for him, and he took it. Violent vomitings and the severest pains were the consequence, and the marchioness looked on calmly, or at least with such a demeanour as prevented any shade of suspicion from lighting on her. Her father lived long enough to be carried to Paris for advice, but died shortly after arriving there, the daughter having several times repeated the dose. The two sons were next attacked, as standing between the marchioness and the inheritance of the family. The mind which had calmly compassed the crime of parricide, had no scruple in meditating fratricide. One of the brothers had succeeded his father as lieutenant-civil, and the other was a counsellor of parliament. Madame de Brinvilliers was upon friendly terms with both of them, and she took advantage of this to introduce into the service of the counsellor, who lived with his brother, a lackey named La Chaussée, once a servant of Saint-Croix, and a fit agent for the completion of the murderous design. The fact, however, of his having served Saint-Croix was

concealed. La Chaussée, for a high bribe, undertook to poison the brothers, and soon after entering their household, he introduced poison into some wine and water to be taken by the eldest. But as soon as the latter had put it to his lips, he detected something unusual in the taste, and exclaimed: 'Rascal! what have you given me? Would you have me poisoned?' This was said, however, without any idea that poison was really in the glass, and merely referred to want of cleanliness and care on the part of the servant. La Chaussée excused himself, by saying that some dregs of medicine had accidentally been in the glass, and had given it the taste complained of.

Still unsuspicious of any evil intended to them, far less anticipating it from a sister's hands, the lieutenant and counsellor kept La Chaussée in their service; and he was not long in making a new attempt, being urged to it by his impatient and unscrupulous employers. In April 1670, the brothers went to the country, and while there, partook with some other gentlemen of a set banquet. A sweetbread-pie was among the dishes, and the brothers, with one of their companions, ate freely of it. The three were immediately seized with vomiting, and suffered most severe pain, while those who had not ate of the dish felt no disorder. The unhappy brothers were of strong constitutions, and nature struggled long against the injury inflicted on it, but the issue of that poisoning was fatal to both. The lieutenant languished in torment up to the 17th of June, and then died. The counsellor survived the poisoning three months, and followed his brother to the tomb. An examination was made, respectively, of the bodies, and, in both cases, a portion of the stomach and intestines was found in an ulcerated and blackened state. The physicians did not hesitate to declare that the brothers had been poisoned, but suspicion never pointed to the true source, and indeed some unhappy accident was generally looked upon as the cause. So well had La Chaussée played his part, that the counsellor, totally unsuspicious of the man to the last, had left him a small legacy.

Three victims were thus removed. There were yet two other persons, however, who stood between the wretched authors of these crimes and the attainment of their full desires—namely, Mademoiselle d'Aubray and the Marquis de Brinvilliers. On the life of the latter, the marchioness, eager to remove all obstacles from the way of her union with her paramour, contrived to make several attempts; but, if we may believe Madame de Sévigné, who was a contemporary, and living on the spot at the moment, Saint-Croix himself took steps to prevent the marchioness from succeeding in this portion of her designs, being averse to a formal union with a person so dangerous as his associate in guilt. But the Marquis de Brinvilliers tasted enough of the fatal drugs to injure his health deeply. As for Mademoiselle d'Aubray, whether put on her guard by the acknowledged end of her brothers, or from natural cautiousness, she did not fall beneath the deadly attempts of her younger sister, though these were often repeated.

It is difficult to say how many crimes these wretches would yet have committed, had not a strange and striking circumstance suddenly arrested them in the mid career of their guilt. Saint-Croix, not yet contented with his proficiency in the art of poisoning, was in the habit of exercising his genius in compounding new drugs of the same kind, and arrived at a degree of skill therein which proved fatal to himself. One day, while engaged in mixing some of his preparations, and standing over the fumes with a mask of glass upon his face, the protecting vizor fell off, and the vapours killed him on the spot. His death being discovered by his servants, a magistrate was called in, and the effects taken in charge, the deceased being understood to be without friends. A casket was seen which contained an open paper, and some sealed packets. The paper, which had plainly been drawn up with a view to the possibility of such an accident, contained the most solemn injunctions to those who should find it, to carry the casket to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers. 'It belongs to her alone,' said the paper,

'and can be of use to no one else. If she be dead before me, then it is my desire that the casket be burned, without being opened by any one. This I charge upon those who find it, as they would have peace on earth, and as they value their souls! This is my last will.' The very solemnity of these instructions defeated their purpose, and caused the agents of justice to open the packet so much cared for. Poisons, and recipes for poisons, with directions to *use* them, constituted nearly the whole contents. A note from the marchioness to Saint-Croix, containing a promise of 30,000 livres, was also there, and some letters from the same party. These did not precisely disclose the truth, but were sufficient to excite strong suspicions. Meanwhile the marchioness had heard of the decease of Saint-Croix, and came instantly to the spot. Probably aware of the existence of the paper, she demanded the casket. It was refused to her, and, in great anxiety, she endeavoured to bribe the officers. Finding all vain, she grew alarmed, went home, and, having made rapid preparations, fled towards Flanders, which she reached in safety.

A piece of matchless audacity on the part of La Chaussée, the valet, threw new light on the affair. This man came forward, and asserted that Saint-Croix had a large sum of money of his in charge, and also owed him long arrears of wages. The police were led to examine the past history of the man, and he soon broke down under the cross-examination to which he was subjected. The deaths of the D'Aubrays, while he served them, were remembered, and he was seized. His courage failed him when put to the question, and he horrified the public by disclosing the Marchioness de Brinvilliers to be the murderess of her two brothers, and the attempted assassin of her sister. La Chaussée was fully convicted, and executed. In the meantime, the retreat of the marchioness was discovered, and a body of criminal officers was sent to bring her to justice. But she was *lodged* in a convent of Liege, from which sanctuary it *was informal* to take her by force. An active office

named Desgrais, devised a plan of overcoming this difficulty. He dressed himself as an abbé, was introduced to the convent, and formed an acquaintance with the marchioness. After a time, by pretending an affection for her, and an unlimited devotion to her interests, Desgrais gained her confidence so far as to wile her beyond the convent walls, when she was at once seized, and hurried off to France.

In a casket in her possession was found a confession, apparently intended for a priest, and containing a disclosure of all her crimes. These were more horrible than had been previously conjectured. She admitted the poisoning of her father (after several trials), her two brothers, and one of their children; and these admissions were universally credited, though she afterwards averred having written this in a state of frenzy. She also said in the paper, that, from mere childhood, she had lived a life of wickedness. On her way to Paris, she made several attempts to escape, and once endeavoured to poison herself; but she was brought to the capital, and convicted on trial, amid outcries of horror from the whole nation. Madame de Sévigné describes her as the theme of universal talk during her imprisonment. After her condemnation, she retracted the professions of innocence made at her trial, and avowed her many murders, expressing great contrition for them, according to her confessor's statement. Nevertheless, she exhibited no compunction or fear at her execution, which Madame de Sévigné thus describes: —'Paris, 17th July 1676.—At last all is over. Brinvilliers is in the air: her miserable little body was thrown after the execution upon a great fire, and burned to ashes. . . . . It was at six in the morning that she was led from prison in a shift, with a rope round her neck, and conveyed to Notre Dame, by way of public penance; after which she was put into a cart, and carried to execution between a priest and the executioner. She asked the priest by the way to place the executioner before her, that she might not see Desgrais, the knave (as she called him) who had seized her at Liege. The priest rebuked

the sentiment. "Ah, well, forgive me," said she, "and let the disagreeable sight remain." She mounted the scaffold unaided, and died with courage.'

Such was the end of this marvel of crime, who was but twenty-five years of age when she was stopped in her career. It would be charitable to suppose a tinge of insanity to have been at the foundation of her monstrous conduct; but truth compels us to say, that no good grounds appear for sustaining that lenient view. The erroneous and most reprehensible practice which priests pursue, of exaggerating the natural remorse of the vilest criminals into a holy and saving penitence, had the effect, in the case of Brinvilliers, of actually making numbers of people regard her as little else than a saint at her dying hour, though the most worthless wretch who ever figured in a court of justice.

AN INCIDENT IN THE QUEENSBERRY FAMILY.

It is needless to describe to the reader the famous Kitty Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, 'charming, gay, and young,' the friend of Gay, and the same of whom he said:

> 'Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand,
> For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known.'

This lady is well remembered by all who have read aught of song and story, and that class is happily a wide one now-a-days. The majority of the anecdotes told of the eccentric duchess are of a humorous character; as, for example, that of her dragging a bevy of highly-dressed country ladies, who had come to visit her, through all the mire within a mile or two of Drumlanrig Castle, herself being attired in strong thick shoes, and other articles which both protected her completely, and *could not be* spoiled by mud or weather. Nothing in the *world could* be more annoying than the position of these

poor visitors, who durst not contradict or resist the malicious great lady, then the very top and crown of fashion. But *all* the stories told of her Grace are not of this jocose order. She was concerned, at one period of her life, in a most melancholy tragedy, and this is the matter which we wish at present to speak about.

'Mackay! I will have no Mackays!' said the duchess to her husband in very peremptory tones; 'a poor commoner's daughter to sit in my shoes, and wed the heir of the house of Queensberry, one of the first matches in the land! I will have no Mackays.'

'Ay, my dear,' returned the duke, 'but Drumlanrig is no child, and you may find it difficult to bring him round to your opinions on this subject.'

'Pooh, pooh! my lord duke, I think I have managed more difficult concerns in my day,' returned the opinionative duchess, who had seldom known what it was to be thwarted in anything she took into her head; 'just let your Grace promise not to interfere with my proceedings, and I promise you that this silly heir of ours shall marry the lady whom *I* have chosen for him, and of whom you approve.'

'Well, my dear, I shall not meddle in the matter,' replied the meek husband, 'as I certainly would prefer his union with Lady Elizabeth Hope. But not at the expense of his happiness. Act fairly, my lady; convince and convert him, if you can; but all by fair means, and fair means only.'

'Fair means!' muttered the duchess as her husband walked away; 'all means are fair where the end in view is to cure a foolish boy of an unworthy fancy. Mackay, truly!'

The conversation here related took place at Drumlanrig Castle, the magnificent seat of the Queensberry family in Dumfriesshire. As may be understood, the eldest son of the self-willed duchess, Henry Lord Drumlanrig, had fixed his affections on a Miss Mackay, a lady of respectable though not elevated station, and of great *beauty* and accomplishments. She returned, with equal

ardour, the passion of the young nobleman, and a correspondence was carried on between them of a very affectionate nature. But when Lord Drumlanrig informed his parents of his attachment, one of them, as we have seen, was anything but pleased to hear of the circumstance. The duchess had already settled decisively in her own mind that Lady Betty Hope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, and no one else, should wed her son. What steps she took to bring this match about must now be told.

Lord Drumlanrig was at home with his parents. Miss Mackay was resident at a great distance from him, but her letters formed a cherished source of consolation. That consolation, however, was not destined to be lasting. The letters of the lady were discontinued, and no entreaty that he could use in his own had the effect of causing a renewal of her communications. The poor young nobleman was almost distracted with this loss of favour, for the obstinate silence of Miss Mackay seemed to him attributable to no other cause. Yet on this point his sentiments underwent many changes. Remembering how sincere seemed to be her attachment, he at one moment entertained hopes that all would be cleared up, and that some accident had caused the temporary cessation of her letters. At another period he saw no way of explaining the matter, excepting by supposing her faithless. This was the ultimate conviction which he reached; and it brought great anguish along with it. If there remained a glimmer of hope in his mind, it was dispelled by tidings received from the duchess, his mother. She came to him one day with a letter in her hand. 'Stupid boy!' said she, in tones that seemed at once to express sympathy and reproof, 'still moping for one who never cared one whistle about you! See here—can you bear to learn the truth?'

'I can,' said the son eagerly; 'anything rather than this suspense!'

'Then know that your Miss Mackay is married,' returned the duchess.

'Married! impossible!' cried the young lord.

'It is rather unmannerly, my Lord Drumlanrig, to contradict me thus, especially when I can so readily prove my words to be true. Your Miss Mackay was wedded a fortnight since, and here is evidence of it. This letter is from a friend of mine, whose word cannot surely be doubted by you—especially as she could have no possible interest in telling a falsehood.' The duchess then gave the letter to her son. He read it, and sank back on his seat in a state of speechless distress. All doubt was now at an end.

The duchess looked at him for some time in silence. 'Well,' said she at last, 'I might, I think, have looked for more spirit in a son of mine. Have you one drop of my blood in your veins? If you had, contempt would be the feeling uppermost in your mind at this moment—contempt for one who has so clearly shewn, what you were long ago told, that she never was worthy of you!' The duchess pursued this vein for some time, and at last was so far successful in rousing the young man's pride. She followed up her advantage by working on his filial affection, of which he was gifted with a large share, and prevailed on him to consent to visit Lady Elizabeth Hope, with the view of soliciting her hand.

Lord Drumlanrig proved but a cold wooer, but the duchess stood always at his elbow, to urge him on and supply all deficiencies. Besides, the young lady was too favourably disposed towards him, not to overlook any little neglects of form on his part. Hence it was that the match was arranged very speedily, the duchess having but too good reasons for allowing no time to elapse unnecessarily ere all was settled. On the 10th of July 1754, Lord Drumlanrig was united to Lady Betty, to the great joy of his mother at least. As for the young nobleman, he had attained to seeming composure of mind, and, no doubt, all who looked on during the nuptial ceremony imagined that felicity could not fail to attend a union where the parties were so highly endowed with rank, fortune, and many other worldly advantages.

But the clever and unscrupulous Kitty was not permitted to plume herself long upon the success of her scheme. While Lord Drumlanrig and his bride remained in Scotland, under the eye of the duchess, all went on smoothly. Her Grace took care to allow nothing to become known to her son but what she chose. The case was altered erelong. In October of the year 1754, about three months after his marriage, Lord Drumlanrig set out for London with his lady. They travelled in their own carriage, and had reached the town of —— on the 19th of October. Here they rested for a short time, and Lord Drumlanrig walked out alone for the sake of a half hour of more active exercise than his carriage permitted to him. He was listlessly inattentive to everything around him, when a well-known figure met his eye, and sent the blood from his heart in more rapid tides. His first glance told him that the being who now stood before him had once been the object of his every thought and wish, and was still too often the subject of his meditations. It was Miss Mackay—or she who had once borne that beloved name. The lady saw her former lover almost as soon as he observed her, and from the pallor that flashed instantly over her cheek, it was plain that the recognition was a matter of no common interest to her as well as to him. For a moment, they seemed to hesitate how to act—whether to pass one another or to speak; and both seemed to resolve on the latter course at the same moment. In truth, they had the very same motives for doing so—a question sprung to the lips of both, which called imperatively for an answer. After an agitated salutation, the lady was able faintly to pronounce the words: 'My lord, it is not for us to meet or speak now; but there is one question to which I would fain have a reply, as the matter is important to my peace of mind. Was your conduct caused by any report or belief of unworthiness in me?'

'Madam, it is I who should put that question to you, and it is one you have this instant anticipated me in asking.'

may God forgive those who have deceived us, ar
the earthly peace of at least one of us!'

Further explanations passed between the un
pair; and Lord Drumlanrig discovered that hi
must have systematically intercepted all his ow
as well as those of Miss Mackay, and finally ca
to be written to herself, with the false stateme
lady's marriage. She, like himself, had only
write in consequence of the obstinate silenc
correspondent. The poor young lady had
faithful to the last, and had even so far res
natural promptings of womanly pride, as once
to ask and offer explanations. The tidings of h
marriage closed all doubts. When these most
disclosures were made, the pair asked forgive
one another, and tore themselves asunder—
meet again in that world which, but for the mac
of a proud and jealous woman, might have bee
a scene of unalloyed happiness!

The effect of this discovery upon Lord Drumlanrig was deplorable. He felt as if he could no longer bear the burden of existence. His poor young wife, th

husband's death. She survived him only about a year and a half, dying in April 1756. Thus the notable scheme of Kitty, 'charming, gay, and young,' destroyed the happiness of at least three unfortunate human beings, and caused the premature death of two of them—the one her own son.

THE FOUNDATION OF SCOTT'S GUY MANNERING.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1840—a work which still keeps up its ancient character and uses, with many improved features—a correspondent, dating from Bolton, enters into a consideration of the notices which Sir Walter Scott and other parties have given respecting the foundation of the story of *Guy Mannering*. He endeavours to prove that Sir Walter was himself mistaken in his recollections upon this subject, and that the tale must have, in reality, been founded upon the story of James Annesley, with which all who have read *Peregrine Pickle* must already be in some measure acquainted. He adds a narrative of this remarkable case, made up from various authentic sources, and employing, as far as possible, the language of the original authorities. At the request of the writer, we reprint this narrative:—

'Lord and Lady Altham, of Dunmain, in the county of Wexford, had been for many years married and childless, when, in the year 1715, their warmest hopes and wishes were realised by the birth of an heir to their estates and title. On that joyful evening, the hospitality of the house of Dunmain was claimed by a young gentleman travelling from Dublin, named "Master Richard Fitzgerald," who joined Lord Altham and his household in drinking the healths of the "lady in the straw," and the long-expected heir, in the customary groaning drink. It does not appear that Master Fitzgerald was learned in astrology, or practised any branch of the "black art," or that he used any spell

with reference to the infant more potent than these hearty libations and sincere good wishes for his future prosperity. Next day, before leaving the hospitable mansion, the little hero of this tale was presented to the stranger, who "kissed him, and gave the nurse half a guinea."

Of Fitzgerald, we have only to add that he entered the army, and became a distinguished officer in the service of the queen of Hungary; and that, twenty-eight years afterwards, he returned to Ireland, to assist in recovering for his former infantile friend the estates and titles of his ancestors, which had been for many years iniquitously withheld from him.

Lord and Lady Altham lived unhappily together, and a separation took place soon after the birth of their son. Her ladyship, shamefully neglected by her husband, resided in England during the remainder of her life, and, from disease and poverty, was reduced to a state of extreme imbecility both of body and mind.

James Annesley, the infant son of this unhappy mother, was intrusted by Lord Altham to the charge of a woman of indifferent character, named Joan or Juggy Landy. Juggy was a dependent of the family, and lived in a cabin on the estate, about a quarter of a mile from the house of Dunmain. This hut is described as a "despicable place, without any furniture except a pot, two or three trenchers, a couple of straw-beds on the floor," and "with only a bush to draw in and out for a door." Thus humbly and inauspiciously was the boy reared, under the care of a nurse, who, however unfortunate or guilty, appears to have lavished upon her young charge the most affectionate attention. From some unexplained cause, however, Juggy Landy incurred the displeasure of Lord Altham, who took the boy from her, and ordered his groom to "horsewhip her," and "to set the dogs upon her," when she persisted in hovering about the premises to obtain a sight of her former charge.

Lord Altham now removed with his son to Dublin, where he appears to have entered upon a career of the *most* dissipated and profligate conduct. We find him

reduced to extreme pecuniary embarrassment, and his property become a prey to low and abandoned associates; one of whom, a Miss Kennedy, he ultimately endeavoured to introduce to society as his wife. This worthless woman must have obtained great ascendancy over his lordship, as she was enabled to drive James Annesley from his father's protection, and the poor boy became a houseless vagabond, wandering about the streets of Dublin, and procuring a scanty and precarious subsistence "by running of errands and holding gentlemen's horses."

Meantime, Lord Altham's pecuniary difficulties had so increased as to induce him to endeavour to borrow money on his reversionary interest in the estates of the Earl of Anglesey, to whom he was heir-at-law. In this scheme he was joined by his brother, Captain Annesley, and they jointly succeeded in procuring several small sums of money. But as James Annesley would have proved an important legal impediment to these transactions, he was represented to some parties to be dead; and where his existence could not be denied, he was asserted to be the natural son of his lordship and of Juggy Landy.

Lord Altham died in the year 1727, "so miserably poor that he was actually buried at the public expense." His brother, Captain Annesley, attended the funeral as chief mourner, and assumed the title of Baron Altham; but when he claimed to have this title registered, he was refused by the king-at-arms, "on account of his nephew being reported still alive, and for want of the honorary fees." Ultimately, however, by means which are stated to have been "well known and obvious," he succeeded in procuring his registration.

But there was another and a more sincere mourner at the funeral of Lord Altham than the successful inheritor of his title: a poor boy of twelve years of age, half-naked, bareheaded and barefooted, and wearing, as the most important part of his dress, an old yellow livery waistcoat, followed at an humble distance, and wept over his father's grave. Young Annesley was speedily recognised by his uncle, who forcibly drove him from the place, but not

before the boy had made himself known to several old servants of his father, who were attending the corpse of their late lord to the tomb.

The usurper now commenced a series of attempts to obtain possession of his nephew's person, for the purpose of transporting him beyond seas, or otherwise ridding himself of so formidable a rival. For some time, however, these endeavours were frustrated, principally through the gallantry of a brave and kind-hearted butcher, named Purcel, who, having compassion upon the boy's destitute state, took him into his house, and hospitably maintained him for a considerable time; and on one occasion, when he was assailed by a numerous party of his uncle's emissaries, Purcel placed the boy between his legs, and stoutly defending him with his cudgel, resisted their utmost efforts, and succeeded in rescuing his young charge.

After having escaped from many attempts of the same kind, Annesley was at length kidnapped in the streets of Dublin, dragged by his uncle and a party of hired ruffians to a boat, and carried on board a vessel in the river, which immediately sailed with our hero for America, where, on his arrival, he was apprenticed as a plantation slave, in which condition he remained for the succeeding thirteen years.

During his absence, his uncle, on the demise of the Earl of Anglesey, quietly succeeded to that title and immense wealth.

While forcibly detained in the plantations, Annesley suffered many severe hardships and privations, particularly in his frequent unsuccessful attempts to escape. Among other incidents which befell him, he incurred the deadly hatred of one master, in consequence of a suspected intrigue with his wife—a charge from which he was afterwards honourably acquitted. The daughter of a second master became affectionately attached to him, but it does not appear that this regard was reciprocal. And, finally, in effecting his escape, he fell into the hands of some hostile negroes, who stabbed him severely in

various places; from the effects of which cruelty he did not recover for several months.

At the end of thirteen years, Annesley, who had now attained the age of twenty-five, succeeded in reaching Jamaica in a merchant-vessel, and he immediately volunteered himself as a private sailor on board a man-of-war. Here he was at once identified by several officers; and Admiral Vernon, who was then in command of the British West India fleet, wrote home an account of the case to the Duke of Newcastle (the premier), and, "in the meantime, supplied him with clothes and money, and treated him with the respect and attention which his rank demanded."

The Earl of Anglesey no sooner heard of these transactions on board the fleet, than he used every effort to keep possession of his usurped title and property, and "the most eminent lawyers within the English and Irish bars were retained to defend a cause, the prosecution of which was not as yet even threatened."

On Annesley's arrival in Dublin, "several servants who had lived with his father came from the country to see him. They knew him at first sight, and some of them fell on their knees to thank Heaven for his preservation —embraced his legs, and shed tears of joy for his return."

Lord Anglesey became so much alarmed at the probable result of the now threatened trial, that he expressed his intention to make a compromise with the claimant, renounce the title, and retire into France; and with this view he commenced learning the French language. But this resolution was given up, in consequence of an occurrence which encouraged the flattering hope that his opponent would be speedily and most effectually disposed of.

After his arrival in England, Annesley unfortunately occasioned the death of a man by the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece, which he was in the act of carrying. Though there could not exist a doubt of his innocence from all intention of such a deed, the circumstance offered too good a chance to be lost sight of by his uncle,

who employed an attorney named Gifford; and with his assistance, used every effort at the coroner's inquest and the subsequent trial, to bring about a verdict of murder. In this, however, he did not succeed, although "he practised all the unfair means that could be invented to procure the removal of the prisoner to Newgate from the healthy jail to which he had been at first committed;" and though "the earl even appeared in person on the bench, endeavouring to intimidate and browbeat the witnesses, and to inveigle the prisoner into destructive confessions," Annesley was honourably acquitted, after his uncle had expended nearly L.1000 on the prosecution.

The trial between James Annesley, Esq., and Richard Earl of Anglesey, before the Right Honourable the Lord Chief-Justice and the other barons of the Exchequer, commenced on the 11th November 1743, and was continued for thirteen days. The defendant's counsel examined an immense number of witnesses, in an attempt to prove that Annesley was the illegitimate son of the late Baron Altham. The jury found for the plaintiff; but this did not prove sufficient to recover his title and estates: for his uncle "had recourse to every device the law allowed, and his powerful interest procured a writ of error, which set aside the verdict." Before another trial could be brought about, Annesley died without male issue, and Lord Anglesey consequently remained in undisturbed possession.

It is presumed that the points of resemblance between the leading incidents in the life of this unfortunate young nobleman and the adventures of Henry Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*, are so evident, as to require neither comment nor enumeration to make them apparent to the most cursory reader of the novel. The addition of a very few other circumstances will, it is believed, amount to a proof of the identity of the two stories.

The names of many of the witnesses examined at the trial have been appropriated—generally with some slight alteration—to characters in the novel. Among others, one of them is named *Henry* Brown, while *Henry* Bertram,

alias Vanbeest *Brown*, is the hero of the story. An Irish priest was examined, named *Abel Butler*, while we find ABEL *Sampson* in *Guy Mannering* and *Reuben* BUTLER in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—all three corresponding in profession as in name. Gifford and Glossin, although somewhat alike in patronymic, resemble each other still more in character and the abuse of their common profession. Gifford had an associate in iniquity named "Jans," while "Jans Janson" is the *alias* assumed by Glossin's accomplice, Dirk Hatteraick. Again, we find *Arthur* Lord Altham and Mr MacMullan in the history, and *Arthur* Melville, Esquire, and *Mr MacMorlan* in the fiction. *Kennedy* and *Barnes* appear unaltered in each.

A remarkable expression used by one of the witnesses in reference to Annesley—"*He is the right heir, if right might take place*"—has probably served as a hint for the motto of the Bertram family: "*Our right makes our might.*"

JOHN OF VICENCIA.

IN the early part of the thirteenth century, the Italian republics were involved in a series of civil wars, the immediate cause of which is now lost in obscurity. So frequent, indeed, had been these appeals to arms, and so familiarised were men to violence and bloodshed, that contemporary historians did not deem it necessary to do more than indicate their occurrence, without assigning their motives or informing us of their results. The animosity of the two great parties which had for centuries divided the Italian states into Guelfs and Ghibelines, was at that period at its height. Two contending claimants of the imperial throne had recently made that unhappy country the seat of war; while the ambitious priests, who filled successively for short periods the pontifical chair, unmindful of the paternal character which they had

assumed, incited to new contests a people addicted to strife and ungovernable in their resentment. Added to these prevailing causes was the jealousy which existed between the nobles and citizens, producing in many instances bloody commotions, which, whether resulting in the exclusion of the nobles from participation in the government, or in their usurpation of supreme authority, left the seeds of suspicion and hatred to engender new dissensions, violent and interminable.

In Lombardy, all these causes existed in their most aggravated form, and operated, perhaps, with not the less effect that the famous Lombardy League, formed at a juncture when they were menaced by the imperial arms, had restrained for a time the violence of passions which it could not suppress. At this period a number of Dominican monks, whose unhappy office it had been to arouse the populace to the persecution of the unfortunate Albigenses, bethought themselves of an employment more worthy of their religion, and commenced those exercises which were long known in Italy as 'the preaching of the peace.' Severe in their morals, and practised in austerities, they had acquired a reputation for sanctity well fitted to promote their laudable designs.

Among those engaged in this noble undertaking, no one was more distinguished than John of Vicencia. He commenced his preaching at Bologna in 1233 with eminent success. The citizens, the neighbouring peasants, and especially the soldiers, attracted by his eloquence, assembled in crowds around him, and, displaying their crosses and their banners, seemed equally prepared to receive the precepts and obey the orders of the preacher. Among this multitude moved by his discourse, all those in Bologna who had entertained any enmities were seen coming to lay them at his feet, and swear perpetual peace with their former foes. The magistrates themselves, actuated by the same impulse, submitted their laws to his revisal, entreating that those statutes might be annulled which could give rise to future dissensions. Proceeding to Padua, the municipal authorities came out

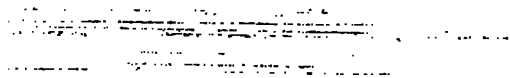
to meet him at many leagues' distance, and conducted him in triumph into the city, seated on the sacred car. The assembled populace heard with transport 'the preaching of the peace,' and applauded those reconciliations which effaced on the instant the animosities of years.

Thus he visited, with uniform success, the principal cities of Lombardy, everywhere reconciling enemies, and everywhere hailed as the 'healer of breaches.' Nor was it in the republican towns only that he was received in this character. The nobles submitted their differences with equal confidence to his arbitration, and the whole population of Lombardy prepared to assist at a solemn assembly which he had convoked in the Plain of Paquarra, on the banks of the Adige. Never had a nobler enterprise been undertaken—as remarked by M. Sismundi, whose relation of this extraordinary passage we follow—than that of reconciling twenty inimical states by the mere inspiration of religious sentiments—by the simple influence of Christianity—by the unaided power of language. Never had a grander spectacle been presented to the eyes of men. The entire population of Verona and Mantua, of Brescia and Padua, and of eight of the principal cities of Lombardy, surrounded by their respective magistrates, assembled under their national standards, while a numerous company of bishops and nobles appeared at the head of their vassals. From a lofty seat elevated in the midst of the plain, the voice of the preacher was distinctly heard by every individual of that vast assemblage, and might well seem to their heated imaginations to descend from heaven. His text was the affecting bequest: '*My peace I give unto you—My peace I leave with you.*' With an eloquence till then unknown, he drew a frightful picture of the miseries of war; he described the spirit of Christianity as a spirit of peace; and in the name of God and of the Church, he commanded the Lombards to renounce their enmities. He then dictated to them a treaty of universal pacification, which was to be cemented by the union of families once inimical,

forgiveness of injuries, has handed down to poste
name of John of Vicencia with an *éclat* as singular
enviable.

END OF VOL. XX.

OCT 18 1916



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 05869 2750